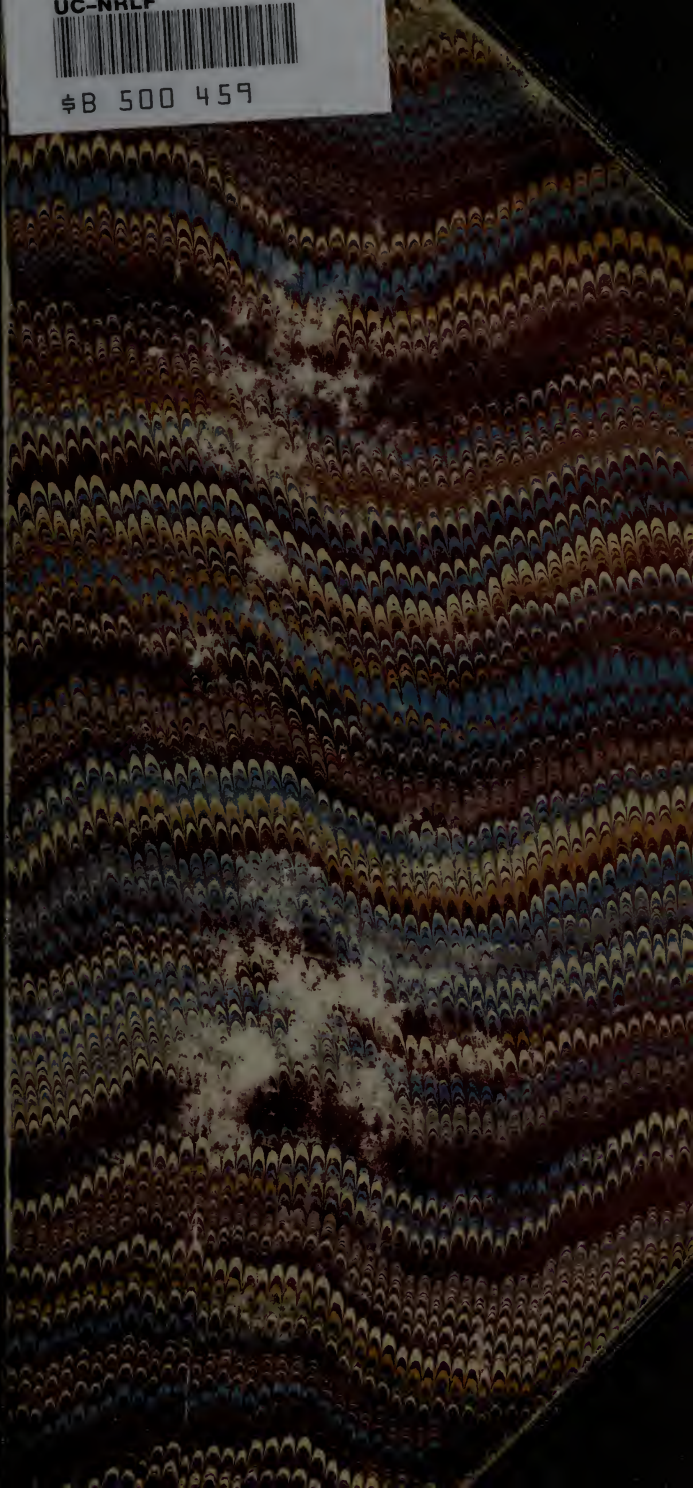
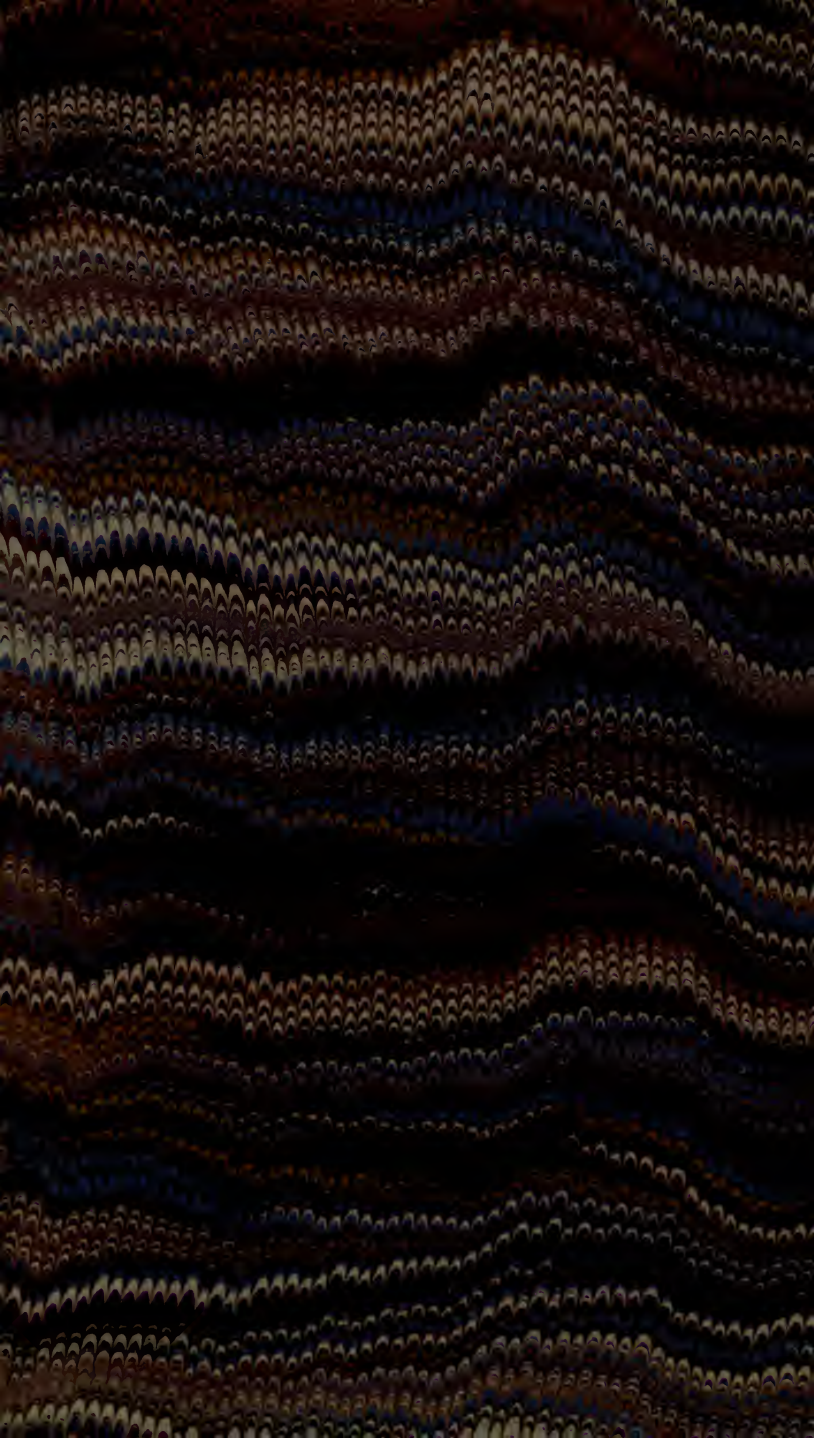
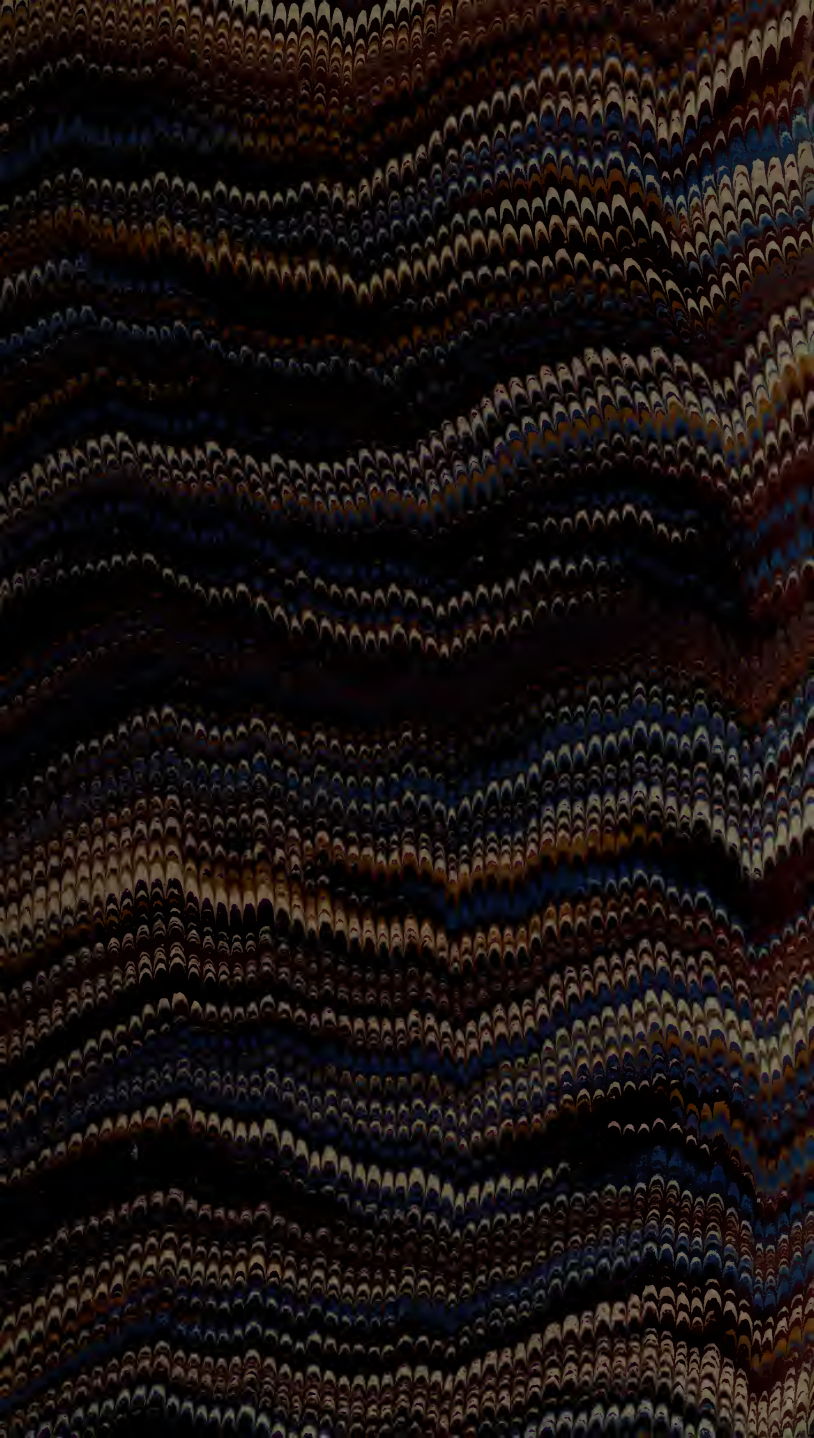




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FACTS & FIGURES

FROM

ITALY.

BY

DON JEREMY SAVONAROLA,

BENEDICTINE MONK,

ADDRESSED DURING THE LAST TWO WINTERS

TO

CHARLES DICKENS, ESQ.

BEING AN APPENDIX TO HIS

"PICTURES."

LONDON:

RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

Publisher in Ordinary to Her Majesty.

1847.

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Printed by Schulze & Co., 13, Poland Street.

NOTICE.

HAVING engaged the Father who signs himself
“D. J. SAVONAROLA” to enter on this correspon-
dence, it only remains for me to say that these
are his Letters.

CHARLES DICKENS.

Broadstairs, Kent,
July 1, 1847.

SOME ACCOUNT
OF
DON JEREMY HIMSELF,
AND OF A VERY FAMOUS COTEMPORARY.
BY
AN " EMINENT HAND."

THE venerable author of these letters, now living at Rome in the hale enjoyment of his seventy-seven years, was born in the island of Sardinia, A. D. 1770. The family, as any one familiar with Italian history knows, is of Florentine origin; and this branch appears to have left the banks of the Arno in disgust at the brutal treatment which their great kinsman, the sainted Jeronymo, experienced at the hands of the degenerate Medici, and the infamous Pope Borgia, in 1498. Quitting the commercial but very profligate community of Florence, the exiles appear to have brought with them, and introduced into Sardinia a taste for industry and woollen manufactures, matters not much understood by the idle aborigines; and we find the family still settled near the southern seaport town of Cagliari, where they have carried on steadily their useful pursuits for the last hundred years.

To understand the biography of our author it is absolutely requisite to enter fully into the circumstances

of the island in which he was born, and where he passed his early life at the close of the last century. SARDINIA is an oblong bit of ground in the middle of the Mediterranean, containing near 10,000 square miles, but so shaped that it resembles what Robinson Crusoe was so frightened at by the sea-shore, on that memorable occasion when he saw in the sand the print of the sole of a man's foot,

Et *sola* in siccâ secum spatiat^r arenâ.

Some superstitious people have jumped at once at the conclusion that the island was originally meant to be trampled on: indeed, Junius says it has been "uniformly plundered and oppressed;" but the fact of its peculiar form cannot be denied with the map of southern Europe staring one in the face. So sure as the peninsula of Italy is a visible *jack-boot*, kicking Sicily before it as it were a sort of *triangular foot ball*, so Sardinia looks like the huge *vestige* of some megetheriac Titan who had left one of his monster shoes in the water, as Empedocles left his slipper on the top of Etna. It is hence called a sandal by Pliny, "*sandaliotis*," (Hist. Natur., lib. iii., cap. 7), and a footmark, *ἔχνορα*, by Pausanias, in his "History of Greek Colonies," book x., while Claudian, in his poem (*de Bell. Gild.*) clinches the matter:

"Humanæ speciem plantæ sinuosa figurat
Insula, Sardiniam veteres dixere coloni."

In allusion to which one of their native poets, *il Moro melodioso*, has the following beautiful sentiment, which runs capitally in the original semi-Italian *patois* spoken by the islanders themselves:

Sardinia ! when Nature embellished *the tint*
 Of thy hills and thy vales and green sod ; anon
 She failed in the *outline* ; and traced but the print
 Of a *foot-mark*, in order to give us a hint
 That we'll always be trampled and trodden on !

The earliest inhabitants appear to have been fugitives driven at Divine command out of the land of Canaan by the children of Israel. These poor devils are known to have emigrated in numbers at the ports of Tyre, Sidon, and Beyrout, for the western islands of Europe. They were fond of building round towers, the original idolatry of Babel, and more than three hundred of these distinctive architectural cylinders, though not exactly after the Irish pattern, still exist in the interior of this island, besides one or two at Malta. The Carthaginians soon conquered these eastern colonists, and introduced with their Arab and Numidian blood the true *Punic* idiosyncrasy which all subsequent intermingling of more sober and steady northern races has never effectually cured or tamed. The island was most useful to that great trading community as a grazing-ground and corn granary : hence in the treaty of Hanno, after the first Punic war, the following stringent article was inserted, at the instigation of the African board of trade :

" In Sardinia nulli Romanorum negotiantor, neve oppidum possidento, nihil emunto; si quis venerit intra diem V. abito."—(Polyb., lib. iii.)

But it was doomed to follow the fortunes of the sea that surrounds it. When Rome mastered the Mediterranean, Scipio seized on Sardinia, which became so fertile under the cast-iron fixity of Roman rule that

Horace immortalized its corn-fields in a song (lib. i., Od. 31). But when Rome fell and the northern Vandals captured the island, its fertility received a check from which it has never recovered. The Roman system had *fixed* everything: the barbarians left everything vague, loose, and undefined. Theirs was the *Celtic* system of agriculture which Cæsar describes as existing in Celtic Gaul. "*Nec quis agri modum certum aut fines proprios habet sed magistratus in annos singulos gentibus cognitionibusque hominum (clans) quantum agri et quo loco, eis visum est attribuunt; et anno post, alio transire cogunt,*" (*de Bell. Gall.*, lib. vi.) Horace, a Sabine farmer, was aware of this defective system among the Scythian tribes of agriculturists. "Immetata quibus jugera," says he,

"Nec cultura placet longior annuâ"—(Lib. iii, Od. 24.)

The *con-acre* tenure of soil was thus fatally introduced, for which the Sardinian word "*tancave*" is used up to this day, where the "*vidazzone*" holdings are annual leases of tracts of ground, for which the farmers draw lots with the *middle-men*, and all is confusion. When the Saracens, a sort of Danes, mastered the coast in the seventh century, they ravaged but did not alter the tenure of land, which, under every successive government, has continued to the present. In the eleventh century the two trading republics of Genoa and Pisa took the island alternately, and squabbled about its masterdom: agreeing at last to leave their rival claims to the arbitration of Frederick Barbarossa. This Imperial wisecrack, reversing the judgment of Solomon, cut the foot into two parts, giving the *toes*

and *instep* to Pisa, and the *heel* to the Genoese. *Corn*, as it happened, grew principally on the *toe* district. Matters jogged on this way, heel and toe, until A.D. 1300, when Pope Boniface VIII. took it into his head, by some *hocus pocus* to discover that the island belonged to him, and he accordingly issued a bull (in the exact terms of Adrian's brief to our Henry II., making him a present of Ireland,) and bestowed the *foot* on Jacomo Secondo, King of Arragon. (See this grant in the Church History of Cardinal Baronius, continued by Raynaldi, anno 1299.) The Spanish king sailed from Barcelona, took the island, and as a record built the town of Barcelonetta, a kind of *Londonderry* in its significance. Spain held its footing in it up to 1708, when it was captured by an English fleet under Admiral Leake in the war of the Spanish succession. The Marquis of Jamaica, then viceroy, made a very poor resistance for his sovereign. In 1720, Cardinal Alberoni and Lord Stanhope agreed to swap the island for Sicily;—and the House of Savoy thus finally got possession, which it has ever since retained.

Under the strong and wise Government of Turin, the country, which the Spanish Viceroys had only plundered and demoralized, began steadily to advance in all the elements of European progress. Frequent petty insurrections and religious bickering (always a favourite pastime of the native Sardinians) kept the island back, it is true, more than other provinces; but the statistics are on record. In the time of the Spaniards, to which the factious always appeal, *viz.* up to 1721, Sardinia presented—

Population. Souls.	Export Duties.	Manufacture of Salt.	Duty on Tobacco.	Coral Fishery.
327,000	189,400f.	34,000f.	33,000f.	4,230f.

Seventy years afterwards, in 1790, the following augmentation had taken place—

456,000	440,000f.	280,000f.	265,028f.	20,000f.
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And in 1837, the respective items presented further increase—

620,000	560,000f.	320,000f.	345,000f.	32,000f.
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These very dry details are yet absolutely necessary to understand the part our author took in the politics of Sardinia. It was a natural consequence of the various conquests and the confiscations of land which so many successions of foreign rule had occasioned in the island, that there should exist a vast variety of discontented spirits, and that a good number of these, disagreeing in every possible way upon every practical matter, should still join in a wish to get the *foot* into their own hands,—reckless of what must necessarily occur after that difficult consummation. During the short intervals of foreign conquest when they *had* the isle all to themselves, it is in black and white recorded by their only authentic historians (*“gli Annali dei Quattro Maestri,”*) that their favourite political economy consisted in cutting each other’s throats: for, having taken the trouble to read that work, a rather ponderous composition of 400 pages, I find that the average for each historic page gives six broken heads, four throats cut, twenty head of cattle carried off, three rapes, and a few brace of minor robberies. The more sensible and

thoughtful patriots who know the elements of Sardinian society, will ever keep aloof from the mischievous mootings of this visionary millennium, as not merely flat moonshine, but the wildest internecine lunacy.

The crowned head of the house of Savoy, one of the oldest and most respectable monarchies in Europe, reigns over three united kingdoms, viz., Piedmont, Savoy, and Sardinia. The union of these three countries under one sceptre was brought about and elaborated by a necessary chain of events, to their mutual clear advantage; and every well-informed person will ejaculate with me, "*Esto perpetua! Quis separabit?*" Savoy, towards the north, was the cradle of the royal family; 'twas originally a poor district of highlanders, which by the transfer of its court to Turin on the acquisition of Piedmont thought itself ruined outright; whereas the very contrary has taken place, and by its junction with the more wealthy and enterprising population of the south its prosperity has marvellously been developed. Much of this is owing to the shrewd common sense and matter of fact tendencies of the thrifty Savoyards, who are not to be deluded or gulled by cajoling appeals to their weak side, or celtic prejudices. Not so the Sardinians. Averse to habits of sustained industry, unwilling to use the means of improvement within their reach, taught by designing rogues that they are the finest peasantry in Europe, which they have heard so often that they almost believe it a fact, they imagine that they should cut a grand figure in the world could they only "cut the painter." In the mean

time they sedulously neglect every single department of local, individual, or national amelioration.

But before this mischievous dream of a repeal of the union with the two other kingdoms came athwart their habitual slumber, there had been a preliminary subject of angry and unprofitable agitation. Religion was the ostensible cause. They are all Catholics, and all agreed as to the substantial doctrine which everywhere regulates the influence of the Gospel; but two denominations of minor theology, unknown to the primitive teachers of Christianity, sprung up in the island during the Spanish occupation. The Dominicans of Spain had introduced among the people an exaggeration of the respectful homage ever due to Christ's holy Mother, (the most exalted of merely human beings,) and had inculcated the debateable doctrine of her "immaculate conception," as a point of belief, without which no intercommunion could be held with fellow Christians. The metropolitan church was dedicated under this title. In vain, for the pacification of these wild theorists, did the gigantic intellect and unrivalled erudition of MURATORI write, at the suggestion of Government, his book *De Superstitione Vitandâ, adversus votum sanguinarium pro immaculatâ Deiparæ conceptione*. (Milan, 1742, 4to.) Unfortunately a Spanish party was hereby created in *politics* under the outward guise of simple religion. The loyal adherents of the Court of Turin, comprising most of the intelligent, great part of the commercial, and nearly all the landlord class, did not hold the Spanish view of the "immaculates," but held

with the Piedmontese that "it was an open question." It was natural that the central government should favour and prefer its own supporters to the exclusion of the Spanish faction, whose disloyalty was ill-concealed: but the administration was ill advised enough to enact a set of penal laws incapacitating the "immaculates" from public functions.

Here was a palpable grievance, not indeed affecting the great mass of the people, whom its subsequent abolition left where it had found, but sorely felt by the middle and upper classes of the Spanish faction. They got up accordingly a clamour for the summary abolition of those penal laws, and called their demand "immaculate emancipation." Freedom, toleration, liberality, were their new watchwords, when in point of fact their exclusion had been originally caused by their refusal to recognize *any* freedom or *any* tolerance of opinion. However, their case was favourably viewed by a powerful party at the Court of Turin,—that of the Perukes,—who formed half the wealth, influence, and intelligence of the kingdom. The songs of Tomaso il Moro had a great share in giving the fashion to "immaculate emancipation," which, supported by wit and reason, became the theme of impassioned eloquence in the grand council of Piedmont.

The great opposition to this grant was not from the upright and fair-play-loving people in Italy. Turin is known to be so called from *Taurinum* (taurus), and *John Taureau* (a familiar name of the inhabitants,) is a just and honest fellow, unless you attempt to *bully* him, and then he becomes obstinate. But the most

deadly obstacle arose from native Sardinian adversaries within the island itself. Possessing the loaves and fishes, these men liked to bask alone in the sunshine of government patronage, to the exclusion of disloyal and disaffected folks. The two factions began a stand-up fight. If it could not be described under the fragrant designation of a war of the Roses, it might have some claim to be called the battle of the Citrons,—the acidity being great on both sides, while sour “oranges” and rotten “lemons” were the respective missiles of each party, the common interests of both going to the juice. The central government being then at war with France and Spain was sincerely desirous of bringing this debilitating inward squabble to a close. All that Turin required was a guarantee against Spanish influence, and with that proviso offered to admit the “immaculate” laity to public offices, if the latter could vouch that none but loyal subjects should exercise spiritual control over them in the higher ranks of their clergy. The foresight of the Court of Turin in making this stipulation, was subsequently shown. Had there been a right of objection on the part of the crown, no such public nuisances would since have ensued as Mac-(*chiar*)Hello, archbishop of *Vestram*, a roaring bellows of sedition; Higgini, firebrand and *bishop* of Arda, and *Cantamale*, the incendiary pharisee of Midia.

A quiet interchange of mutual concession was about to set the vast question at rest, when a brawling lawyer, with the aid of the mob, (which had no interest in the exclusion at all,) broke off all negotiation, took the business forcibly out of the hands of the upper and

middle classes, and getting that portion of the clergy who depended on the mob for support to back him, began systematically to *bully* the Court of Turin, quite disgusted the great Peruke party, exasperated the royal family, and *flung back* the settlement of the question FIFTEEN YEARS, to be *then* most unsatisfactorily *settled* amid rankling bitterness and mutual gnashing of teeth, which it will take another generation to forget; for *the fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge*.—(Lament. of Jerem. xxxi. 29.)

This result of the arch-lawyer's taking up the question in the spirit and tone of a vulgar bully, was not then anticipated, nor is it even now generally understood; but it was both seen and felt by our young Jeremy in his calm retreat at the Benedictine Abbey of Sto. Mauro, where he took a dispassionate view of the distant tumult. His youth and manhood passed in compiling, with the rest of the Benedictine brotherhood, that unrivalled storehouse of history, *L'Art de Verifier les Dates*, in which every doubtful matter is sifted by reference to authentic records. Their *art* is exemplified below.

This arch-lawyer's name was Dondanielo, of an old Carthaginian family of the Smugglêri*, settled on the

* The following minute stands recorded on the books of the Board of Revenue Commissioners, 1781, and was afterwards confirmed by the Irish House of Commons, and placed on their journals:—it completely *settles* an historic doubt.

“The plan of smuggling on the coast of the county of Kerry having been changed to Darrynane, where there were stores for

south-west coast, towards the Spanish port of Valentia. Always dissaffected to the government of Turin they were of course ineligible to posts of emolument in Sardinia, but they helped themselves to wealth in rather an off-hand manner. This is rather a delicate topic which I would rather avoid, but the immaculate party having adopted the bullying system in every minute matter, will insist on our not only reverencing the hero himself, but his grandfather and his grandchildren, his ox, and his ass, and everything belonging to him. To drive a coach and four or "a six-oared gig" through Sardinian *law* was an exploit therefore to him of instinct and hereditary transmission.

The cause of the "immaculates" had been left to the management hitherto of a BOARD comprising the leading gentry, barristers, merchants, and landowners; folks really interested in the repeal of the exclusive code. To join them and add his own native vigour and activity to their social weight would have been a straight-

the purpose of storing the goods smuggled, it was found that the establishment of the Dungannon cruiser was not calculated for the prevention of the illicit trade, a plan was therefore fixed upon to meet the then mode of smuggling, and effectually to subdue it at Darrynane, and overturn the system of illicit traffic; and marine and land parties were therefore established, under the command of Mr. Whitwell Butler, a gentleman of property and character, and a justice of the peace in the county of Kerry.

"Done by the Board, with the approbation of Government,
the 22nd May, 1781."

The above is extracted from the Appendix to the Journals of the Irish House of Commons, dated the 19th March, 1796, where it may be seen, *verbatim et literatim*, at page ccclxxi.

forward and disinterested course : but Dandeleone's plan was to quash the gentry altogether : his scheme was to estrange the masses from any union with them ; to get the question into his own hands, and appropriate it to himself by infuriating the multitude in a pursuit totally profitless to themselves ;—but not so to him :—this affords a clue to his whole career.

Non bis in idem is a maxim of our criminal jurisprudence : but though a man cannot be prosecuted, he may be rewarded twice for the one act : originally and subsequently Dandeleone was. The penny and the pater-noster were not more inseparable than, in his eye, pence and the proper sort of patriotism :—

“ *Alterius sic*

Altera poscit opem res et conjurat amicè.”

His professional gains among the Sardinian litigants were considerably increased by the notoriety of his political efforts ; as the radical oratory of the late Henry Hunt helped the sale of his blacking. His popularity filled the small local newspapers ; and as action begets reaction, the newspapers swelled his popularity : he skilfully kept his name before the public, a process of which he understood the full value. He preferred abuse to silence. The educated classes instinctively shrunk from contact with this boisterous man of the people. But his jolly phiz was on every *aqua-vitæ* jug in the island. *Padre Matteo* had not yet arisen, in those days of delusion.

He got up an “immaculate association” in the Sardinian Corn Exchange, in which the principal orators beside himself, were Dick Scutum, afterwards master

of the mint in Turin, and Tomaso Le Sage, now secretary of the board of control for Cyprus, who has written a history of that society, and is connected with the Buonapartes. Both these saw how pernicious the system was, but were forced into it. There was, besides, a chivalrous buffoon, called Tomaso *Ferro*, whom Dandeleone made the mouthpiece of every absurdity, useful in its way to himself, but of which he shunned the utterance. He also kept a newspaper-editor, *Barretti*, of the *Pilota*, author of a slang dictionary, in choice Italian, who being most unscrupulous, did all his dirty work in print.

The office of *gonfaliere* for the Clara district became vacant; a spirited gentleman, Gormano Mahon*, originated and *forced* Dandeleone into the plan of electing *him* to the vacancy. This settled the business; and Turin sullenly gave up the point, which it had been ready to concede gracefully fifteen years before. All the *people* got was the loss to them of their 40 franc franchise, by Dan's collusion. The upper classes were alone benefited.

It would have been natural enough for these well-off classes to pay Dandeleone his fee for speechifying. But they shirked payment; thinking, perhaps, that he had been rather an obstacle to, than a promoter of, the accommodation of the question. Whereupon Dan. got the clergy to hold a plate for him at the chapel doors, year after year, to collect pence *from the poor*, for

* The name is Carthaginian. The Mahons, or Mahony's, gave it to Port Mahon, (*Portus Maghonis*) in Minorca, in the first Punic war.

whom he had never done anything in his whole life, and whose claim to a legal provision he had actually resisted, when proposed by the holy bishop of Kildara. This roused the bile of Don Jeremy. A like fit of *sæva indignatio* prompted Swift to denounce, in 1735, William Wood's design on the tradepeoples' copper currency in Ireland. For years, as long as it lasted, Jeremy mixt up with all his literary effusions, a continued onslaught on this beggary. Dandeleone, in return, maligned *him* in a "speech of the day," at the Corn Exchange*: no Sardinian priest, according to Dan., was at liberty to take a different view of politics from the cloth in general: a doctrine which the blast of Padre Kenyon's trumpet, from some wild hill in Tipperaria, has since blown to tatters. But it was not pleasant, in those days, to live among his fanatic followers. Jeremy retired to Turin,—when Clodius became the darling of Rome's mob, Tully went into exile: *abibo / et ubi cumque invenero bene pacatam et liberam civitatem in eâ conquiescam!*—but he kept up in the press of Piedmont constant hostility to Dan., especially to his new project for separating Sardinia from the two sister kingdoms. Dan. thought to effect this by the same bullying system that he had before employed: a total MISTAKE. In vain did he establish a club called "Consternation Hall," gather monstrous mobs, and *talk* of battle. In vain did he, taking a hint from Corsica, where "*King*" Theodore was then at work, set up like him (*Biog. Univers.*, vol. xxxi. p. 100) an

* On Monday, the 20th of February, 1843. See Irish newspapers of the next day.

“order of liberators.” The Turin authorities pounced upon him and his friends, and locked them up in a Sardinian Penitentiary. He came out cowed, but impenitent. Then, alas! alas! *La Nazione*, an able journal, forsook him: he had been *created* by the newspapers; an independent print killed him—

The press *unmade* him, as the press had *made*.

Archbishop Mora and the Primate of Arma, with the wisest and most enlightened of the episcopacy, formally withdrew from his set. They even approved of certain Government Colleges, which would bring together all classes, and extirpate mutual hatred and distrust: a state of public feeling on which Dan. having thriven and grown prosperous, felt loth to see abolished. He therefore called the colleges “godless,” and got Barretti to hint in his *Pilota*, that “the archbishop was *insane**!” This happened just as a rot among the chestnuts had begun to alarm the people, whose food that tree principally furnishes, and Dr. Mora had ordered prayers against famine, which would have the effect of preventing the annual plunder at the chapel doors; yet he got about 20,000*l.* that very November: it was, however, the last haul he ever made, and drew forth a lyric from Don Jeremy, which, in an English form, may be seen in the *Times* of November 14, 1845, not badly translated—

* This infamous “dodge” is noticed in the Morning Chronicle, Oct. 7, 1845.—“The utmost disgust is felt at an article in the Dublin Pilot of Monday, calculated to convey the impression or rather the certainty that the Catholic Primate of Ireland (Dr. Crolly) was *INSANE*!”

THE LAY OF LAZARUS (*Lamento di Lazzaro.*)

I.

HARK, hark, to the begging-box shaking !
For whom is this alms-money making ?
For DAN ; who is cramming his wallet, while famine
Sets the heart of the peasant a-quaking.

II.

Man's food in Earth's bosom is rotting—
But Charity's dole is allotting.
To whom ? At GOD'S door, the PAMPERED once more
To plunder the PAUPER is plotting !

III.

The priest from the altar inveigles ;
The peasant, reluctant, still higgles ;
'Tis his children's support. But a jolly year's sport
Must be had for the Darrynane beagles.

IV.

'Tis "*godless*" to give education,—
'Tis "*godless*" to teach a gulied nation,—
But "*GODLIKE*," Oh call it, to shoulder your wallet,
Swelling huge in this hour of starvation !

V.

Archbishops "are mad" if they reason ;
"Are mad" if they league not with treason ;
"Stark mad" if they hint, in a prayer, or in print,
Common sense to the people he preys on !

VI.

Their rounds, mark his myrmidons plying
To where in yon cabin is dying
The victim of want, pale, stricken, and gaunt—
Go ; enter and pillage the dying !

VII.

Take, take it, in meal or in metal—
 But, hush!—where is infancy's prattle?
 On its mother's chilled breast, lies the babe in Death's rest;
 "Pshaw! Come, give the box a good rattle!"

VIII.

The land is all blighted with famine,
 The land is all blighted with famine,
 Yet still doth *he* crave—and, like ghoul at a grave,
 Racks rottenness, rooting for Mammon!

ENVOY.

With a HAND from ABOVE to afflict him,
 Low LAZARUS lies. Yet the victim
 In his anguish implores, (but in vain) for his sores,
 That the BEAGLES of DIVES may lick them.

He died two years afterwards at Genoa. His son, however, (*infelix puer!*) continues the business, which in his petty and paltry hands has sadly fallen off. *Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle.* May we all be let enjoy peace and quietness at last in this our Island of Sardinia!

Cagliari, July 1, 1847.

PART THE FIRST.

THE FAG END OF AN OLD REIGN.

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LETTER I.

Rome, January 31, 1846.

MY DEAR DICKENS,

When you took leave of me at the Milvian Bridge, a spot witness of many occurrences more important to mankind, yet of none to me so particularly interesting as our final farewell!—final, for alas! I am a very old man, and cannot hope to revisit England,—you engaged me to enter on this correspondence, and we ratified the solemn compact by your acceptance of that handful of cigars which I pressed on you, under pretext that they were “blessed by the Pope,” whereas, I had bought them freshly at the shop of his highness, Duke Torlonia, in the *Corso*. I trust you found their efficacy in traversing the pestilent Campagna, and that your remembrance of the donor has not gone the way of all smoke.

By this time you will have rejoiced all Cockneydom with your pleasant PICTURES from Italy, from which I understood you to intend carefully eliminating all shadow of our peninsular politics. Perhaps you are right. You have passed too rapidly amongst us to penetrate these darker objects, and though gifted with the most observant eye of all modern seers, your glance was but transitory. As you passed along, you have simply *daguerrotyped* the glorious landscape, the towered cities, and the motley groups: but your countrymen, the landscape painters here, at whose mess-table I am an occasional guest, have stigmatised that new-fangled process, no doubt from jealousy, by the opprobrious term of *dog-trapping*. The old method of the *camera obscura*, which they still cling to, allows a more patient study of details, and involves a more laborious investigation of varying appearances: the phænomena of our Italian institutions, I apprehend, must be contemplated by aid of the older instrument: and much delicacy of handling is requisite in bringing it to bear on the "CAMERA APOSTOLICA" of Rome.

Amid the settled gloom and sullen despondency which continue to weigh down our spirits when engaged in brooding over our condition in-

ternally, the year 1846 has opened rather auspiciously on this capital, with reference to its external relations. The Imperial visit runs no risk of being forgotten: long will it be talked of by Roman diplomacy with all the enthusiasm of Scott's old dowager, respecting a royal visit, equally unexpected, and proportionately important. Great, also, is the exultation of the hotel keepers, at the unwonted influx of Russian Plutocracy; the northern hordes having this winter crossed the *Ponte molle* in unusual force, not as of old, to ravage and despoil, but rather, after the fashion of their ancestral gladiators from the Volga and Danube,

“To make a Roman holiday.”

The English migratory flocks are also in considerable feather; last fortnight, at the “blessing of the cattle,” their hunters and carriage-horses were numerously conspicuous in the muster of quadrupeds annually gathered before the porch of St. Antonio, on the Esquiline; oxen, mules, asses, sheep, all had their share of the friar's blessing, save the foxhounds, the whipper-in not having the grace to bring his pack up from the Campagna. A “very bad sign,” as Father Luke, in your wicked comedy, would say or sing; for, con-

sidering the precarious tenure which this esoteric sport has of the ground, its enjoyment is to be fenced round with all due observances*.

Nothing could exceed the frigid indifference of all classes here at the announcement of the Duke's death at Modena. The Pope's coachman dying would make a greater sensation; indeed, were it not that etiquette of relationship required the postponement of the ball [at the Austrian Minister's, to the serious annoyance of several young ladies, and of not a few old ones, no notice would be vouchsafed to the fact of the ducal collar having been transferred from the shoulders of an imbecile father to those of his still more stolid boy. The state of Modena is to Italy what a gradual ossification of the heart would be to the human system. The rest of the Peninsula, though slow and stagnant enough, has not yet

* Fox-hunting is far too manly and exciting an exercise not to alarm the drowsy old prejudices of the Government. Accordingly, when poor Bertie Mathews broke his neck, Governor Marini gladly made it an excuse for his edict of suppression issued in November. But he was made quickly to retrace that step. The Roman nobility rose *en masse* against the attempt to meddle with their sports, and the prelate has been forced to draw in his horns. Had it been an edict merely oppressive to shop-keepers, tradesmen, or peasants, its revocation would have been quite another matter. [In PART II. this affair is again alluded to.—ED.]

come to that pitch of petrification. For the rest, from the Po to the Faro, unto this trodden-down race no new star of hope has risen; unless it be found in the announcement seven days ago of a telescopic *comet* first seen on the 24th, by a lynx-eye from the Jesuit's observatory here, and, ominously enough, in the significant constellation of *Eridanus*.

The Pontiff bears the weight of his eighty-one years with wonderful ease, actually looking younger than at any period for the last dozen winters. The polypus has been long since effectually cured: his voice, a deep barytone, bearing evidence to unabated vigour. He may yet sing a *requiem* to Louis Philippe*. From his *aboccamento* with the Czar, to which it is now pretty well known that he and all in his confidence looked forward with tremulous, with sleepless anxiety, and out of which, to his amazement, he came forth so sig-

* It will be seen that Savonarola here was no prophet. It would have been better, perhaps, for the French King's ultimate place in history had he *not* survived, to turn in his dotage marriage broker at Madrid: but it is quite enough for us to stick to the affairs of one peninsula.

Be his old age hale and mellow,
And may the shrewd old fellow
Last long as his old umbrella!

ED.

nally successful in the eyes of Europe, the octogenarian frame of Gregory has gathered fresh impulse, and, as it were, galvanic action. What may be called the mere "court" of Rome had never flattered itself that the æsthetic fascination of St. Peter, so potent in influencing Goth, Hun, and Vandal, but which Charles V., Joseph II., and Napoleon profanely set at nought (confiding in the more modern agency of *salt*-Peter) would have overawed so stalwart a barbarian. A new *fresco* is in contemplation for a hall in the Vatican; indeed "Leo confronting Attila," clearly can be reproduced without much novelty of attitude or even drapery, save in the regimentals of the gigantic Romanoff.

An early day in February, and a chosen committee (superseding the routine tribunal which would have otherwise taken cognizance thereof) have been named for investigating, in its spiritual operation, the late Act of the British Legislature for the endowment of lay colleges in Ireland. The few whose names have transpired are thoughtful and accomplished men, and know the bounds of their competency, long accustomed to similar vexed questions in other European states. The clauses submitted, as more or less objectionable,

by the Irish remonstrants, have every chance of being fairly sifted. The only Irish prelate here, Dr. Kennedy, of Killaloe, keeps strictly aloof, but is understood to side rather with the older and more enlightened members of the episcopacy in his judgment of the measure. His prudent reserve has not, however, prevented the free expression, three days ago, in his presence, of a rather forcible opinion, to wit, that "*the Bishops in Ireland favourable to the Colleges ought to be denied Christian burial, and their ashes thrown into the Shannon;*" the merit of which decent and sober utterance belongs to an official of the Irish seminary here. The wiseacre is from Waterford, for which latitude he is better fitted than that of Rome, where as yet the Turkish custom has not generally obtained of keeping a holy idiot in each mosque for luck.

People here are not easily surprised at any absurd rumour in the newspapers, which indeed they seldom read; but the persevering tenacity with which the Carlist journals have, month after month, asserted the failure of Rossi's diplomatic mission at this Court, has amazed the oldest inhabitant. The influence he obtained at first he has kept and extended, and never were Louis

Philippe's wishes more respected than since he was chosen to urge and enforce them. Lately he had but to signify an objection, and the Jesuits, who have access everywhere, found it *not* to the pulpit of the French national church of St. Luigi de' Francesi.

In the matter of railways much uncertainty prevails: the Holy Father is said to have relaxed his frown and lent an ear to innovation and to his barber *Gaetanino*, a functionary of well-known influence, and whose position in state affairs and other matters should be understood. At the spring the steamer will resume the towing of barges up the Tiber, beyond the city, into the Sabine territory, where a good bed of coal has been lately found and is worked, besides another farther inland towards Subiaco. But concerning the development of steam-power in this capital, and the prospect for its utterly idle people of the varied branches of industry to be created through that magic medium, I can hold out none but the faintest hopes. A straw thrown up may serve for an anemometer. One of our sculptors took a fancy to import from Liverpool an *Arnott* stove to warm his spacious studio this winter, and laid in his stock of Sabine coal with comfortable fore-

thought; great was his glee at the genial glow it diffused through his workshop: but short are the moments of perfect enjoyment: in a few days a general outcry arose among the neighbours: the nasal organ at Rome, guide-books describe as peculiarly sensitive: a mob of women clamoured at the gate: they were all “suffocated by the horrid *carbon fossile*.” Phthisis is fearfully dreaded here: with uproarious lungs they denounced him as a promoter of pulmonary disease. Police came, remonstrance was useless. The artist’s *lares* were ruthlessly invaded, and his “household gods shivered around him.” The Arnott Altar of Vesta now lies prostrate in his lumber yard, quenched for ever!

Sir Henry Pottinger winters here; the Czar paid him the most marked recognition, *en passant*, in the Lateran Church. Mr. Dyce is busy in the Vatican, plucking out the heart of that mystery to the English—Fresco. We have also Fanny Butler and her sister Adelaide, Mrs. Summerville, Lady Charlotte Bury, Lady Duff Gordon, Lords Arundel and Surrey, Ward, Oxford, Compton, Beverley, Walpole, the Marquises of Douglas and of Headfort; besides Mr. Grey Porter, late of Conciliation Hall.

February 2.

The Roman virtuosi have been, these weeks past, impatiently looking out for the public appearance of Taglioni, who has been an in-dweller of our city some time. It appears from what I am told, she had some difficulty in getting the Roman coryphees into dancing order; the clumsiest ankles in all Christendom being those of Rome, as every artist will tell you, and any eye can see. She came out, however, last night (Sunday,) it is understood, with applause unequalled since the days of the classic Arbuscula. To-day, being Candlemas morning, Pope Gregory, in person, and in rude health, went processionally through the ceremonies, and BLESSED the CANDLES; may I never see a Pope rather inclined to bless *extinguishers*; and let us both hereupon devoutly ejaculate, Fiat Lux!

LETTER II.

Rome, February 12.

THE Consistory, held this morning, has just broken up, and has afforded the friends of Louis Philippe matter for congratulation. The assembly of cardinals, which would not have taken place

for some time in the usual course, was hastened in compliment to the newly-arrived French bishop of Arras—a strenuous adherent of the Orleans dynasty, a quondam veteran soldier of the Empire, and whose pure and unchallenged merits as a Gallican prelate had justified the demand of the king for a HAT, which had been granted five years ago, but which had to be fitted on by Gregory in person, according to rule, this morning. From twenty to thirty of the leading cardinals were in attendance, among whom I noticed Lambruschini, Castracane, Macchi, Franson, Barberini, Brignole Patrizi, Polidori, Mai, Orioli, Mezzofante, Ferretti, Acton, Bernetti, and Altieri. The Pope having taken his seat, a lawyer opened the pleadings *pro formâ*, in a “beatification case,” but was quickly cut short by the crier, who called on the real business of the day. The aged Frenchman was thereupon introduced, and, advancing to the steps of the pontifical throne, received a most cordial accolade from the pontiff. The respective ages of the two performers in this solemn scene, being eighty and eighty-one, added not a little to its impressiveness.

The only objection which can be taken to an occurrence like this is its rarity. The admissions

into the purple order, which ostensibly governs the Roman Catholic church, of individuals born beyond the Alps, have of late years diminished in an alarming ratio to the eyes of the thoughtful supporters of the pontifical system. Out of near seventy hats, not half a dozen have been given beyond the Italian peninsula. The present Pope has created fifty out of the living Princes of the Church, and not only have they been almost invariably Italians, but thirty of the number have been selected from a still more restricted boundary—viz. the Papal States. This, I conceive, is neither far-seeing nor *œcumenical*. Spain has but one hat left of its many olden dignities; Portugal has but recently acquired one; Bavaria and Belgium have each a single *chapeau*; and Austria Proper is in a similar state of destitution. France, by the exertions of Louis-Philippe, has three. As for the British isles, they have no claim of course, since they will neither give nor take even a diplomatic representative, though old Nicholas himself is about to admit a nuncio at Petersburg. Acton is merely a Neapolitan, and as such the ominous name is mixed up with intrigues of a period little creditable to Great Britain. The time is far remote when men of mind, Lingard, or Wiseman, or Murray, will be

raised to the dignity which God and nature intended for them. The thing, however, may work its own cure before then. The Irish seem to take their aboriginal and persevering exclusion from any power, place, or rank in the church they love, with surprising placidity. It is true that some rather curious candidates would be probably put forward for a hat did the whim seize their patriots. We should have the "Lion of Tuam" clamorously recommended by Mayo, (*leonum arida nutrix*), and the "dove of Galway*" anxiously put forward by Connaught (*nota quæ sedes fuit his columbis*!) to the combined horror and amazement of this knowing, grave, and eternal city.

In the matter of canonization, (incidentally alluded to during this *consistory*), Italy has still more signally taken to itself the lion's share. Saints from beyond the Alps have almost become an extinct species; monuments of a former social condition now swept away. It is true that to get a single one enrolled on the sacred panel *costs* as much as one of your moderately contested

* It is by these silly nicknames that two Irish prelates, (Mac Hale and O'Higgins,) who have merged the episcopal character into that of the political brawler, are known in Conciliation Hall, and in that curious dialect in which "oratory" delights over the water.—Ed.

railway bills, since the system of centralization was adopted, and Rome made sole adjudicatrix of the merits and the sanctity. In Ireland and England, had the clergy and people omitted to crowd heaven with native-born saints by simple acclaim, before reference was made necessary to Rome, those islands would never have got the numerous heavenly intercessors, and the flattering title they shared in the middle ages. St. Kevin, St. Senanus, St. Dunstan, and St. Jarlath luckily had the halo painted round their heads by a native decision, and a home determination.—*“Hereditary bondsmen,”* &c. &c.

We had some hopes that that truly angelic creature, the late Princess Borghese, would have made some progress through the path of recognised sanctity in the eyes of her mother church. But as her bright and unblemished memory happens not to be mixed up with any particular theory or school of casuistry, or any collateral ambition or interest of any set of churchmen, the officials have let the matter drop, as being *only* a mere exemplification of transcendant, maidenly, and maternal holiness.

Among our recent arrivals is that of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.

LETTER III.

Rome, Feb. 25, Ash-Wednesday.

CARNIVAL has been unprecedentedly brilliant. For the last ten days, the roll of equipages, the interchange of bouquets, the discharge of confectionary projectiles, mid the uproar of the Corso, and of the two parallel streets that dis-embogue into the square *del Popolo*, have been incessant. The French embassy ball outshone the competition even of the Doria, the Borghese, Lord Ward, and the Bachelors' Club. The colts from the Campagna ran their appointed races, and save that a Roman lad was killed by a kick from one of these quadrupeds, and an American artist stabbed in the back by a native, everything went off properly. The sudden contrast of this quiet morning is quite a relief. The flaunting masqueraders have vanished as by enchantment. The garb of sobriety and demure looks meet the eye. Many a northern nymph who might be met yesterday in very different attire—

“Nuper in *stratis* studiosa florum,”

is now close veiled in the costume of the *cenerentola*, and borne towards the Vatican, to share at the old Pope's hands the envied ashes.

The profits of this season to the commerce of Rome (such as it is) can scarcely be overrated. Their political economists have the honesty to confess, what is still denied in high quarters here, that the influx of strangers is the very breath of Roman nostrils. You need not be told that the "balance of trade" is awfully against the Pontifical dominions; but this, as well as many other unpleasant facts, is carefully kept out of men's thoughts in this eternal place. From a diligent examination of official papers (not of easy access), it turns out that the *imports* exceed the *exports* by no less a sum than five millions of dollars annually. The detail of this balance-sheet (which I intend to send you) is still more discreditable, inasmuch as the export trade is almost exclusively made up of raw materials, while the imports are invariably articles of foreign skill and industry; leaving on the side of Rome an overwhelming account of beggarly indolence consequent on governmental incapacity. It can be no longer matter of surprise that while every capital of Northern Europe has nearly doubled its population since the century began, this metropolis numbers only a few hundred more citizens this year of our Lord than it did in 1800, neither will it be thought a very

improbable occurrence that memorials and remonstrances to be presented to the Roman Government on the part of crippled and oppressed trade, as well as other subjects of political grievance, were actually flung on the drive of the Pincian hill, into the lap of our late visitor—aye, the Czar Nicholas; for it is well known here that even as regards England, the balance of Russian commerce is somewhat differently cared for.

These few lines may possibly occasion my letter to be stopped at the post-office here, as happens to every number of any French, German, or English newspaper, in which the public interests of this oppressed community are advocated. Whenever *Galignani* copies similar obnoxious paragraphs he is also vicariously punished by strict confiscation in the Piazza Colonna.

We can only grumble at such things, as they are *senza rimedio*, according to the habitual phrase here; but the Spanish nation has a right to complain, and deserves to be trampled on by foreign diplomacy if it do not give proper utterance to its indignation when the despatches of its envoy are, (as they *were* a few days ago,) after having been confided to the custody of the

post-office, found unsealed in the public piazza of St. Agostino, and brought in that state to the Spanish representative by a passing stranger.

You will not see this fact in the *Gazette d'Augsbourg*, which is the only regular informant of Europe on what passes here, but the writers in which, well known to our police, do not choose to get a week's lodging in the *carcere nuovo*.

LETTER IV.

Rome, March 5.

YESTERDAY, a few miles out on the Via Nomentana, an unusual assemblage of brilliant equipages, mounted cavaliers, and miscellaneous pedestrians, gave token that the Roman nobility had fixed on a rendezvous for some signal display. The hounds were to meet at this spot, and the scarlet tints of the horsemen's costume accordingly gave additional relief to the glowing effect of the general landscape under an unclouded sky. Prince Constantine, the second son of the Czar, was expected on the ground, and hence this unwonted gathering. The newly arrived visitor somehow did not come; and a fox being speedily unearthed, after a short run, the brush was won by the Prince Odeschalchi.

A cordial welcome is in preparation for the Czarina, his mother, whose arrival here from Palermo is impatiently looked for.

The speech of Lord Aberdeen on the relations between Russia and Rome, was in great request here, and was deemed additional evidence of his Lordship's calm sagacity. You are long since aware of Cardinal Lambruschini's disavowal (in a formal note) of any participation in concocting or publishing the "Nun's Tale;" of that marvellous Odyssey, overshadowing, in fanciful horrors, the history of Baron Trenck, or the story of Mazeppa. The real editor was the facetious Father Ryllo, a Lithuanian genius of no common order, who cannot forget (no wonder!) his having been exiled by the Czar's predecessor in 1824. Ryllo is a stirring spirit, and has left his mark on the Caucasus, on the anti-Lebanon, (ask Sir C. Napier,) and the island of Malta. He is now about visiting Abyssinia, and you may therefore expect to hear of bustling intelligence from that quarter.

It is hard, nevertheless, to exonerate the authorities from the publication, in Roman type, of this pseudo-narrative. The title-page of the little brochure bore, 'tis true, no printer's name, the whereabouts was simply "Italia," and since then

it has disappeared miraculously from all the Roman bookstalls; but that the printing thereof was *winked at*, is well understood by any one who knows the perils that environ here clandestine typography. This is one of the inconveniences to which a government is liable which looks upon the "freedom of the press" as the "offspring of hell firstborn." It must be responsible for whatever is printed.

It were happy for the public welfare if that were the only inconvenience. But people will read, even in Rome; and the book trade (the increasing importance of which in diffusing employment none need tell Charles Dickens,) is a branch of industry which, on the banks of the Tiber, government has effectually withered up, and thus added another melancholy leaf to the hortus siccus of Roman beggary. Without taking into account what is smuggled, a sum of 120,000 dollars is annually paid by this poor community to foreign booksellers—mainly for Italian works. If a Roman *virtuoso* labours with an MS., he seeks the obstetric aid of a printing-press anywhere but within these walls.

You need not be told how many hands and heads are lucratively engaged elsewhere in the

recently-adopted style of illustrated typography: From all share in that elegant industry Rome, by its own restrictions, has shut itself out. The engraver's family pines, the hand of a young genius languishes unemployed; and, by paralyzing the free production of letter-press, its concomitant and brother art is stricken down.

As to periodical literature, which is now awakening mankind all over Europe to a sense of the beautiful and the useful in every department of science, here there is a universal blank. There is, to be sure, a costly serial called the "*Album di Roma*;" a number of which fell under my eye the other day; but the leading article being a dissertation on *il giuoco del oca*—viz., "the game of GOOSE," I flung it aside with a wish, that if the "authorised" editor did not wish to enlighten his docile readers, he might avoid thus sneering at their imbecility. Newspapers and their great corollary—advertisements, are, of course, undreamt of.

The paper on which this letter will be printed, has probably come in the shape of Roman rags from Civita Vecchia or Ancona. This export (exclusive of smuggling) is, in pounds, two millions and a half of the raw material of paper. Any

boy in one of your favourite “ragged schools” can calculate the loss which ensues on exporting rags and receiving printed books in return. An alarm was raised a few years ago about this glaring deficiency in the management of things, and, by way of a remedy, a prohibition against the exit of rags was enacted. The rags were then used as manure; nothing could *force* them into paper under the restrictions of a manacled press. The prohibition was accordingly removed. As in the similar case of the old log in Horace, the better alternative (between dung and divinity) was resolved upon—

“Maluit esse Deum;
Deus inde ego furum maxima formido.”

I must break off, having to attend a sitting of the Academia d’Arcadi, which takes place at four to-day.

LETTER V.

Rome, March 12.

THAT “amusing print” the *Diario di Roma*, which, as you know, is generally a mere recital of church ceremonies, chronicled with chamberlain precision and Chinese solemnity, published, last

week, in a fit of generosity, the balance sheet of the Savings Bank for February. The laity were thus informed that during the past month a sum of 30,403 dollars had been lodged by them, while only 16,332 had been withdrawn; a palpable hint to be joyful at such evidence of their prosperous condition under the ecclesiastical system of rule. As if they did not know this exceptional surplus to be a simple derivative from the disbursements of foreign opulence during carnival, and a mere casual result of the circulating medium being freely lavished among tradesfolk by these northern revellers, far from being an index to the sustained healthy condition of remunerative industry. This topic I have touched on before, and may resume with effect. The middle classes, the *proletaires*, and operatives having been utterly overlooked in the dominions of the church (with the ignoble connivance of the aristocracy thereunto); and uniformly snubbed and crushed since the days of Rienzi.

The declamations of Young Italy may or may not be all froth; but Arabic figures cannot be dealt with in the fashion of rhetorical flourishes; the whole question may resolve itself into a simple study of the balance sheet of Roman trade. Let

my readers (matter of fact people) pause at each separate item, and then sum up their impressions from the general *coup-d'œil* of the following cartoon, of which the contending figures, though graphic and suggestive, have not been painted in the saloons of the Vatican.

1. *Cotton tissues*.—The population pays for every yard of this article in use, hard cash to the looms of England, Switzerland, and Mulhausen. Two millions of dollars (exclusive of smuggling) are ascertained to be lost on this item. The only attempt to manufacture a coarse description of cotton stuffs was made lately in the workhouse at Diocletian's baths, and in the arsenal of galley slaves at *Civita Vecchia*. The paupers preferred begging, and the only "cotton lords" left are the latter gentry.

2. In *Woollens*, things are not quite so bad, though the staple is miserably cared for. Alarmed some years ago at the enormous outgoings of money to purchase foreign broad-cloth, the present Pope's advisers suggested the exploded system of bounties. A certain sum was ordered to be paid to the manufacturers according to quality as well as quantity. The result was, that the trade appeared to revive.

1836	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{there were in} \\ \text{operation} \end{array} \right.$	28	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{manufactories} \\ \text{producing} \end{array} \right.$	34,526	ells.
1837		36		48,492	,,
1838		46		63,165	,,
1839		44		63,810	,,

but the force of bounties could no farther go. The thing had been worked up-hill to the utmost of its capacity: smuggling increased and the bounties were jobbed; last year Peel's policy of reducing the tariff was adopted, and at the fair of Sinigaglia, the quantity of foreign cloth admitted at reduced rates doubled in amount, and kept up the produce to the papal treasury, but several factories have since been discontinued, and much misery has ensued. It must be added that the intelligent manufacturers blame government for not giving them such powers as are supplied in France by the system of *livrets*, a matter not understood in England, but absolutely necessary here whenever workmen are congregated in bodies. Meantime, the Roman States export *raw* wool to the amount of 260,000 dollars, and import the same spun or woven to the amount of 480,000 dollars.

3. In *Silken tissues* these States could supply all Europe with common painstaking. The whole Campagna might be planted with mulberries, if the landowners had the slightest wish to improve

their enormous tracts. The *women* spin enough to save a portion of the loss, which is thus :—

Raw silk exported, in value . . .	489 dollars.
Spun silk „ „ . .	515,651 „
Woven silk, imported, in value	237,554 „

4.—In *Flax* and *Hemp* the balance of trade is actually in favour of Rome, and that to an unexpected extent, so much so as to cover the whole loss of the cotton imports. The spinning and weaving of linen is attended to, not in manufactories, but in the homesteads of the cottagers, and without any encouragement or interference of government. The women here again redeem the laziness and incapacity of the men. For, particularly on the other side of the Apennines, the old habits of the peasantry have survived, and though no longer is *part* of Macaulay's description true, when he sings of the hour

“ When the oldest cask is opened,
And the largest lamp is lit ;
And the chesnuds glow in the embers,
And the kid turns on the spit.”

If no longer

“ The good man mends his armour,
And trims his helmet plume ;”

Still

“ The good wife’s shuttle merrily
Goes flashing thro’ the loom.”

5.—In *Wax* and *Honey* the imports surpass the exports by 140,000 dollars. This is absolutely shameful, and shows how little the fourth book of the Georgics, or the good old man of Æbalia’s example has done for the degenerate agricultural mind.

6.—The *Fisheries* are in as miserable a state of neglect as in Ireland. St. Peter appears to have only bequeathed his ring (*annulum piscatoris*) to the Pontiffs. 400,000 dollars are paid in hard cash to you English, for fishing the cod-banks of Newfoundland, to enable the Romans to keep Lent, which they do very badly.

7.—In the matter of *Oil*, only think of a country where the olive has but to be planted to spread its silver leaves in the sun and give abundant returns, actually importing foreign oil from the other Italian states, particularly its neighbour Tuscany, to the amount of 320,000 dollars. Most of the land thus mismanaged is in the claws of the church.

But if Rome, like a foolish virgin, neglects providing a stock of oil for her lamp, to be badly off for *soap* is a still more blameable condition, argu-

ing arrant laziness: this article is *imported* to the extent of 100,000 dollars.

8.—*Corn* shall form a chapter to itself in a future communication. This is the monster grievance, and ought not to be dealt with perfunctorily.

9.—For *Gums, Resins, Fruit, Wines*, the absolute loss on the balance of import and export is 130,000 dollars.

10.—*Colonial produce*—tea, coffee, sugar—are of course on the wrong side of the ledger, but not an attempt has been dreamt of to imitate the French and German beet-root factories, though this vegetable, planted lately in the fat ground near Aricia, produced roots varying in weight from *ten to thirty* pounds! it might as well rot on Lethe's wharf as on the banks of the Tiber, for all the government cares.

11.—In the matter of *Cheese* and *Butter*, fancy an agricultural country importing these two articles from its neighbours to the amount of 68,191 dollars, and at the same time exporting cows and oxen to the extent of 304,000 dollars.

12.—*Iron, Brass, Tin, Lead, and Zinc*, are all imports; yet are there abundant chalybeate indications and olden mines of iron at Viterbo, at Tolfa, at Monteleone, and coal beds unworked.

The government prefer bringing this all-important article from Elba of the Florentines. Some praise is due to Gregory for the iron works established at the falls of Tivoli and Terni, but the rule subsists more glaringly because of the exception.

13.—In *Straw Bonnets* the industry of the women again exhibits a slight compensation in an export of 120,000 dollars.

14.—I have not been able to get at the returns of the delf and crockery trade, but a large balance is here against Rome; though one of its small dependencies, Fayenza, had formerly the glory of giving its name to this most profitable branch of industry.

15.—In the article of *Belli Arti* the export is of course on the side of Rome, but to an amount far less than would be supposed—a mere trifle over 100,000 dollars.

These be a few *data* on which to found an opinion as to the value of churchmen's government and the exclusion of laymen from the management of temporal affairs: and further, while such an aggregate of poverty is necessarily accumulated in the Roman States, with what face can the ecclesiastical rulers of this benighted land refuse the lately-made offer of capital for the construction of railroads? Let Europe judge.

LETTER VI.

Rome, March 18.

WE have had a riot here among the *trasteverini*. The fray began at the foot of the Janiculum, between the papal soldiery and the populace, who drove their armed assailants back into their barracks, with the loss of two killed, in return for numerous sabre wounds on the side of the people. Politics had nothing to do with the affair, the provocation being of the old Appius Claudius and Tarquin character.

The anniversary of St. Patrick drew together yesterday a most brilliant muster of British and Irish votaries to the modest church of the Franciscan friars. His countryman, Cardinal Acton, delivered a rather dull discourse on the occasion; yet nearly 100*l.* was contributed to the fair collectors of the alms, viz., Lady Dover, the Countess Fingall, Lady Walpole, Olivia Taylor, and Hon. Mrs. Smythe. I noticed Overbeck among the worshippers.

Much disgust is felt and expressed in ecclesiastical circles here at the tenour of Dr. John Machale's Lenten manifesto, ascribing the potato rot to the establishment of Irish colleges for the laity. Italian gravity relaxes into a smile of pity for the people to whom such garbage is presented with impunity. Nor, while the question is known to be under reference to superior authority, do people here overlook the indecency of this individual prejudgment, seeming, as it were, to bully the Vatican.

The British artists, who meditate exhibiting their *capi d'opera* among you in May, have last week been engaged with the numerous agents of Mac Craken, and many a trim bark spreads its canvas for England, with other and more precious canvas under hatches. Not a few flasks of Orvieto have perished, in wafting good wishes with the bill of lading. It were invidious to mention names; besides, does not this particular department belong to one of their artistic brethren, whose pen is as graphic as his pencil, but whose sterling good nature is still more conspicuous, "Michael Angelo Titmarsh?" He is well remembered here, where he rested awhile after his famous pilgrimage from "Cornhill to Cairo."

In the "address book" of working artists lying for public inspection at Monaldini's news-room, the eye is somewhat bewildered in meeting with an English earl. In sooth, the pictorial brotherhood is augmented by the accession of Lord Compton, who "scorning" mere aristocratic "delights," sits at the mess-table of art, has donned the *blouze*, and wears that indescribable beaver in which rejoiceth your modern Raffaele; for the rest, *incomptus*, to a hair completes the picture.

Placards stuck up yesterday at various corners of streets acquainted the hackney-coachmen and other *literati* of Rome that a German work, ycleped "*Die Römisch-heidnische Kirche*" (please spell it correctly for the bookseller's sake) was condemned by the *Index expurgatorius*. Germany and Italy never did, nor ever will, thoroughly understand each other; there lurks a principle of antagonism in the very nature of both: all attempts to assimilate two such different idiosyncracies must fail. As to the so-called "German-Catholic Church," it bears about the same relation to Catholicity as "German silver" to the real article.

Galignani of the 7th, having had the hardi-

hood to copy something extracted from one of my letters to you, was confiscated at the pontifical post-office. Like Hoby the boot-maker, when Ensign Shuttleworth threatened to withdraw his custom, the great Paris newsmonger will no doubt put up his shutters.

LETTER VII.

Rome, March 28.

THE utter discomfiture of the insurgents on the Vistula, and the sad tinge of ridicule which this attempt has flung on popular efforts to obtain redress of grievances by the sword, are things not without important reaction on the prospects of Central Italy. The aspiration for deliverance is not checked nor retarded; but the folly of any premature and fractional attempt has been thus effectually demonstrated. And hence, though the old bastilles of darkness and despotism, and the dwellers therein, may imagine the ground more steady beneath them than it was before this slight earthquake, or rather *mudquake*, the volcanic action is but adjourned. From Mount Gibello to Hecla—the hint is taken.

The Swiss regiments concentrated in the Legations for the expected outbreak in April may now pile their muskets comfortably, and the unusually thick crop of bayonets visible on the other bank of the Po, may disappear for the season. Many a good old cardinal-legate will enjoy a sounder night's rest beyond the Apennines; and if a new loan is wanted of Torlonia, to stop a fresh gap of the yearly-yawning deficit, the great tobacco contractor will be, perhaps, in better humour.

Roman *quidnuncs* have been principally speculating on the approaching arrival of the Russian Empress; to be escorted hither (so it was given out) by the Majesty of Naples in person. Numerous waggons of baggage have, in fact, been traversing Rome to Meloni's Hotel, the horses led by unmistakeable Calmucks, until the Piazza del Popolo began to seem a kind of Scythian encampment; when, this morning, despatches arrived at the Russian embassy bringing the disappointing news of the Czarina having been attacked with erysipelas, and her coming is consequently put off until after holy week, and even the month of May if she be not perfectly recovered. The hotel had been cleared of its inmates, newly

decorated, and hired at the expense of 20,000 dollars for the whole of whatever time it might be occupied.

A few days ago this government provided for its subjects the spectacle of a public execution, into the details of which performance I do not enter, after reading your own powerful "picture" of the scene. The law's delay had allowed the culprit to remain two years in prison before his final production, and his case is not unsuggestive of much sound teaching, not to the mere rabble who gathered round that spot, where of old Rienzi spoke, and where now the guillotine discourseth, but rather to those whom providence had made responsible for the conduct of the modern Roman people. In the minutes of the trial it appeared that this youth of 24 had sought all over the Campagna, from Frascati to Ardea, for work, and had sought in vain, before resolving first, on the sale of his prayer book, which fetched three bajocchi; and finally, on killing the first man he met, who turned out to be a charcoal burner, as poor as himself. Now, wherefore was there no work for Francesco Sciarra, in that wide champain, with its rich soil and its abounding pastures? The answer is simple: these lands are either held in mortmain

by the church or the monks (which are two distinct categories), or by hospitals, or by such leviathan landowners as Borghese, Rospigliosi, Piombino, Barberini, and (a namesake of the criminal) Prince Sciarra. The church lands are never improved by additional labour, because the incumbent has but a life tenancy, and generally lives in Rome. The monks are migratory or reckless. The hospitals are gigantic jobs, where the plunder is divided between the highest and the lowest functionaries—a mere fractional part finding its way to the original humane object, and no funds can be spared for agricultural progress. The great land proprietors either have no taste for expensive improvements on a strictly entailed estate, or they have other and less creditable pursuits; they feel themselves to be mere ciphers in the ecclesiastical dominions, without the natural influence of property and rank, and, therefore deem themselves not answerable for the pauperism around them. So between the aristocracy and the church (the middle classes cannot get any land to purchase in the Campagna), the labourers are as little cared for, as if they were tenants of an Irish absentee, or squatters of that Milesian Eldorado, Derrynane Beg.

They have a Corn-law here too, which attempts to regulate not only the import of grain, but is principally effective in preventing its export, a process capable of being made most extensive and remunerating, but for the peculiar distribution of property. Fertile tracts are only ploughed once every third year, being left the other two to be "*cooked*" (*si cuoce*) in the sun. The food of the working peasant is rarely bread, mostly Indian corn made into a moist cake, and having dried fruit, a raisin or something of that kind, frugally interspersed, to make the lump palatable. With this provender he goes forth to labour at a great distance from his dwelling, and returns at eve to a supper of wild herbs, a little oil and vinegar.

To return to the gallows: the prevalent feeling was of course pity for the young murderer, whose guilt was totally forgotten, and while the dismal preparation was being made, and pickpockets at work, masked pilgrims went round making a collection for anticipative masses to benefit his soul. No one thought of including in the votive offering a bajoccho for the soul of the poor charcoal burner: the sympathy being all monopolised by the homicide, as in Ireland, and none left for his victim.

The selection of the neighbourhood of Rienzi's house for these exhibitions is singularly infelicitous, but not more so than was a certain advertisement in the form of a leading article which appears in the Roman journal of last Thursday. By this the public is informed that the Colonna family offer for sale all that remains of the famous pine tree in their gardens on the Quirinal, blown down by the thunder storm of May, 1842; it having been planted so far back as 1332, on the day that, through their ancestors, the Commonwealth of Rome was brought under subjection to its present rulers, by the death of Cola, the last of the Tribunes. Already fifteen cart loads of firewood had been retailed out of the broken branches of the giant tree; and now that the trunk alone was left, it was supposed that some admirer of antiques, vegetable as well as mineral, might be tempted to exchange with the Colonna for hard dollars, this proud memento of their race. No bidder has yet offered, though the gardener yesterday strongly recommended the timber to an English visitor as "*buono per un vapore*,"—good for building a steam-boat: it were better perhaps used in the construction of a printing-press. You may recollect that the same storm

blew down Tasso's oak on the Janiculum; but the poor monks did not sell for firewood the memorial of their melancholy guest, nor made they a peddling traffic of Torquato's tree. The wife of your member for Manchester—Mrs. Milner Gibson, daughter of Sir T. Cullum, bart., of Suffolk—is a descendant of the Colonnas, and she is not probably aware that this opportunity offers of securing an heir-loom of that time-honoured lineage; you may mention the subject to her with my best respects.

LETTER VIII.

April 4.

THERE is much of quiet amusement not untinged with a dash of melancholy supplied perpetually to strangers here by the efforts of government to arrest the progress of those modern improvements which must obviously ultimately be adopted even in Rome. The mirth which borders on sadness is stated by metaphysicians to have peculiar fascinations, and some æsthetic poet observes, that no merriment was to him more enjoyable than

“The fun

In mourning coaches when the funeral's done.”

Some such feelings were apt to creep o'er the

mind, in reading last week the newest edict of the local authorities affixed on the walls for the guidance of all shopkeepers and others; this hattissheriff, which it is impossible not duly to respect, denounces the modern innovation of GAS LIGHT, made of our old acquaintance, the previously denounced "*carbon fossile*," and all private gas-works of this nature are suppressed. Hereby many an industrious and enterprising establishment has its pipe put out all of a sudden, while those which are suffered to remain are subjected to a thousand vexatory restrictions and domiciliary visits from officials, who, as usual, must be bribed to report favourably. They are further told that their private gas generators will be all confiscated at some indetermined period when it shall please the wisdom of authority to establish government gas works: a period far remote, to be sure, but sufficiently indefinite effectively to discourage the outlay of private capitalists on their private comforts or accommodation. Milan, Florence, Leghorn, Venice, Turin, and Naples are gas-lit long since.

There is a refinement of stupidity in this proceeding, which requires no further development. Alas! there was a time when the Rome of Leo

X. girded up her loins to walk in the vanguard of civilization, instead of being, as now, decrepit and bed-ridden; or, if you will, after the fashion of a midnight hag squatted on the heaving breast of Italy. The IRON ROADS will nevertheless be made, and the *carbon fossile* shall redden the furnace of many a Roman steam-engine yet, and this very gas now denounced shall add new irradiancy to the majestic dome of Peter, which is just about to be illuminated with tallow for the blessed Easter festival!

There is much of secret, senseless pride in this opposition to any innovation, the merit of originating which does not happen to belong to this side of the Alps. But the *odium theologicum* has also some share in the matter. We ourselves, in by-gone days, showed a similar dogged dulness in our refusal, for a century, to adopt the Gregorian calendar, because, though obviously right, it was derived from a papal source. For no other reason on earth does the Russian empire still continue to be eleven days out of reckoning with the rest of mankind, being kept in countenance by the modern Greeks alone among civilized nations.

Of the Russian Empress better accounts have reached us from Naples, and it is now confidently

expected that her Imperial Majesty, with the Grand Duchess Olga, and several other members of the family, will grace the ceremonies of the Sistine Chapel next week.

LETTER IX.

Rome, April 11.

MATTERS have ceased to go on smoothly between the supreme heads respectively of the Eastern and Western Churches, if, as is whispered to-day, directions have been given by the Czar to his Imperial consort, not to visit this capital at all, but, avoiding the Roman States altogether, to meet him in Tuscany, towards the middle of Spring. Until then her whereabouts is to be that of the poet—

“ ——— tenet nunc
Parthenope,”

and all the outlay in preparations for her reception here go for nought. I should however remark that her nearest relatives, the Prince and the Arch-duchess of Mecklenburg Schwerin, were not forbidden to come hither during this great week, so interesting to strangers in Rome. They accordingly arrived a few days ago, and have

graced the solemnities with their presence. Don Carlos is supposed to be here incognito.

The Sistine chapel, adorned with the Last Judgment by Buonarotti, seems, at this period of the year, to possess, in common with that grand and awful gathering of the whole human race, the peculiarity of assembling on one spot the most heterogeneous elements, which nothing short of a grand convulsion could otherwise bring into *juxtaposition*. On looking round, the eye wanders from the uniform of the Cardinals to that of the British red-coats. A fat Capuchin friar is seen alongside of the great French novelist De Balsac, whose rival rotundity of form and amplitude of visage are conspicuous: the pious assiduity of Don Miguel edifies the beholder, while the two married daughters of Charles Kemble, spite of their black veils, send his thoughts far away to the haunts of Norma and of Julietta. The bluff face of Sir Henry Pottinger reminds one of our recent glories on the banks of the *πεντο ποταμοι*, while the tall gaunt figure of Mr. Polk (brother to the Yankee President), rising in a ghastly vision behind him, suggests a similar discomfiture of the Kentuckian Sikhs on the banks of the Columbia river. Scotch feudalism is there in the person of

“the Glengarry”—Polish exiles pray alongside of Russian major-generals—Puseyite parsons abound. There is Prince Paul Lieven, near Mr. Whiteside, late counsel for the Repeal conspirators, Count Toltstoy, Sir Charles Fellowes, Prince Gallitzin, Countess Flahaut, and Mr. James Twig, of the “well-known firm in Crutched Friars,” London.

A-propos of Mr. Polk (aforesaid), the presence of this gentleman in Europe is one of the beautiful illustrations of the supposed democratic exemption from that well-known Roman vice, nepotism. Here is an individual sent out at the expense of the all-repudiating Republic, in the *high* capacity of envoy to the court of Naples; for which employment his qualifications appear to be that he is absolutely incapable of interchanging his ideas in any European dialect spoken on this continent—a sense of which incapacity seems to have suggested to him the uselessness of his sojourning in Naples, for he has been all this year in Paris or elsewhere.

LETTER X.

Rome, April 18.

MY anticipations of there being a screw loose in the arrangements between Rome and Russia prove correct. The visit of the Empress to this capital is, after all the expensive preparations, finally interdicted by the Autocrat, and the Czarina is by this time on her way seawise from Naples to Leghorn. As she sails along the Roman coast she may possibly catch a glimpse of the cross topping the dome of St. Peter's, an object visible far out at sea; but nothing further is she fated to behold of all the marvels gathered together here. Among the many evils originating in the schism of old Photius, 'twixt the Greek and Latin Church, the non-gratification of laudable female curiosity, in this instance, is clearly traceable to bygone theology, and a most curious commentary might be written on the oracular warning of the Seer in the *Æneid* uttered many centuries previous.

“Has autem terras Italique hanc littoris oram

Effuge! cuncta malis habitantur (*mænia Graiis*) rura Latinis?”

All is over now. This last hope of prolonging the Roman season has evaporated, and the congre-

gated visitors from northern Europe are flying off at various tangents.

The town has relapsed into its habitual torpor. None are seen moving about these dull streets, but individuals belonging to one of the three great tribes into which the modern *Quirites* are divisible; viz. the beggars, the friars, and the artists. Of the two first classes much might be profitably said; but for the present let us confine our chat to the third, as the most interesting probably to your readers.

The innocent Mr. Murray in the pastoral simplicity of his Guide-book, has put on record his "agreeable surprise to find the artists of all countries living here together on such amicable terms." It is, perhaps, right that the public generally should take for granted the existence of this Arcadian state of things, and one feels loath to disturb so charming a vision. What boots it in sooth to learn that the French clique do not associate with the German set, or that the Russians have an overseer at a high salary, to see that *their* political principles undergo no contamination from the indiscriminate burschenschaft of art? who cares to learn that a Germanic confederation have established among themselves a kind of Zollverein, ad-

mission being made dependent on the use of the Deutsch tongue, and the old club of the "*Ponte molle*" has been consequently expurgated of the few British artists who had been smuggled into it during a more liberal system of customs? But it is *not* pleasant to observe a nascent spirit of exclusiveness among ourselves. It is not quite the thing that the residents of a year's standing in Rome should form themselves into a class apart, to the mortifying depression of all freshmen who may not yet have eaten 365 dinners of roast kid to qualify for association with the aforesaid yearlings. As to individual squabbles, *non ragionam di loro*.

But the grand feud of all, reviving the wrath of Guelph and Ghibelline, is the feud between the *Puritani* and the *Classicisti*. This quarrel, which had been smouldering for the last twenty years, has now broken out in good earnest.

Sir David Wilkie, writing from this place to Sir William Knighton, in January, 1826, notices thus to his courtly correspondent (who kept the privy purse), the rise of this riot:—"Some Germans, with more the devotion of a sect than of a school, have attracted much attention, by reverting to the beginning of art, by studying Raffaele's

master, rather than Raffaele, in hopes that, by going over the same ground, they may, from Pietro Perugino, attain all the excellences of his great scholar. These artists, among the most zealous of whom are Fyght, Schaddow, Schnore, and Overbeck, in their works, display with much of the dryness of Albert Durer, great talent, and a strong feeling for expression. They are not without admirers and patrons."

Now, although volumes have been since written on the subject in newspapers and reviews (I perceive the "Quarterly" just advertises a new essay thereupon), the whole pith and substance of the matter has been put forth by Shrewd Davie, in these few lines, twenty years ago. The real sting which envenoms the business is, however, contained in the concluding words of the cannie Scot; and in England, I apprehend, as well as here, the real question which sets men at loggerheads is, ought there to be a monopoly in certain mystical hands of the public patronage, of government orders, and of private commissions? Is there to be a dominant sect in art? Are there to be *Christian* and *Pagan* painters? Are the "saints" to inherit the land, to the utter exclusion of the profane?

A grand stand-up effort to do battle against this conspiracy has just been made in the great hall of the Roman Capitol. On the occasion of a biennial solemnity held by the Academy of St. Luke, Professor Visconti read an official harangue, which, owing to the noise of the overcrowded saloon, could be but indistinctly heard, but which being now in print before me, can be calmly considered. It is a violent tirade, almost personal, against Overbeck and his followers, and by way of being more dispassionate, is announced as the composition of the president, Cavalier Fabris, himself a sculptor; the venerable old imitator of the stiff Perugini is styled by the classic president *un copiatore pedante*, at the same time that he is somewhat incoherently designated as a *novatore che con falsi principii temerariamente esposti et con presuntuosa sicurezza inculcati fa deviare la gioventú credula*, &c. &c., the object of this new sect is further stated, with some shrewdness, to be merely a scheme to avoid fair upright competition, by keeping aloof from the ordinary field of emulation, where their intrinsic weakness would be detected; to crow on a dunghill of their own choice, where no rival deigns to encounter them; *per toglier dinanzi qualunque importuna, emulatione e restar soli à*

dominar l'arte; he calls the *purist* painter a "*povero di spirito*," "*senza anima*," at the same time that he hints at his being only an old hypocrite all the time, "*con arrogante ipocrisia*," as if all this anti-paganism, artistic Puseyism, philopuginism, &c. &c., were all but cunning devices of quackery, to fill the pockets of men who laugh in their sleeve at the enthusiasm they have created.

I give you these details, without entering into the merits of the case further than to state that strong jealousy exists among the Italians, forced to see, as they do every Sunday, the enormous crowd of English attending the levee of Overbeck. This idol's shrine is near the Jews' quarter, in the Palace of the Cenci (chosen for effect by the cunning charlatan, say they), and certainly there are various symptoms of trickery discernible in some of the old gentleman's peculiarities.

In sculpture, where there is little scope for deviation from the enduring canons of the sublime and beautiful, the new sect has not broken ground to any extent: but the Cavalier Fabris aforesaid, who has succeeded to the presidency and emoluments of Canova (owing to the *cameraderie* of Gregory XVI., who, when a poor monk, often quaffed a flask of Orvieto with the sucking

sculptor), is but a poor apology for the genius that is departed.

John Gibson's statue of the Queen, ordered for Buckingham Palace, is now nigh finished, and stands forth confessedly a masterpiece of marble portraiture. No coin, medal, picture, or miniature, which the British public has yet seen, can boast of being so striking a resemblance, and at the same time embody so majestically pleasing an impersonation of royalty. With one hand she grasps a scroll (some enactment of beneficial legislation), while with the other she is presenting a wreath of reward to some meritorious subject of her happy realm. The drapery is most gracefully studied, and so skilfully managed, that modern costume is insensibly blended and dovetailed in the classic folds of antiquity. The expression is that of firmness, tempered with benignity.

John Hogan's colossal statue of Mr. O'Connell is in a similar state of forwardness. This tremendous figure, twelve feet in vertical height, carved from a spotless block of white Serravezza marble, produces an effect (spite of every reminiscence connected with the individual represented) of unmixed and unaffected grandeur. Dignity of attitude, consciousness of power, and indomitable

energy, are in the extended arm and protruded leg of the orator. There is a slight shadow of sadness with a half suppressed twinkle of roguery perceptible in the countenance. It is the very image of the man. The gigantic folds of the broadly flung mantle are in the boldest style of masterly art, and there stands no pedestal in the British islands bearing a statue in marble of such such dimensions at all approaching the merit of this work; a production of unmistakable native genius, which is understood to be ordered by the managers of Conciliation-hall. If they thus expended all the funds levied from the duped multitude, none would cavil at the extortion; for when all the brawlers will be silent in their graves, and the follies of the present hour long forgotten, this proud monument of well-directed patriotism will yet gladden the eyes of millions.

A Swiss sculptor, H. Imhoff, has produced several graceful groups of scriptural subjects, and received much encouragement from the Imperial visitor on the late occasion. The "Infant Moses in his rushy cradle, confided to the stream by his Mother," and his "Agar with her Boy in the Desert," are full of pathos and power.

The Bavarian artist, Wollf, among many im-

portant works for Berlin and Munich, has been commissioned by Her Majesty of England to execute a statue of Prince Albert, by reason, perhaps, of his having many years ago (before the royal marriage) carved a bust of the Prince when here in Rome. Of the present work, which is nearly completed, it is enough to say that the likeness is unexceptionable. There is an elegant gentleness in the Royal Consort's expression, a smooth mildness, somewhat grotesquely contrasting, nevertheless, with the warlike costume of a Roman legionary, in which (kilt included) he stands before you. There are the bronze buskins, the corslet, the studded belt. He grasps the Roman short sword, and leans on a round buckler, with dolphins (?) carved thereon. It needs no prophetic soul to anticipate the future celebrity of this performance: the "*hat*" was nothing to this: alas! there is a sad dog in Fleet Street, an unscrupulous assailant of the most solemn tomfooleries:—need I name the implacable *Punch*, who,

“ Hushed in grim repose, awaits this marble prey ! ”

The Italian Gnaccherini has just executed in marble a remarkably graceful group of three dancing girls, in which elasticity and elegance of

motion are admirably rendered. This classic work has been ordered by William Jackson of Birkenhead; and it is satisfactory to see our railway kinglets thus cultivating the ornamental as well as the utilitarian arts. A Mr. Cardwell, of Manchester, has modelled some very superior works; he is just now engaged in modelling a wassail-bowl, which has been ordered by some patron of the Anglo-Norman period of art. It is supposed to represent the favourite drinking cup of him who wrote the "Canterbury Tales," as is indicated by the following suggestive inscription, which, in black letter, gracefully runs round the tracery of the vase:—

This be Chaucer hys cup: y^e well of english undefiled.

Painting in Rome ranks now but second to Sculpture; there is no use in asking why*, but the fact is undeniable: there is a much greater amount of relative talent among the brethren of

* At an artists' dinner last Christmas (the occurrence will be found in PART II.) it was stated from the chair, and ratified by "applause," that the head quarters of SCULPTURE must ever be Rome, as irremovable thence as the *immobile saxum* of her CAPITOL; but as for being still the head nurse of young painters, she performed that office of late somewhat after the fashion of her own she-wolf, and her udders were exhausted.

the chisel than among the fraternity of the brush. Among the natives, Cavalier Podesti has succeeded to the emoluments and office of the late Camuccini, a change considerably for the better. Brick-dust is now at a discount, and a more pleasing set of tints have been introduced on the Roman palette. Mere academic figures have been banished from the canvas, and some originality of design has superseded the monotony of previous years. Yet is the Roman School far below that of Paris, London, and even Milan. In Podesti's studio there is, nevertheless, a *Decameron* which might vie with that of Winterhalter. It is decidedly more simple, and has more local truthfulness.

Capalti is exquisite in portraiture, and Minardi unrivalled in linear drawing: but the great attraction is the studio of Cornelius. It were wrong to confound this painter with the servile adherents of Overbeck: he has burst the swaddling-clothes of "early art," and dashes off his subject with a noble freedom. He is now engaged in a series of cartoons for a grand cemetery to be painted in fresco at Berlin. The subjects are from the book of Revelations: and also from his own teeming fancy: for as I was contemplating one

of these awful scenes of exterminating angels and so forth, a shield, with the word "Waterloo" caught my eye, and I soon discovered its possessor to be an elderly gentleman with a Roman nose and a Roman toga, whom an angel was tapping on the shoulder, to draw his attention to another elderly gentleman holding a child on the baptismal font, which I supposed to be His Prussian Majesty, standing godfather at Windsor Castle, in the costume "of the period." An American artist, Mr. Powell, confessedly the most clever of his people here, has shadowed out the plan of a picture representing a rather hackneyed subject, viz., Columbus before the Council of Seville. In poetry as well as painting the fault of these New Englanders is their want of individuality. There is nothing racy of the American soil about them. There will never be an American school of art at this rate*. Powers, at Florence, has

* There is some value in any addition to the old worn-out nomenclature of professional criticism, "the corregiosity of Corregio, and the grand contour of Angelo." At this American painter's studio, last October, lay on the easel the portrait, in progress, of a Mr. Habbakuk Browne of Massachusetts, and that worthy citizen, being somewhat proud of his effigy, had brought a brother Yankee to give *his* opinion on the performance. Silently did he scan the work of art, and "'TIS A DEUCED TIGHT FIT!" revealed his deep appreciation.

given freshness and originality to his marble busts: he may be truly called the founder of Yankee sculpture. His style is quite his own.

O'Neal's works are familiar in England; he has sent to this year's May exhibition a scene of "Captives on the rivers of Babylon," which see: also Mr. Harwood and Mr. Burlison's scenes from *Othello*. Brocchy wields as bright and fanciful a pencil as ever, and we have many more promising youths. Fitzgerald, Skillen, Gush, who is engaged on a glorious Scripture subject, Brotherton, and Lord Compton, whose picture of a warrior scaring eagles from the dead body of his friend, is in many ways remarkable; there is also a Mr. Forth of Bath, a conscientious student; of Cromack it is unnecessary to laud the acknowledged ability.

An able artist, as well as a connoisseur, Mr. Macpherson, has lately had the luck to purchase, at the breaking up of the great storehouse of Cardinal Fesch, an oaken panel, about four feet by five, which is covered with an unfinished painting of Christ borne to the sepulchre, now pronounced by the best judges in Rome, and by Cornelius, to be an undoubted oil picture by Buonarrotti, equal in all his peculiarities to that in the Florentine

“Tribuna.” Its history is curious enough. It was purchased at Fano, on the Adriatic, for 35 bajocchi, in a barber’s shop, where it had done duty for several centuries as a table, the back of the picture having been polished for the upper surface of that piece of domestic furniture. The speculator who brought it to Rome, sold it to the Cardinal at once for 27 crowns, and it has lain among the lumber uncleared ever since. The Government officer, Visconti, was ordered to put his seal on it —*ne exeat regno*—but, by some oversight, the Custom-house functionary, Fioroni, allowed himself to be outwitted, and the valuable oak board is now safe at Leghorn, under the protection of the British flag.

The same gentleman, whose researches in the interesting mine of Stuart antiquities have been rewarded by so many valuable Jacobite treasures, (see *Quart. Review*, for Jan. 1847, art. “Stuart Papers”), seems to possess a kind of Scottish second sight, by which he instinctively recognises the presence of an old master. In the *Odyssey* we have Ulysses, the “old master” of Ithaca, after many years of defacing care and disfiguring toils, still identified by canine sagacity. And a picture by Sebastian del Piombo, (an unquestionable portrait

of *Victoria Colonna*, painted in her widowhood,) was on the point of being scraped to utter destruction by an ignorant restorer, when Mr. Macpherson came, saw, rescued the invaluable canvas, and restored it to its name and origin. Cavalier Minardi, the first authority in Rome on these matters, has hailed and vouched for the discovery, which has derived singular corroboration from an acknowledged portrait of the lady in a Neapolitan collection. Since the bold revelation of Ossian by his distinguished grand-uncle, there have been few such felicitous *trouvailles*.

MEMORANDUM.—At the Café del Greco, frequented by the children of art, the uninitiated visitor hears what sounds like an “unknown tongue.” Those who gently ask the waiter for a *Carlo Dolce*, are simple applicants for a very mild form of alcoholic stimulant: while yon well-whiskered individual, who prefers a *stiff* tumbler of grog, quickly conveys his meaning by calling for a *Pietro Perugino*!

LETTER XI.

Florence, April 29.

BEING here to pay a passing visit to some very dear friends, I do not omit to keep you *au courant* of what passes, and I am now in a position to tell you that the pear is ripening, if this peninsula can be likened to a pear, when it bears so notoriously the semblance of a boot. Our Florence, "the thrifty," is situated on the shinbone of that fanciful similitude, and Bologna, "the fat," forms naturally part of the calf; while Genoa, "the superb," supposing the boot to be of the small *Hessian* model, would play the ornamental part of its, then, obligato appendage, the tassel. In this arrangement Lombardy and the Venetian territory would not be included within the leather at all, though undeniably belonging to the leg, and Austria most undoubtedly thinks that where the leather ends the nationality ought to stop, as in the contract of Queen Dido,—

"Taurino quantum potuit circumdare tergo."

We demur to this; and it is proper that you should be cognizant of the present prospects and

hopes of those (so called) enthusiastic day-dreamers who look on the deliverance of Italy as at hand. Whilst these matters bore only the semblance of conjectural reports or fanciful combinations, I withheld any reference to their existence; but as latterly certain outward manifestations and positive overt acts have borne evidence to the reality of what seemed doubtful, I no longer hesitate to put you in possession of what is no secret here.

Within the last four months a remarkable change has been perceptible in the policy of the Court of Turin. The old and long-departed spirit of the Prince of Carignano, of 1820, seemed to have revisited the glimpses of the moon, and even to have walked in open day. The tone given to public instruction by a new appointment; the withdrawal of confidence from the Jesuits, who had been hitherto paramount; the circulation given publicly to the patriotic theories and opinions of that noble-minded and intelligent Christian philosopher, Gioberti, (whose liberal views are yet combined with strict adherence to Catholic orthodoxy); the permission given to the refugees of 1820 to revisit Piedmont and Genoa; the increase of the army to over 100,000 well-dis-

ciplined troops, all natives of Upper Italy; the selection of Genoa as the *rendezvous* of all the scientific minds and daring souls of the Peninsula, who are to gather an immense force and unanimity there next September; all these indications of ulterior views on the part of King Carlo Alberto, have spread alarm and dismay among the Austrian authorities at Milan. The objects contemplated are perfectly obvious. "*Italy for the Italians*," is the ill-suppressed "cry" on every lip. Hence a rapid march of numerous Hungarian and Bohemian regiments into the provinces of Lombardy; hence a strengthening of the garrisons along the frontier.

Explanations have been sought by the old Mephistophiles of Vienna, and he has received evasive replies. The mild game of diplomacy is found to be of no use here; there are no Galician peasantry here to let loose on Italian noblemen. What is to be done? Foreign bayonets are brought down in plenty, and the slightest commotion will give an opportunity to test their efficacy.

Meantime, the war of custom-house vexations has already commenced. Within the last few days we learn that the duty on Piedmontese

wine has been considerably augmented at the frontier of Lombardy; you are aware that immense supplies of that article pass from Piedmont into the neighbouring territory, less productive in vineyards, and subject to Austria. Another and a most significant change has taken place in the relative bearing of Milan and Turin towards each other. Hitherto the subjects of both dominions, having landed property in both, were allowed all the rights of reciprocal citizenship, and were in the enjoyment of a two-fold protection, coupled with a two-fold allegiance. Lately, the Austrian authorities have given notice that all his Imperial Majesty's subjects so situated must make their election, and declare themselves lieges of either the Kaiser or of the King. A further measure has been adopted (still on the part of Austria). Hitherto the farmers and peasantry on the immediate frontier could pass to and fro with a document *annually* renewed. Now, there must be a special and distinct passport for each time they cross the boundary. It is reported that to meet the increase of duty on Piedmontese wines, the court of Turin is about to increase the customs on all the woollen and other tissues of Bohemian origin, and to retaliate

right and left on the Emperor. We shall see. War may be carried on by tariffs.

“ Nous frapperons Falck with twenty per cent.”

The facts suggest their own commentary. That commentary is freely made in the universities of Pisa and Bologna, and wherever the youth of Italy congregate; nor do elderly men draw any different conclusion of what is going on. The Italians have ceased to look to France for aid—

“ Can Gaul or Muscovite befriend ye? No!”—BYRON.

They are learning self-reliance, and if the principle of non-intervention is sustained, short work will be made of the foreigner.

Of course you gave no credit to the rumour that Renzi had been secretly executed in the castle of St. Angelo: the Roman government dare not indulge in such a luxury of vengeance, however palatable to some of Metternich's disciples at the Vatican: but the next best thing was to murder his character, and *that* has been attempted by the Austrian embassy here, to which I have traced the report prevalent last week, “that Renzi had turned informer, and given in a long list of secret rebels at Ancona, Bologna, Forlì, and Perugia.” None believed it; when the question of Renzi's extradition to the

Papal Government was under consideration in the council of our Grand Duke, and ultimately carried by the influence and threats of Austria, it is understood that one of our Florentine jurists, a member of that council, and favourable to the views of despotism in this case, was Judge Buonarrotti. Alas! for the lineage of Michael Angelo! The popularity of our Leopold, shaken for a while, is re-established by his firmness in resisting the first attempts at introducing the Jesuits into Tuscany. The university of Pisa, which took so prominent a part on that occasion, is by far the most advanced and enlightened body in this peninsula, and their sympathy with Poland in the late struggle was allowed free scope. They subscribed to the fund raised in Paris, and openly denounced the tyranny of the northern courts—a step which neither at Rome, Naples, nor Modena, would be tolerated a single moment by the paternal rulers of those respective prison-houses.

At the approaching scientific congress at Genoa, I am given to understand that the Government of Turin will connive at (if not originate) the centenary commemoration of the levying of the siege of that republican capital and the with-

drawal of the Austrian forces from before its walls on the memorable occasion. This is plain speaking. Numbers of the Piedmontese and Genoese clergy are to harangue the people in the churches on the subject of that signal triumph of their fatherland over the invader.

To promote sympathy and brotherhood among the states of Italy seems to be the watchword of the patriots. Already have the municipality of Genoa determined on restoring to Pisa the colossal chains which adorn the cathedral of St. Lawrence and the mole, and which were maritime trophies carried off many centuries ago by the Genoese fleet, when Pisa *had* a fleet and harbour to guard with the aforesaid chains. A deputation is to be sent, and a warm interchange of patriotic feelings will doubtless ensue.

The Russian Empress arrived here last week, and lives in retirement at the splendid new hotel opposite the house of Amerigo Vespucci. Very unceremoniously was the young Princess of Lucca (sister of the Duke of Bourdeaux) turned out to make room for the Czarina. She retired from Florence at once, and returned to her Lucchese Palace. The most pleasing accounts are given of this young lady. On her marriage the whole

Carlist *clique* of Florence went in a body to Lucca, which they made sure of transferring into a court of *Henri Quinquists*. They were disagreeably surprised to learn that "they would not be received, unless in the usual form, and presented first to her husband. That *she* had no politics save those in which *he* could participate." To notice another, but less agreeable, bit of Florentine gossip, you will learn with pain that poor Lady Ellenborough's name is again given to publicity; and a Bavarian gentleman at Pisa, her present residence, has just been shot by her present *sposo*.

"When lovely woman stoops to folly!" &c. &c.

We have the advantage of living here under Mrs. Trollope's penetrating eye, and are exposed to her observing genius, in this capital. No doubt there is much to observe in the doings around us, and not a little to amend.

AFFAIRS OF ITALY.--A letter from Verona of the 20th April, has the following:—"The peaceful inhabitants of our town have been thrown into excitement lately, owing to the arrival of three Austrian engineers, as it was asserted that the fortifications, which are on the most extensive scale, and which have been constructed during the last seven years, were to be manned and armed at once."—*Newspaper paragraph*.

LETTER XII.

Bologna.

THE tenure by which the Pope retains his half-dozen "Legations" north of the Apennines resembles somewhat the hold which the Grand Turk *had* on Algiers, and still has on the regency of Tunis. He cannot keep them with a tight hand, and must be satisfied with a lax grasp and a loose rein. *His* Pashas have done their duty if the tribute bags be duly remitted to the Papal treasury, and all minor disarrangements must be winked at. The people of Bologna, in particular, are rather unwilling to be kept in leading-strings. When writing from Rome, I transmitted to you the late edict against gas published in that metropolis, and which was, of course, there submitted to with a slight growl. No such childish manifesto would be tolerated here. The municipal authorities have at this moment in active construction three large gas works for the public lighting of this active and industrious town, notwithstanding the well-known displeasure felt thereat at head-quarters. Their indignation at the refusal of railroads is intense, seeing that the whole line

from Florence to Leghorn, with a branch to Sienna, will be open next year.

It will go hard with the multitudinous lay-dependents and clerical hangers-on about the Papal Court when these provinces fail them. Bologna is the grand milch-cow from which these babes of grace derive their alimentary supplies, and without the Legations the whole system could not last a single day. Hence any peace-offering to Austria, any bribe to Louis Philippe, any complaisance to Prussia, sooner than lose this *vacca sacra*. The animal is exceedingly restive, meantime,

“*Fœnum habet in cornu,*” κ.τ.λ.

and no wonder, considering the perpetual drain on its resources, receiving nothing in return, save a present of two Swiss regiments (of 4000 men each) to keep it in order, assisted by a regiment of “Pontifical” dragoons.

When it is stated that the principal portion of the Papal income is collected here, and transmitted over the mountains, it were well to remind you of what that income is, and how further circumstanced; in order that those who shall have recovered their money out of the railway deposits may have the option of investing the same in

Roman five-per-cents. It is well then to remember that the total revenue of the Roman States is somewhat under two millions sterling: but the expense of collecting it being about 460,000*l.*, there remains a net income of 1,540,000*l.*

In 1834 the public debt was 6,300,000*l.* Since then other loans have been contracted, at various rates of usury; one last year, from the tobacco broker, Torlonia, for two million dollars.

The interest of the public debt payable in Paris and Milan absorbs annually 560,000*l.* and upwards.

The different heads under which the revenue may be classified, will indicate the form of taxation used in the Roman States: it stands thus in dollars:—

The receipts of the land-tax, tax on grinding corn, and other prædial taxes	Dollars. 3,280,000
The tobacco and salt monopoly, and all custom duties, principally at Ancona	4,120,000
The stamp duties, and all fees for registration.....	550,000
The post-office department, most miserably managed....	250,000
The sale of lottery tickets to the Roman people	1,100,000
Total.....	9,100,000

Now when it is added that the annual expenditure of this Government amounts to the sum of

10,154,000 dollars, the DEFICIT each coming year, “casting its shadow before,” is about 1,000,000 dollars, or exactly 222,222*l*. The shades deepen as day declines—

“Et jam summa procul villarum culmina fumant,
Majoresque cadunt altis de montibus umbræ!”

Methinks the obvious consequences are duly felt by so intelligent a mind as yours; as Sterne has it—“Shall I go on? No!”

Yet it is not unimportant to observe *how*, and at what expense, these taxes are gathered, in order that your people at the Treasury may take out a lesson in economy.

The cost of collecting the land-tax, and other prædial		
imposts, is	23	per cent.
The customs are levied and transmitted at a cost of....	11	„
The stamps are distributed and registries effected at....	16	„
The post-office is managed at the charge of	60	„
The machinery of lottery tickets for poor gamblers		
costs the revenue	69	„

You can find the average from these data. This last item, viz., the income made by encouraging gambling propensities in the ignorant vulgar, is a subject too serious to be dismissed in a passing notice. I promise to anatomise this part of the Roman system in detail, and exhibit its demoralising operation at full. I have only

sought here to give you some insight into the mere financial condition of the ecclesiastical dominions.

Returning to the affairs of this capital town, centre of the "Legations," its principal feature is of course its world-famous and time-honoured university. In the present fallen condition of this once celebrated *Alma Mater* may be traced the degrading influence of the modern Roman Court, and the unblushing effrontery with which these selfish worldlings trample out the torch of science. Shortly after the few months of emancipation which this territory enjoyed in 1831, the first act of the papal legate was to issue an edict confining the benefit of university education to youths born in the district, and forbidding all others to approach the schools; at one fell swoop sweeping off more than half the aspirants after knowledge. Numbers of students from the Levant, from Greece, from Dalmatia, and other countries, were thus sent off to other founts of learning, and the halls of Bologna have ever since borne resemblance to those of Balclutha in desolation. Every professor of eminence was either banished or kidnapped. MEZZOFANTE, whom Byron found here in the good old days of the university, was induced by

the splendid bribe of a red hat to quit the scene of his early distinction, and mingle with the mob of courtly valets at the Vatican.

Jurisprudence and medicine, which were so highly cultivated for so many centuries, are now both in the most languishing state, and the very school of divinity, when compared to that of Munich, Bonn, or even Louvain, is much below par, and far beneath contempt. The only academy here which may be truly described as flourishing and full of vitality is the Lyceum of Musical Science, presided over and kept alive by the immortal Rossini. It is the policy of all despotisms to encourage the enervating arts, and to turn, if possible, the energies of youth into the voluptuous paths and mazes of elegant sensuality.

“*Motus docere gaudet Ionicos,*”

and *music* has effectually done for Italy what *tobacco* did for the Turks. Ever since the introduction of *operas* here and *chibouks* there, all energy has departed as well from the children of Dante, as from the followers of the Prophet. The old Saracen sword was left to rust in the scabbard, to be replaced by the peaceful pipe, and the war-cry of the Viscontis, the Gonzagas, old Dandolo, and old Doria, has been superseded by the

modern modulations of some Signor Squallini, "of Her Majesty's Theatre," late from the Scala or the Pergola. It is pitiful to see the young nobles of this once valorous land, totally absorbed, day and night, in the frivolities of the gamut.

The chairs of jurisprudence and medicine can scarcely be expected to attract the ambition of any intelligent professor in a country where a free exercise of the mental faculties is looked upon with jealous distrust, and forthwith surrounded with a *cordon sanitaire* of *espionage*, sure to end in malignant misrepresentation. Yet, notwithstanding Rome's horror of innovation in science, and though up to this day that common instrument the stethoscope is not admitted into the hospitals (an English doctor who used it having been nicknamed the "*dottor' della tromba*"), some old ladies in the metropolis have had influence enough at the Roman court to obtain toleration, and even patronage, for "homœopathy!" In the middle of last Lent, the Dowager Princess Piombino was so treated for hernia, by a notorious homœopathic practitioner, and, of course, died, under circumstances that would render a coroner's inquest inevitable in England.

Instead of beggars who used to beset you at every turn in Rome, your eye will be here met in

every direction by the well-known northern visages of the Swiss mercenaries. Their scowl is returned with interest by the civilised inhabitants, and even the native soldiers owe them a heavy grudge, because of their double pay and extra allowance for brandy and kirchwasser. You have visited Rome, and there have admired the gentlemanly beef-eaters clad in harlequin costume lounging about the saloons of the Vatican, but you must not think you have seen any part of a Swiss regiment. These organised janissaries are always kept here in the Legations, and are the main cause of the deficit in the Roman finances; there are now about eight thousand of these Vandals fed and pampered by a bankrupt government to overawe the people who pay for all. When the last year's loan was contracted, and the two millions paid by Torlonia into the Papal treasury, do not think that the money was for a moment destined, even in imagination, to the revival of trade, the opening or repairing of roads, the encouragement of manufactures or fisheries, or mines, or public works—not a bit of it—the “apostolic chamber,” as it humorously calls itself (they call the same thing an “aulic council” at Vienna), laid out the money at once in soldiers; they purchased up at once

some prime lots of bludgeon-men in the most brutal and ignorant valleys of Switzerland, and they now think themselves safe while the pay and provender can be provided.

Let there be the slightest misintelligence between the courts of Turin and the authorities of Lombardy, the Legations rise to a man, and aid the northern Italians to sweep the country of every beer-drinking boor in the length and breadth of the land.

Methinks I have said enough to persuade those happy people in England called "scripholders," who have recovered their deposits from the committee-men, to invest this so happily recuperated capital in Roman *Fives*.

LETTER XIII.

Milan, May 12.

THE attitude of open hostility assumed by the authorities of Lombardy towards the court of Turin, so promptly met, on the part of Piedmont, by scorn and defiance, is a new feature in the aspect of Italian politics; and you will have been the first to put the English public in possession of this startling change in the prospects of Southern Europe. The situation is not altered,

and the note is rather in *crescendo* than any symptom of abatement. The utmost activity reigns in all the public departments; the war and police offices are at work night and day; and strangers arriving from Lower Italy, or the Swiss frontier, give the most ludicrous accounts of the vexatary examinations they and their passports have to undergo in the general panic. The movement has communicated itself to the small adjacent territories more or less depending on Austria. The young Duke of Modena has precipitately left his capital, and fallen back on Reggio. The Archduchess Maria Louisa has left Parma in a most unexpected manner, and retreated upon Placentia. The consternation and alarm would be most amusing, did they not indicate a most conscience-stricken admission of imbecility, usurpation, intrusion, and recognised wrong. The whole policy of Metternich seems to go to pieces at a single kick, and Austria stands here in the predicament, not of an European power, but of a member of the swell-mob detected *in flagrante*, and exposed to general derision.

“ Con arte e con inganno
Si vive mezzo l’anno;
Con inganno e con arte
Si vive l’altra parte !”

It is true that I have my own suspicions as to the real cause of the sudden flight of the young Duke, and the concurrent and synchronous *hegira* of the imperial widow. Politics may have something to do in the matter, but

“Thrift! Horatio, thrift!”

Economy was one among the propellant motives. You must have learnt how the King of Naples was *cleared out* by the visit of the Czarina: the rumour of culinary ravages committed by the Russian locusts set every Italian court aghast; Tuscany trembled at the approach of this female Attila, with her famished hordes. The Grand Duke, however, is rich, and he put the best face he could on the matter; he even went out of his way to give a grand gas illumination of the whole Quay of the Arno, from the Ponte Trinità to the New Gas Works. He got but small thanks and poor courtesy in return, from these haughty folks. They departed, however, and set out over the Apennines northwards, no exact route having been announced; and *hence* the complicated terror of the petty courts on the high road. At Bologna it was reported that not a sausage remained undevoured, and the Imperial caravan, numbering about one hundred and fifty mouths, was an-

nounced as within a half day's journey of Modena. What could the young and poor-spirited sovereign of the beggarly town do but run away? He had no "Caleb Balderstone" among his ministers to get up a mock feast of shreds, and patches, and apologies: or, perhaps, to set fire at once to his dreary and lumbering old palazzo. Buonaparte's widow has been making a purse for her children by Nieperg these fifteen years, and has succeeded thereby in marrying one of them into the noblest family of Parma. *She* has no notion of wasting the revenues of her Duchy on itinerant Empresses, though she was once (like Dido) an itinerant herself—

"Non ignara mali," &c., &c.

She has, you know, but a life-interest in the sovereignty of these dominions, and everything shows the dilapidated and desolate condition to which such a tenure is sure to reduce a kingdom as well as any other kind of landed or household property. After her death, Parma and Placentia become the estate of the Duke of Lucca, whose little duchy reverts to the neighbouring state of Tuscany. These are all nice family arrangements; but there is a little bird that sings a note of warning aloft, and the tenor of its song, if not

ça ira, is something tantamount. It may not be the "rogue's march," but possibly an air more polite from the *Gazza Ladra*. People will have their own again.

It will be perhaps urged in respect to the provender with which Maria Louisa could furnish her Russian visitors, that Parmesan cheese might supply a *pièce de resistance* capable of blunting their exorbitant appetite. Those who make the suggestion are not probably aware that the cheese in question, owing to the neglect of successive rulers, is no longer a staple of either Parma or Placentia: scarce a pound of it is made here, and the whole manufacture is now carried on beyond the Po, in the pasturages that surround Lodi. Many are the melancholy changes which have befallen the cities of Lombardy; and many more are expected. Verona, from being a most refined, gentle, and industrious town, is now transformed into a barrack, and within the last week is made uninhabitable by retrenchments, bristling cannon, and barred gates. Mantua, which was once in the bosom of its limpid lake, with its long causeways and glittering domes, the Mexico of Italy, has seen its waters drawn off into stagnant ditches, its

churches changed into cavalry stables, and its artistic courtly Dukes replaced by a sourcroust-eating Field-marechal. The splendours of Montezuma have vanished—the glories of Gonzaga are gone! yet what poet is found to weep over Mantuan decay? why is there no sympathy for such desolation? perhaps the neighbouring widowhood of the “sea Cybele”—of Venice—has monopolised our deplorings, and none are left for Mantua—the Virgilian town suffering in this instance from its vicinity to *la bella Venezia*, as it did of old from its “too great proximity to Cremona:”

“Mantua vae miseræ minium vicina Cremonæ.”—*Eclog.*

I was near forgetting to acquaint you with the most important part of the news here, and which mainly renders intelligible the panic terror of Austria; it is the ascertained intelligence that the Court of Naples has pledged its full support to that of Turin, and that both Kings are understood to act in concert for the independence of the Peninsula.

The views of Don Jeremy on Italian affairs communicated from time to time through a morning journal, have been frequently transferred to other European organs of public opinion. Whether they lost any of their efficiency by that process or not, the reader

will judge from a specimen which is here subjoined from the *Paris Constitutionnel* of May 26, 1846.

“ Nous empruntons au *Daily-News* la lettre suivante, qui lui a été écrite de Milan, à la date du 12 Mai :

“ ‘ L’attitude d’hostilité ouverte prise par les autorités de Lombardie vis-à-vis de la Cour de Turin ; le dédain et les provocations par lesquelles le Piémont s’est si vite empressé de répondre, voilà qui donne un aspect tout nouveau à l’état de choses en Italie. La situation n’a pas changé, et tout va plutôt en *crescendo*. Toute l’administration déploie la plus grande activité ; les bureaux de la guerre et de la police travaillent nuit et jour ; et les étrangers qui arrivent de la basse Italie ou de la frontière Suisse font les récits les plus plaisans de l’examen minutieux auquel on soumet eux et leurs passeports dans cette panique générale. L’inquiétude a gagné les petits Etats adjacens qui dépendent plus ou moins de l’Autriche. Le jeune Duc de Modène a quitté précipitamment sa capitale pour se réfugier à Reggio. L’Archiduchesse Marie-Louise a quitté Parme tout-à-fait à l’improviste pour se retirer à Plaisance. Cette déroute serait plaisante, si en même temps elle n’annonçait chez ces souverains la conscience de leurs torts, de leur incapacité, de leurs usurpations et de leur mauvaise administration. Toute la politique de l’Autriche semble s’en aller en pièces à la première chiquenaude.

“ ‘ J’ai, il est vrai, mon opinion particulière sur les vrais motifs de la fuite soudaine du jeune Duc de Modène et la disparition simultanée de la veuve impériale. La politique y est bien pour quelque chose, mais

Le gain, Horatio ! le gain !

“ ‘ L’économie a été un des motifs déterminans de cette débâcle. Vous devez savoir comment le Roi de Naples a été *mis à sec* par la visite de la Czarine : le bruit des ravages culinaires commis par les sauterelles Russes a mis en émoi toutes les cours d’Italie : la Toscane a tremblé à l’approche de cet Attila en jupons avec ses hordes affamées.

“ ‘ Le Grand-Duc pourtant est riche, et il a fait bonne mine à mauvais jeu ; il est même sorti de ses habitudes jusqu’à donner à la Czarine le spectacle d’une grande illumination au gaz de tout le Quai de l’Arno, depuis le Pont de la Trinité jusqu’à la nouvelle usine du gaz. Cela ne lui a valu que peu de remerciemens et une médiocre politesse de la part de ces gens hautains. Partis de Florence, ils franchirent les Apennins et se dirigèrent vers le Nord, et sans faire connaître leur itinéraire : de là la terreur extrême de toutes les petites cours situées sur la route du Nord. Le bruit courait qu’il n’était pas resté un seul saucisson à Bologne ni dans les environs ; et l’on annonçait que la caravane impériale, composée de cent cinquante personnes, était à une demi-journée de Modène. Que pouvait faire le jeune et inexpérimenté souverain de

cette ville de mendiants, sinon s'enfuir à toutes brides ? Il n'avait pas parmi ses ministres de Caleb Obalderston pour improviser un festin avec des hachis, des ragoûts et de belles excuses, ni même pour mettre une bonne fois le feu à son vieux palais sale et délabré.

“ ‘ De son côté, la veuve de Napoléon s'occupe depuis quinze ans à faire une bonne bourse pour les enfans qu'elle a eus de M. de Niéperg, et c'est grâce à l'argent qu'elle a réussi à en marier un dans la plus noble famille de Parme. Elle n'a nulle envie de dépenser les revenus de son duché pour les impératrices en voyage, quoiqu'elle-même ait couru aussi les grande chemins, et puisse dire comme Didon :

‘ Non ignara mali,’ &c.

“ ‘ Elle n'a, vous le savez, que la jouissance viagère de ces duchés, et tout montre l'état de dénûment et de désolation auquel ce genre de possession réduit inévitablement un royaume aussi bien qu'une propriété particulière. Après sa mort, Parme et Plaisance appartiendront au Duc de Lucques, dont les petits Etats doivent faire retour à la Toscane. Ce sont là tous arrangemens de famille; mais il y a un petit oiseau qui chante tout bas sur une autre gamme, et si ce n'est pas là le *Ca ira*, cela y équivaut bien. On pourrait trouver dans la *Gazza Ladra*, un air plus élégant, mais tout aussi significatif. Le peuple finira par reprendre son bien.

“ ‘ Vous me direz peut-être que Marie-Louise pourrait trouver dans ses Etats de quoi apaiser la grosse faim de ses visiteurs Moscovites; que le Parmesan offrait une pièce de resistance capable d'assouvir leur appétit immodéré. Vous connaissez mal l'état de dénûment dans lequel est tombé ce pays: c'est à peine si, dans le duché de Parme, vous trouveriez une seule livre de Parmesan. Cette industrie a passé le Pô; elle est concentrée dans les pâturages qui environnent Lodi. C'est là un exemple de la décadence qui a atteint les villes de Lombardie, et qui devient chaque jour plus générale. Vérone, jadis une ville élégante, polie, et industrielle, est devenue une caserne, et, depuis une semaine, on l'a rendue inhabitable à force de retranchemens, de canons en batterie et de postes fortifiés. Mantoue qui, au sein de son lac limpide, était, avec ses longues chaussées et ses dômes éblouissans, le Mexico de l'Italie, a vu ses eaux épuisées par des fossés croupissans, ses églises changées en écuries pour la cavalerie, et ses ducs protecteurs des arts, remplacés par un feld-maréchal bourré de choucroûte. Adieu les splendeurs de Montezuma! adieu la gloire des Gonzague! Où trouver un poète pour pleurer la décadence de Mantoue?

“ ‘ J'allais oublier de vous faire connaître ce qu'il y a de plus important dans nos nouvelles, et ce qui seul explique la terreur panique de l'Autriche, c'est l'annonce certaine que la Cour de Naples s'est engagée à appuyer en tout celle de Turin, et que les deux rois s'entendent pour travailler de concert à l'affranchissement de la péninsule.’ ”

LETTER XIV.

Genoa, May 24.

THE public mind is still full of anticipated change. From Naples we have confirmation of the King's reported determination to dismiss his Swiss mercenaries, and to throw himself on the loyalty of his faithful Lazzaroni. He is fully aware that no other course is open to him. The Prince of Capua is bidding for popularity in *one* at least of the Two Sicilies, and the Prince of Syracuse is more than suspected of a wish to play the old game of Louis-Philippe *versus* Charles X. in the Neapolitan capital. Next September will develope and ventilate the smouldering elements of combustion in the whole Peninsula. Towards the grand Italian Wittenagemote then to be assembled here in Genoa "*the superb*," all speculation is directed.

The demise of Gregory XVI. was the period originally fixed for a new organisation of this country; but it is pleasant to learn that the venerable old Pontiff is yet likely to last a year or

two; a swelling in the legs* has been announced in my last Roman advices; his general health is, however, wonderful for his age. With all his political mistakes (and what could a poor monk have learnt in his cell of this wicked world's ways?) the Roman Bishop is, after all, a genuine honest character. When he dies, you may fairly reproduce the words of your Lord Bacon, concerning his namesake and predecessor:—"Gregory XIII. fulfilled the age of eighty-three years, an absolute good man, sound in mind and in body, temperate, full of good works, and an almsgiver." —(*Novum Organum*. Chapter of Life and Death.)

It would be premature to hint anything as to his probable successor; though more is likely to be known here in Genoa about the matter than at Rome itself. This city has had the luck to pro-

* It has since been ascertained that one of his medical advisers strongly urged as the only chance of prolonging his life, immediate amputation of the left leg. Gregory was thunderstruck at the unheard-of proposal. From the earliest personal records of the Popes, compiled by "*ANASTASIUS the Librarian*," down to this day, there had been no precedent for a Pontiff with a wooden leg. His horror of innovation which vented itself upon gas and railroads, here produced a repugnance which swayed his mind even at the peril of life. He scouted the proposition. There is something impressive in the old man's consistency, reminding us of the sublime outburst in Tacitus.

"OPORTET IMPERATOREM STANTEM MORI!"

duce and possess just now no less than six of the most influential Cardinals, for, once the Genoese get a footing anywhere, they are not unlike the Scotch in promoting and assisting their countrymen. The Secretary of State, Lambruschini, is from this town; so is Franzoni, head of the Propaganda, and spiritual ruler of all your Hiberno-British colonies; next conclave will be most interesting, if not to England, to Russia, France, Germany, and Spain, who are, each after its fashion, already busy in the electoral field.

Of course no one thinks of Acton for the tiara, though in every respect a naturalised Italian, and a most obliging, modest, and unassuming prelate: it were time nevertheless that old Nicholas Breakspeare (Adrian IV.) had a successor from your part of Europe, were it only to rebut the prevalent notion that the Italians have made a snug job of the popedom for themselves. Was it not your late friend, Tom Hood, who left on record his truly Œcumenical sentiment—

“My heart ferments not with the bigot’s leaven,
All men I view with toleration thorough,
And have a horror of regarding heaven
As any prince or prelate’s rotten borough.”

A-propos of your solitary English cardinal, it is

rather curious to trace the origin of his red hat to the quarter-deck of a ship in the last century. If you will look at Smollett's "Letters from Italy,"—a book which got him the nickname of Dr. Smellfungus from Sterne, his rival in this branch of itinerant literature,—you will find a passage, dated January 28, 1765, from Leghorn, "He that now commands the Emperor's navy is an Englishman called Acton, who was heretofore captain of a ship in our East India Company's service. He has recently embraced the Catholic religion, and been created Admiral of Tuscany." In this curious record of the Italian branch of the Actons, a family which boasts of *two* baronetcies in England, you will admire the energies of your Anglo-Saxon race in taking root when transplanted. You will also recognize in the Roman eminence attained by the offspring of a seafaring adventurer, something already adumbrated in the opening lines of the *Æneid*:

. . . . "Fato profugus Liburnia venit
Littora, multum ille et terris jactatus et alto
. genus unde Latinum
Albanique PATRES."

There is no further political overt act to communicate; the fermentation goes on steadily.

The Jesuits here help it on by their efforts to regain the mastery over the King's present advisers ; but it is all fruitless intrigue. The parochial clergy at Genoa are to a man on the popular side, and the pulpit will shortly become the vehicle of patriotic appeals to an awakening people.

I have had the good luck to get from Marseilles an early copy of your "Pictures," in which this city occupies the foreground. I have just glanced through the work, the tone and tendency of which I fain would notice at full leisure. Without indulging in political diatribes, *à la* Lady Morgan, (indeed *morgue*, as the French call it, or presumption of any sort, is alien to your gentle nature,) you have done Italy yeoman's service. I am rather glad you have not adopted the outward semblances of a politician, whatever may be the real working of your spirit ; "*non optat ephippia boz.*"

A FEW INTERCALARY BLANK LEAVES

BETWEEN

THE OLD REGIMEN AND THE NEW.

FILLED UP BY

"THE BOOKSELLER'S HACK IN ORDINARY."

A FEW INTERCALARY BLANK LEAVES

BETWEEN

THE OLD RÉGIMEN AND THE NEW.

IT is well known that his Holiness Pope Gregory XVI. (called in that branch of the Benedictine Order to which he belonged DON MAURO *Capellari*,) departed this life June the 1st, on the very day that people in England were reading in a morning journal of recent birth those kind and considerate reflections on his memory which are to be found at page 101 of this remarkable volume, and which Don Jeremy wrote on May the 24th at Genoa. It would appear that at Genoa our author embarked for his native island of Sardinia on a visit to his family and friends at Cagliari, and consequently no record exists from his pen of the transactions that occurred during the conclave which immediately assembled at

Rome, and eventuated in the happy election of Count JOHN *Mastai-FERRETTI*.

I was not in Rome myself then, nor indeed at any other time, but I don't consider that an impediment to my speculating accurately upon the affairs of the Catholic capital: rather the contrary, as I thereby enjoy the advantage of that respectful distance which is known to lend enchantment to the view. The best and most circumstantial works on Roman topography have been written by honest Germans who never crossed the Alps in their lives; and my laborious friend Desborough Cooley, author of that astonishing book, the "*Negroland*," knows every corner of Africa better than Mahomed Ali or Marshal Bugeaud, though his travels, except an occasional trip to Gravesend, have been mostly confined to the reading-room of the British Museum, among the writings of old Jesuit missionaries.

The Museum library is a great national work-house, where the paupers of literature are employed in elaborating the materials of their dead fellow-creatures into a useful kind of literary guano for the cultivation of the public mind. Much has been said during the last days of the late Parliament about a great case of bone-crush-

ing at Andover, in Hampshire; and considerable sympathy has been elicited for the bumpkins engaged in that pursuit. The result is—a big blue book added to the stock in our Museum. But I hope when we get a fresh House of Commons, with a reasonable admixture of literary men among the knights of the shire and burgesses, something will be said in favour of us poor devils, who in seedy garments and with lank visages spend our days up to old age in the silent task-work of grinding into an available compost or composition the ossuary fragments of our defunct predecessors.

It is not perhaps right on my part to let the public into the secret of our operations, thus telling tales out of school; but I have latterly become quite reckless, and as I am paid so much a page I may as well let the cat out of the bag, and eke out the twenty pages which I have bargained to write for Don Jeremy Savonarola, by gossiping on the process by which such business is generally accomplished.

Thus the topic being given, as in the present instance it happens to be the conclave held at Rome last year, the general practitioner in literature hunts out any accounts he may be able

to find of bye-gone conclaves, and starts with a preliminary dissertation on elective Monarchy as compared with hereditary Kingship. He may then become etymological, and show how these assemblies are so called, because of their being held under lock and key (*con CLAVIS*), and also their having for object to decide into whose custody the key of heaven is to be committed; being composed of cardinals, so named, rather oddly perhaps, from the term *cardines*, the hinges of a door; he may then indulge on a slight digression on the cardinal virtues, making honourable mention of the four cardinal points, and of a recent item of fashionable haberdashery.

But if he means to astonish the public by the depth of his researches and the extent of his erudition, he will never confine himself to common-place dissertations, nor bound his inquiries within the limits of the 290,000 printed books to be had at the Museum. He will make a plunge into the more recondite department of manuscript, and grope with desperate daring through the MS. repositories of our national collection. This is the plan which I follow myself.

In the present instance I have ferreted out (and

the documents are all now lying before me,) a complete assortment of the squibs, placards, and pasquinades put forth at Rome during the several conclaves of—

URBAN VIII. (*Barberini*),

INNOCENT X. (*Pamphili*),

ALEXANDER VII, (*Chigi*),

CLEMENT IX. (*Rospigliosi*),

CLEMENT X. (*Altieri*),

INNOCENT XI. (*Odescalchi*),

ALEXANDER VIII. (*Ottoboni*),

INNOCENT XII. (*Pignatelli*),

CLEMENT XI. (*Albani*),

ending with INNOCENT XIII. (*Conti*),

and embracing a period of exactly one hundred years, viz., from 1621 to 1721. The collection appears to have been the work of an impartial amateur, and though the handwriting is peculiar, you can make it out by an occasional guess. It is numbered in Sir Fred. Madden's catalogue, 10806 *addit.* MS.

These spontaneous outbursts of popular humour, applause, indignation, or sarcasm, as the occasion might suggest, are the only true mirror in which we can get a glimpse of the real state of affairs in any country where there is no *free*

press; and consequently they are far more to be relied on (making every allowance for personality and passion) than the solemn humbug of history, from the pen of an enslaved or hired historian. In Milton's celebrated plea for liberty in matters of the press, a treatise of wondrous logical power and manly common sense, the old man eloquent dwells scornfully on the necessity existing in a government like that of Rome, of submitting every scrap of print to a Dominican friar, "master of the sacred palace," without whose *imprimatur* nothing has ever been suffered to go forth to the Roman world. Is the world in its infancy that it is to be treated as a child; Pius IX. *now* says, no!

Considering them in this point of view, I must say that a very comprehensive, and at the same time, very minute knowledge may be acquired of Roman society, and the prevalent characteristics of civil and ecclesiastical life in that city during the period in question from these remarkable MSS.

Hinc septem dominos videre montes
Et totam licet contemplari ROMAM.

Though much will depend on the construction which each reader's previous prejudices will

prompt in disparagement or in favour of that eternal city—

VEUVE d'un PEUPLE ROY et REINE encor' du monde!

There is vast variety of matter as well as style in prose and verse, and, with some doggrel, a good intermingling of terse and beautiful poetry in this voluminous assortment of Roman personalities. I have too great a respect for old Jeremy's book, and too great a regard for good taste in general, to quote in this volume any of the more objectionable parts of the collection, though the moralist and historian may be considerably enlightened in their severe researches by the perusal of every line. Too much of this pervades the memorials of the earlier conclaves, which became gradually, as public men began to be more amenable to public opinion in Europe, less characterized by open intrigue and a barefaced contempt of decorum. Hence I would confine myself to the last assembly of the kind chronicled in the MS., which was a severe electioneering contest, but ended very satisfactorily in the choice of Innocent XIII.

Among the candidates was the famous Cardinal Alberoni. From being a bell-ringer in the cathedral of his native town, he had risen to be a

canon of Parma, and went on a diplomatic mission to Madrid, where, by turning marriage-broker to Philip V., for whom he secured the hand of Elizabeth Farnese, Princess of Parma, he quickly became prime minister, bishop, cardinal, and grandee of Spain. In a few years he raised the fallen monarchy into a condition to be the dominant power in Europe (Louis XIV. had just died,) and exhibited an energy and diplomatic skill which threw Richelieu and Mazarin, and even his great predecessor Cardinal Ximenes, into the shade. Resembling in many points our own great political Cardinal Wolsey, his rise as well as his fall was the work of female influence, and one *Laura*, the Queen's nurse, bribed by the Regent Orleans, achieved his disgrace and downfall. Like Wolsey *he* also aspired to the papal throne, and when forced to quit Spain, attended the conclave of 1721 in the character of a candidate. Among other squibs directed against his pretensions, I select this as being almost sublime in its splendid introduction of a passage from the prophecies of Daniel.

A Blast against Cardinal Alberoni, candidate for the Tiara (the son of an old gardener in Parma), 1721.

ALBERO che frà noi t' estolli e ti dai vanto
 Ch' il mar' adombri e'l sol' e il ciel' riempi
 Volgi l'idea nei già trascorsi tempi
 Ne di tuoi fasti insuperbir' cotanto.

Deh non hai tu letto nel libro santo
 Pieno per te di memorandi esempi
 Che Iddio grida destruttur degli empi
 L'ALBERO SI RECIDA E CADA INFRANTO*.

Tal contra TE non meno funesta e atroce
 Qual turbo orrendo infra spelonca alpina
 Tuona del Ciel' l' inesorabil' voce,
 E della tua caduta ormai vicina.
 All' averno all' orco alla tartarea foca
 Si udira rimbombar la tua ruina !

As a curious specimen of the freedom of invective publicly indulged in on those occasions, and the existence in Rome of a strong spirit of irreverence towards the governing powers both in Church and State, I select the following audacious lampoon against the whole body of the red-hatted dignitaries ; preferring to give a sample of wholesale abuse than to transcribe more specific

* Daniel iv. 11.

onslaughts on individual character with which the collection abounds.

A silly Diatribe on the Conclave of 1721.

Fan' consilio gle volpe in Vaticano ;
 Guardate a vostri polli Aquila e Gallo* !
 Che in conclave vi e piu d'un capel giallo
 E più d'un Turco in abito Cristiano.

Il Macchiavel' vi sta l'ufficio in mano ;
 Veggonsi ogni or' : per non commetter' fallo ;
 Piu d'un man' vi e ch' a fatt' el callo
 Nel tesser frodi ; e ogni inganno strano.

Non piu Colomba ma fiamme di fuoco
 Per abbruciar' in un tutto il conclave
 Scendi, SPIRITO SANTO ! in questo luoco !
 Affonde col nochier anche la nave,
 Atterra i rei ! de te si prendon guoco ;
 Che in man' di LADRI non sta ben' la CHIAVE.

After that, it is but fair to give an example of the laudatory style, which portion of the MS. is, I regret to say, less plentifully furnished than the uncharitable part, being thus an accurate mirror of human society. The activity of friendly poets on these occasions never seems to equal the ener-

* *France and Germany.*

getic labours of critics and foes. It must have been a period of great gain to the hirelings of Parnassus, for I perceive (with a blush for our gentle craft) that most of the eulogies bear internal evidence of having been paid for in solid *zecchini*. Here is a poetic recommendation, which to a careful reader would seem rather ironical:

*A Puff for Cardinal Barberini, candidate for the
Popedom, 1721.*

O ! iddio ! non avrai gia mai pensato
Ritrovar' fra noi simil persone ;
Tessuto aver' e favole e cansone,
E tutto contra un tal buon' porporato !

Si ti vuol ramentar ch' egli sia stato
Il punitor del empio e del bricone
E prottetor solo delle pie persone ;
E piu buon' di lui non si e trovato.

Regirator' lo chiam' e avaro. O ! indegno
E quanto opera col' senno e colla mano
Fe che superi ogni piu sano ingegno.
Si e PAPA, buon per te popol' Romano !
Vi danno l' ape in ogni strada l'insegno
Di quel che fe in tuo ben' l'ottavo URBANO.

The allusion to the heraldic *bees* towards the close of this sonnet is intelligible to every one

who has visited Rome, as in the Piazza di Spagna, all round Propaganda College, cut stone emblems of that industrious insect are visible, and in various other parts of the city. The institution of that college is the greatest work of the Barberini family, one of whom, as in our own day, is always on the board of management; and no other college or society has done so much for the enlightenment of the heathen and the diffusion of Christianity.

This brings to my memory a most classical puff which, though not stuck on Pasquin's effigy like the rest, and not contained in these MSS., nevertheless was circulated at the election of Urban VIII., founder of Propaganda. The poet on this occasion was the famous Jesuit father Sarbieski, a distinguished Polish nobleman, who was subsequently employed by the Pope in polishing up and rendering less barbarous the Latin hymns of the Roman breviary. How far he was adequate to that or any other difficult task in the range of Horatian accomplishments, the connoisseur in classic Latinity will quickly perceive on reading

AD APES BARBERINAS (1621).

I.

Cives Hymetti, gratus Atticæ lepos,
Virginiae volucres,
Flavæque veris filiae !

II.

Fures rosarum, turba prædatrix thymi,
Nectaris artifices,
Bonæque ruris hospitæ !

III.

Laboriosis quid juvat volatibus
Rus et agros gravidis
Perambulare cruribus ?

IV.

Si Barberino delicata principe
Sæcula melle fluant
Parata vobis sæcula !

It is, perhaps, very impudent on the part of a mere literary hack, as I humbly confessed myself, in undertaking for Don Jeremy these intercalary pages, to submit any poetry of mine for inspection, but having translated Sarbieski's lines to my own satisfaction, I cannot help printing them here.

To the Armorial BEES of BARBERINI (1621).

I.

Citizens of Mount Hymettus,
Attic labourers, who toil,
Never ceasing, till ye get us
Winter store of honied spoil.

II.

Ye, who nectar, (sweets, and odours,)
Hebes of the hive! compose,
Flora's privileged marauders,
Chartered pirates of the rose.

III.

Every plant and flower ye touch on,
Wears at once a fresher grace;
BEES! ye form the proud escutcheon
Of the BARBERINI race.

IV.

Emblem bright! which to embroider,
(While her knight was far away,)
Many a maiden hath employed her
Fairy fingers night and day.

V.

Bees! though pleased your flight I gaze on,
In the garden or the field,
Brighter hues your wings emblason
On the Barberini shield!

VI.

Hitherto a rose's chalice
Held thee, winged artizan !
But thou fillest now the palace
Of the gorgeous Vatican.

VII.

Of that race a Pontiff reigneth,
Sovereign of Imperial Rome,
Lo ! th' armorial Bee obtaineth
For its hive ST. PETER'S DOME !

VIII.

And an era now commences,
By a friendly genius planned ;
Princely Bee, URBAN dispenses
Honeyed days throughout the land.

IX.

Seek, no more, with tuneful humming,
Where the juicy floweret grows,
Halcyon days for you are coming,
Days of plenty and repose.

X.

Rest ye ! workmen, blyth and bonny,
Be no more the cowslips suckt,
Honeyed flows the Tyber ; honey
Fills each Roman aqueduct.

XI.

Myrtle groves are fast distilling
Honey ; honey'd falls the dew,
Ancient prophecies fulfilling ;
A millennium for you.

Turning aside for the present from the contemplation of these former conclaves, and entering on the subject of that recent assembly which elected Count JOHN Mastai FERRETTI, his present Holiness, no documents have been put into my hands by which I might hope to elucidate the various influences which contributed to bring about that happy result. Confessedly, things had gone on during Gregory's sixteen years of reign from feebleness to dotage and from bad to worse. The finances were in an awful state: the trade and commerce of the country depressed, paralysed, and in despair: the cultivation of science in every department clogged and discountenanced: no energy, no hope, no buoyancy in any of the liberal professions: deep-rooted discontent among the people, open rebellion in the Legations: corruption in every branch of civil and in some departments of ecclesiastical administration: dogged reluctance to adopt any system of amelioration; stupid adherence to worn-out expedients and by-gone traditions of red-tapery: the approach of RUIN looked at with the calm stolidity of an idiot who hugs himself to the last in the cherished monotony of routine and fatalism. Such

was the state of things at the close of the late reign.

Added to this internal state of general decay, the overpowering predominance of an European power, the shadow of whose black eagle hovering over the Roman territory, caused a "dim eclipse," and scared all aspirations or hopes of a better future. This gigantic nightmare was far more felt in the Pontifical Dominions than in Upper Italy, where slavery had its counterbalancing accompaniment of mere brute prosperity and physical enjoyments, which among well-fed negroes will always lessen the pangs of their prison-house, if they cannot eradicate the longing for freedom. But in the Papal States none of the mere physical improvements,—none of the common material efforts at amelioration prevalent in Lombardy,—were objects of administrative solicitude. All was desolate, barren, waste and dilapidated, beyond the graphic picturing of the inspired writer who has left on solemn record his landscape of the field tenanted by an idle man, with its fences broken down, and its other evidences of sad improvidence.

PROVERBS, cap. xxiv. vers.—

30. I went by the field of the slothful and the vineyard of the man void of understanding,

31. And lo, it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone-wall thereof was broken down.

32. Then I saw and considered it well. I looked upon it, and received instruction.

33. Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep.

34. So shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth, and thy want as an armed man !

It was at a crisis like this that old Gregory at last died. What followed I may leave to a poet to describe ; for, singularly enough, the conclave of 1846 has been foreseen, and allegorically adumbrated, in an episode called “The MONKS and the GIANTS,” as far back as the year 1818, when Robert and William Whistlecraft, harness and collar makers, at Stowmarket in Suffolk, published their proposed NATIONAL POEM, of which Mr. Murray, of Albemarle Street, printed four cantos. In that fourth canto is the following prophetic narrative, which speaks for itself, and saves me the trouble of entering into details.

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XVII.

We wheeled him out, you know, to take the air,
It must have been an apoplectic fit;
He tumbled forward from his garden chair :
He seemed completely gone but warm as yet.
(I wonder how they came to leave him there,)
Poor soul! he wanted courage, heart, and wit,
For times like these—the shock and the surprise,
'Twas very natural the gout should rise.

XVIII.

But such a sudden end was scarce expected,
Our parties will be puzzled to proceed :
The Belfry Set divided and dejected :—
The crisis is a strange one, strange indeed ;
I'll bet the fighting friar is elected.
It often happens in the hour of need,
From popular ideas of utility,
People are pitched upon for mere ability.

XIX.

I'll hint the subject and communicate
The sad event—he's standing there apart;
Our offer, to be sure, comes somewhat late;
But then we never thought he meant to start,
And if he gains his end, at any rate
He has an understanding and a heart :
He'll serve or he'll protect his friends, at least
With better spirit than the poor deceased.

XX.

The convent was all going to the devil,
While the poor creature thought himself beloved
For saying handsome things and being civil,
Wheeling about as he was pulled and shoved
By way of leaving things to find their level.
This funeral sermon ended, both approved,
And went to friar JOHN, who merely doubted
The fact, and wished them to enquire about it.

XXI.

Then left them, and returned to the attack,
They found their Abbot in his former place ;
They took him up and turned him on his back.
At first, you know, he tumbled on his face :
They found him fairly stiff, and cold, and black ;
They *then* unloosed each ligature and lace,
His neckcloth and his girdle, hose, and garters,
And took him up and lodged him in his quarters.

XXII.

Bees served me for a simile before,
And bees again, bees that have lost their king,
Would seem a repetition and a bore,
Besides, in fact, I never saw the thing ;
And though those phrases from the good old store,
Of "feebler hummings and of flagging wing,"
Perhaps may be descriptive and exact,
I doubt it, I confine myself to fact.

XXIII.

Thus much is certain, that a mighty pother
Arises—that the frame and the condition
Of things is altered. They combine and bother,
And every winged insect politician
Is warm and eager till they choose another.

In our monastic hive, the same ambition
Was active and alert; but angry fortune
Constrained them to contract the long importune,

XXIV.

Tedious, obscure, inexplicable train,
Qualification, form, and oath, and test,
Ballots on ballots, balloted again,
Accessits, scrutinies, and all the rest.
Theirs was the good old method, short and plain;
Per *acclamationem* they invest
Their fighting friar JOHN, with robes and ring,
Crozier and mitre, seals, and everything.

XXV.

With a new warlike active chief elected,
Almost at once, it scarce can be believed,
What a new spirit, real or affected,
Prevailed throughout. The monks complained and grieved
That nothing was attempted or projected;
While quiristers and novices conceived
That their new fighting abbot, friar John,
Would sally forth at once and lead them on.

XXVI.

I pass such gossip, and devote my cares,
By diligent enquiry, to detect
The genuine state and posture of affairs,
Unmannered, uninformed, and incorrect;
Falsehood and malice hold alternate chairs,
And lecture and preside in Envy's sect.
The fortunate and great she never spares,
Sowing the soil of history with tares.

XXVII.

Thus jealous of the truth, and feeling loth
That Sir Nathaniel henceforth should accuse
Our noble monk of cowardice and sloth,
I'll print the affidavit of the muse,
And state the facts as ascertained on oath;
Corroborated by surveys and views,
When good King Arthur granted them a brief,
And ninety groats were raised for their relief.

XXVIII.

Their arbours, walks, and alleys, were defaced;
Riven, uprooted, and with ruin strewn,
And the fair dial in their garden placed,
Battered by barbarous hands and overthrown.
The deer with wild pursuit dispersed and chased;
The dove-house ransacked and the pigeons flown.
The cows all killed in one promiscuous slaughter,
The sheep all drowned, and floating in the water.

XXIX.

The mill was burnt down to the water-wheels,
The giants had broke down the dam and sluice;
Dragged up and emptied all the fishing reels,
Drained and destroyed the reservoir and stews,
Wading about and groping carp and eels:
In short, no single earthly thing of use
Remained untouched, beyond the convent wall,
The friars, from their windows, viewed it all.

XXX:

Hence the bare hope of personal defence,
The Church, the Convent's, and their own protection
Absorbed their thoughts, and silenced every sense
Of present feuds at Friar JOHN's election.

Such would appear in the form of a prophetic allegory, by substituting the cardinals for the monks and the Austrians for giants, a full and true statement of the recent transactions at Rome.

The first acts of the newly-elected pontiff are on record. He was scarce proclaimed to the people, and raised amid enthusiasm to the vacant chair of Peter, than he called for the French ambassador, the only representative in Rome of European progress, and by cordially embracing Count Rossi, seemed at once to fling down the gauntlet to the old despotisms of the Continent.

Nor was he long without striking a forcible blow at the system of terror, tyranny, and espionage by which the government of his predecessor had been miserably upheld. He saw near ten thousand of the quondam subjects of Rome pining or gnashing their teeth in exile, fomenting infidelity and disaffection to all ecclesiastical rule in every town in Europe, scandalizing Catholic countries and rejoicing Protestant dominions, by their open, and in some respects justifiable, denunciations of their native land. He knew that he held the keys, not to lock the gates against their return to fidelity and patriotism, not to preclude hope, and change hostility to despair: he seized the glorious opportunity of showing him generous, magnanimous, and confident in the natural emotions, which, in an Italian breast, kindly treatment is sure to awaken. He unbarred the gates of the Roman territory to them all. The great act of political amnesty was the act of the pontiff himself. Alone he did it. Ambassadors fumed and threatened. Cardinals disapproved, hinted, earwigged, and menaced. Old stagers showed an elongated visage, as if all were lost. Not one of the officials in authority could be got to sign the decree. HE SIGNED IT HIM-

SELF. It appeared on the 17th of June. Rome arose in its transport of joy, like one man, and the kindred and friends of the banished did not feel more wild enthusiasm than the rest of the population. The general bosom swelled with grateful emotion, and the voice of the people found utterance in a vast variety of delightful demonstration. From the ends of the earth, from the capital cities and seaports and dark recesses of the whole Continent, the exiles came back, as Israel returning from a Babylonian captivity. The shout of welcome and the song of gladness was heard in the land.

Then was felt that a new era had begun. The old crust of antiquated oppression had been broken, and a free current given to the gushings of humanity.

Has the reader ever been in Hungary when, in the spring of the year, the Danube icebound during winter, relents at the approach of a genial warmth, and with a sudden revulsion bursting the cold manacles in which it has lain enthralled, restores its capacious flood to fluency and freedom? It is a moment of annual recurrence, but one of unparalleled excitement and native grandeur. The watchmen on the banks above Buda, have,

for miles along the mighty river, transmitted from man to man, the signal of the approaching outbreak. The guns from the citadel of Comorn have announced far upwards, and reverberated down the stream the joyful event; the surface of the wide flood has heaved up as in the throes of deliverance: vast fissures, with a thundering sound, have cloven the hitherto monotonous expanse of frozen waters: a general breaking up is perceptible from brink to brink, and when a few hours have elapsed, amid the acclamations of the millions who dwell on the margin of that immortal current, the combined voice of Hungary calls out that the ICE IS BROKEN, and the highway of nations made free once more.

Year after year this phenomenon takes place in the presence of those various and manly tribes

Qui profundum Danubium bibunt;

but it has not happened for centuries on the banks of the Roman river, where, though to all appearance the yellow waters had run their course with the semblance of a rapid flow, yet was the moral and intellectual progress of the Tiber checked, obstructed and frozen, and after the dormant monotony of ages, it was reserved for the energy of Count Ferretti, to give the indwel-

lers of the Eternal City a spectacle such as that above described. The guns of St. Angelo that announced his election, told Europe at the same time, that the old pathways of progress and civilization were reopened, and that the ICE WAS BROKEN at Rome.

We have seen great things already achieved what are we look for in the vista of a long and prosperous future? Those who know Pius IX. have their answer ready, indeed, they find the query ready satisfied in the words of Paul:

Whatsoever things are TRUE; whatsoever things are HONEST; whatsoever things are JUST; whatsoever things are PURE; whatsoever things are LOVELY; whatsoever things are of good report, if there be anything VIRTUOUS, if there be anything PRAISE-WORTHY, count on the realizations of these things.

EPISTLE TO PHILIPPIANS, iv. 8.

For us, who are not of his flock, what may we hope from the accession to the confessedly most distinguished chair of Christian Episcopacy, of an enlightened nobleman, who is a disciple of Christ far more than a rabbi among men? Much in every way. We may count on him for sympathy in what may be our unintentional error: for a kindly toleration in matters which our limited reason, or deficient information, prevent us from

seeing in the same light as he was educated to view them. We may look to him for a mitigation of that intolerant spirit, which has never made converts, whatever bitterness it may have infused into the intercourse of European society. We may look to him finally, if the accomplishment of such a work enters at all into the designs of Providence*, for a GENERAL UNION and AGREEMENT among CHRISTIAN CHURCHES, a "Communion of Saints."

* "This union is not so difficult as appears to many: the points of agreement between the two Churches are numerous; those on which the parties hesitate few, and not the most important. On most of those, it appears to me, there is no essential difference between Catholic and Protestant, the existing diversity of opinion arising in most cases from certain form of words which admit of satisfactory explanation. Ignorance, misconception, prejudice, ill-will, pride, and point of honour, keep us divided on many subjects, not a love of Christian humility, charity, and truth.

“✠ JAMES DOYLE, Bishop of Kildare.”

Letter to an M.P., dated Carlow, May 13, 1824.

PART THE SECOND.

THE BRIGHT DAWN OF BETTER DAYS.

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LETTER XV.

Rome, October 20. 1862

THE month of October has been from time immemorial sacred to the observance of the Roman *villegiatura*, during which the cool acclivities of the circumambient hills afford, if not watering, at least breathing places to the general public, state functionaries included. The active mind of Pius IX. brooks no relaxation, and during his visit to the falls of Tivoli this week, his whole time was devoted to the organization of the new iron works which promise to relieve Rome from part of the disgraceful tribute she now pays to foreign industry. Fire-blasts, smelting furnaces, specimens of agricultural implements, models of iron bridges (these latter especially) occupied the attention of him who is

ex-officio "Pontifex*," and orders mixed with encouragements were issued for a variety of works. The Roman finances are, thanks to the various retrenchments made in the Papal household, and the discontinuance of many sinecures, far from being in the hopeless condition they would have assumed had the late reign gone on. The last million of the Torlonia loan was paid on the 26th of August, and had the great tobacco broker wished to back out of his agreement, I am cognizant of many quarters whence the money would have been at once forthcoming. You are aware that the grand mill-stone tied round the neck of the Papal treasurer is the payment of the Swiss boors, who, to the number of near 10,000, garrison the Legations. To get rid of these, now worse than useless, mercenaries, is the firm determination of Pius; but he is bound by the stolid and suicidal compact signed by the late Gregory, in the year 1831,

* The original Roman Pontiffs were intrusted with the repairs and construction of *Bridges*, whence their designation; in those early days, religion was intimately blended with whatever conduced to public *utility*. This etymology has not escaped the author of "Paradise Lost," who alludes to it for the purpose of having a fling against his *bête noire*, PRELACY. Talking of the bridge which he makes the devil build over chaos to get at this planet, the sublime old Roundhead calls it "a work PONTIFICAL!"

when, frightened out of his senses by the revolt of Bologna, he agreed to guarantee their pay and allowances for twenty years to come; which period will not expire till 1851. There is some notion of *hiring* them out to any foreign power who may want such efficient bludgeon-men, and may be willing to relieve his Holiness of the incumbrance. They would be invaluable to keep down the Poles, and I suppose Russia or Austria will ultimately take them off his hands. The Swiss officers have had the cunning to bargain for full pay during their natural lives, besides certain prerogatives and emoluments, which place them over the heads of their Italian fellow-commanders—a perpetual blister on the pontifical *corps d'armée*. Does not Milton say something about annulling certain

“ Vows made in pain, as violent and void.”

And was not such the case of the late Pope when he was cheated into such an agreement by the Dalgetties of Lucerne? *One* family of that canton has held the command of these hired troops for the last 300 years; a vested interest with a vengeance.

Another great source of unprofitable expenditure is the support of the galley-slaves, who are a very numerous class indeed, owing to the repug-

nance of the Papal code to spilling blood, when the penalty can be possibly commuted to perpetual labour. You are aware of the value of such labour: the result is a dead loss to the exchequer. Count Rossi, before he left Rome to consult his masters at Paris, made, officially, an offer to relieve the Pope of all his convicts, whom he engaged to convert into agricultural labourers in the flourishing French colony of Algiers. Whether this was meant as a dry joke by the generally serious and solemn plenipotentiary, I have no means of knowing. Nothing has yet been decided on the point. Of one thing there can be no doubt, and that is the cordial feeling of Pius towards Louis Philippe; and hence he has done all in his power to forward the Montpensier marriage, as far as his influence with the Spanish clergy could be used for that object. Viewed from Rome, that question assumes an aspect very different from its appearance to an English eye. Don Carlos has received a hint that if he come here his sojourn will not be made very satisfactory, should he assume the character of a pretender. All these things annoy the French Carlists as well as those of the Peninsula; but they must swallow the bitter pill in silent acquiescence. You will

scarcely believe it true, but it is, nevertheless, so generally asserted by grave men in every quarter, that there must be some foundation for the report, that his Holiness, previous to taking solemn possession of the Papacy on the 9th of November, intends, during eight consecutive days, to preach *in propria personâ* from the pulpit of St. John Lateran. We are all on the *qui vive* for this unheard-of course of lectures, only to be historically paralleled by the discourses of my respected kinsman, Savonarola, in the glorious days of Florentine freedom. I shall send an analysis of these "speeches from the throne" as they occur. The late secretary, Lambruschini, was detected last week in a *quasi* treasonable correspondence—the original letter having found its way into the Pope's hands. Pius sent for him, tore it in fragments before his face, and told him to "sin no more." Cardinal della Genga has been still more deeply engaged in plotting with Austria, along with certain old jobbing functionaries here: the belief in town is, that his Eminence is now lodged in the Castle of St. Angelo. If not, where is he? For the last week his whereabouts is the town mystery. Father Ryllo starts to-morrow for Abyssinia, on a mis-

sion of evangelism, combined with discovery. He applied to the French Institute for co-operation, which was refused by the Guizot ministry, "because Ryllo is a Jesuit." He has, to-day, to make a similar application to the Geographical Society of London.

LETTER XVI.

Rome, October 28.

I FORWARD you the first number of the *Roman Advertiser**, an English weekly journal, which began its significant career last Saturday. No less than five new daily and weekly publications are announced to meet the demand of a freshly created reading public of native growth, among others, *Il Popolare*, *L'Echo del Tempo*, *Il Contemporaneo*, and, perhaps, the most important of all, *La Giurisprudenza*. This last journal is to be modelled on the French *Gazette des Tribunaux*, and is the natural offshoot of a most vital ame-

* This paper is edited by a son of the late poetic Mrs. Hemans; emerging from a Benedictine convent, the young lad shows taste and industry, but is yet rather green. He has much to learn in his editorial capacity.

lioration of justice,—viz., *publicity in criminal trials*,—matters which have hitherto been managed in the dark, and over which public opinion never could exercise any sort of control. Not only are all trials to be now conducted in the light of day, but the whole criminal code is undergoing revision, and the land that has produced a Beccaria is no longer to be disgraced by the systematic absurdities and glaring discrepancies of late Roman jurisprudence. The cellular system is under consideration for prison discipline; in no part of Europe, perhaps, are there such creditable jails as have existed from time immemorial here, and nothing has been attempted in the way of change since they were inspected by your philanthropist Howard, at the close of last century.

To improve the administration in every branch is the firm resolve of Pius IX.; but the very existence of the government must be first provided for; and, with the yearly deficit which for the last sixteen years was going on in arithmetical progression, the days of the sovereignty were numbered. Finding that all reductions in his household and the abolition of sinecures cannot meet the evil, he has boldly broached the project of

an *income tax*, which, in the state of landed property throughout his dominions, is nothing short of a financial revolution. The tax on salt, that on corn ground at the mill (*la moltura*)—this latter most oppressive to the peasant, who is not allowed to grind his own corn!—are to be abolished on the expiration of the monopoly, now belonging to the great salt-seller, Torlonia. A very serious item of expenditure was indulged in by the late sovereign, no less than the rebuilding of an Imperial basilica, the gigantic church first erected by Theodosius, while master of the Roman world, on the *Via Ostia*, in honour of St. Paul. There can be no question that the apostle of the Gentiles deserves every reasonable testimonial, but prudence, not to speak of justice, would suggest the impropriety of “robbing Peter to pay” his illustrious collaborator.

When this splendid edifice was originally planned, the road to Ostia was the highway of nations, and the gorgeous colonnade and cedar roof did not flourish in a positive desert; but the solitude is now unbroken, save by a chance buffalo driver or cockney tourist, for whose edification it is rather too much to spend a half dozen million of dollars, even if a surplus existed in the papal

treasury. King Otho, who repudiates his bondholders, might as well exhaust the small remnant of the Greek budget in an attempt to restore the Parthenon, while roads are wanting and banditti unsuppressed. The present Pope has reduced to one-third the allowance for this item of unnecessary outgoings, and has thus obviated the oppressive effects of its ultimate bearing on the people. The late Gregory never took this view of things, being a simple monk. Two years ago an old Florentine usurer put up a stone façade to a church in the *Via larga*, and about the same time Professor Segato, having succeeded in a process of embalming dead bodies, so as to render them solid and imperishable, this squib was read on the pediment:

“ Nuovo miracolo !
Vivo Segato !
Sangue del popolo
Petrificato.”

Next to finance, the most urgent difficulty of his Holiness is to find men of intellect and integrity not only willing but adequate to the task of carrying out his views—all the old red tapists are found to be more an incumbrance than aid. In the new cabinet, the members of which were named in

the public journals, you will find that he has included none of the cardinals. Much will depend on the new creations which he may be enabled to make by the frequent deaths among those respectable octogenarians. One point he has determined upon, viz., not to grant a red "hat" merely because routine of office has accustomed certain functionaries to look up to that dignity as a retiring provision. The governor of Rome, a sort of police officer, expects it as a matter of course; so does the head of the war office; but I can safely affirm that neither Marini nor Medici Spada, (who hold these respective posts,) will be made a cardinal in a hurry, even on removal from office. The late Secretary Lambruschini has no reason to grumble, having got a splendid retiring allowance, 10,000 dollars a year, as "*segretario dei Brevi*." I am sorry to report the fading health of Cardinal Acton; and fear much the speedy loss of old Micara, deservedly popular with the Romans.

We have had torrents of rain for the last ten days. Old Tiber walked the streets, and among other entertainments consequent on rainy nights at Rome (for you recollect that when *nocte pluit totâ, redeunt spectacula mane*) the Pantheon pre-

sented a most striking though simple phenomenon; the whole area of the marble floor being covered several feet deep with a placid sheet of golden-coloured liquid, the reflection of the great concave above in the mirror below, "swan and shadow," gave you an idea of the interior of a vast globe of overpowering dimensions.

The Queen of Holland has just left us, and this week Fanny Elssler was presented to the Pope by Colonel Pfyffer, of the Swiss guard; and the Monarch blandly said, that "talent in every department of human excellence was ever welcome to his dominions." The Pope made a visit in state to the aged martyr of alleged Russian brutality, the Polish nun, Macryna, as if to intimate his views respecting Poland. This lady's story made a great stir last year, and she is now the object of extraordinary veneration. She has of late been induced by the flattery of the French nuns, who have given her kind hospitality, to try her hand at "miraculous cures," and this year a young French Abbé, who had lost his voice, became quite a lion in all fashionable circles here, by recovering his speech through the agency of Mother Macryna. Should her claims to canonization rest upon this exploit at any future day, I

fear the *avvocato del diavolo* will demur : the miracle should have been reversed to become truly forcible : she should have succeeded in checking, not in promoting the loquacity of a Frenchman.

Although his Holiness is overwhelmed with business, your indefatigable countryman, Silk Buckingham, "resident director" of some establishment at the west-end, having insisted on having it, had an audience, the details of which I possess, but am not at liberty to amuse you with ; it was as good as anything lately produced at the Haymarket. He will not fail to give you his own version of it, however, as he has already taken care to do here, in a paragraph of the *Diario Romano*, at which the British Consul, who volunteered to introduce him, is deservedly rabid. Altogether, the Pope, from this specimen of the native modesty and bashfulness of Englishmen, must imbibe a strange notion of John Bull. The Roman paper calls the affair, "*Britannico straniero*" —British and strange—especially the latter.

A project of Messrs. Grey and Chauman (Chapman?) to furnish rails of some vitrified substance, to be used in lieu of iron, has been favourably received by the cabinet, and is under consideration. The lines have been all finally determined

on, and are to be put up for competition forthwith, the "Jackson Company's" rights to the more northern branch being recognised.

LETTER XVII.

Rome, November 3.

ON the evening of the 28th October, Mr. Newman, accompanied by Mr. Ambrose St. John, entered the Eternal City, which had been for the last ten days deluged with incessant rain. Next morning the ex-Anglican proselyte's first impulse was to pay his homage at the tomb of the Apostles (*limina apostolorum*), when, as chance would have it, Pius IX. was in the act of realizing the lines of Scott's ballad—

"The Pope he was saying his high high mass,
All at St. Peter's shrine."

Their interview occurred in the crypt or subterranean sanctuary, the oldest portion of the basilica. Whatever importance may attach to the arrival of this distinguished *transfuga*, the most celebrated, perhaps of the many that have come hither since the days of Queen Christina of Sweden (in which eccentric lady's *quondam* bou-

doir I now happen to write), the advent of so propitiatory an offering to the genius of the seven hills, seems to have influenced the elements; the rain has stopped,

“Et soles meliùs nitent.”

It would appear that the inundations of Upper Italy opposed serious obstacles to the progress of the Oxford pilgrims, and that at one passage the cart which bore them, drawn by oxen (in the absence of any other conveyance), was well nigh swallowed up by the rush of many waters. Safe from those semi-apostolic “perils of the flood,” they are now engaged under the guidance of the most intelligent of their countrymen and co-religionists in a brief survey of whatever is most remarkable here, and in a few days Mr. Newman, late of Oxford, with his companions, will take possession of chambers in the College of Propaganda, and enter on a preparatory course, previous to re-ordination in the Church of Rome.

On All-hallow-e’en the Pope held his first public *capella* in the Quirinal chapel. The cardinals have not yet gathered in from the country, so that of the twenty who are supposed to be in Rome, I could mark the presence of only the following: Franzoni, Lambruschini, Brignole,

Macchi, Gazzoli, Patrizi, Mai, Mezzofante, Orioli, Bianchi, Massimo, Acton, Asquini, and Simonetti. The absence of one or two others was as conspicuous as the "alibi" of Brutus and Cassius in the old Roman procession. You may collect my meaning from my communication of 20th October.

There will be another *capella* to-morrow in the Church of St. Charles Borromeo in the Corso: this church is one of the most majestic in Rome, and it is but fitting that it should be so to typify aptly the grandeur and high character of the benevolent spirit it is erected to commemorate. Why the Pope should visit this church in particular on the anniversary of the great archbishop of Milan, is a question interwoven with the quarrel of the Spanish succession in 1706, and therefore not uninteresting in 1846, when just a century and a half have terminated in reproducing the selfsame imbroglio, as if in exact accordance with the Pythagorean cycle of which Virgil is expositor, and which would a new peninsular war, another Wellington.

"Alter erit tum Tiphys et altera que vehat argo
Delectos heroas, erunt etiam altera bella
Atque iterum ad Trojam magnus mittitur Achilles."

In 1706 then, the Dean and Chapter of the church being Milanese subjects, and partisans of

the house of Austria, had prepared for the saint's festival splendid banners displaying the arms and effigy of the Archduke Charles, which, coming to the knowledge of the Bourbonite Spanish Ambassador, the latter contemplated an inroad on the church at the head of his followers and a host of French auxiliaries: whereupon Clement XI., who had publicly announced his perfect neutrality in the contest, proceeded in person to the church of San Carlo; and as no earthly monarch's insignia can be displayed in presence of the reigning Pontiff, there was a decent excuse for both sides refraining from collision. Once established, the Pope's visit became an "annual commemoration of peace and union among Christian princes."

It is worthy of remark, that since the accession of Pius IX. in June, the number of crimes committed against the person as well as against property in the district of Rome, has diminished in the most extraordinary ratio—the month of June offering about 500 cases, July 340, August 230, September 200, and last month's calendar falling to 112: the old admirers of "the red tape system," coercion, and routine, can make nothing of it. It seems to them a sort of "witchcraft;" ay, such as that by which *Othello* compassed the willing affection of *Desdemona*.

LETTER XVIII.

Rome, November 8.

THE grand ceremony of taking formal possession of the Lateran Church began this morning, and is not yet terminated, though the guns of St. Angelo are just now marking by their reveberated roar, that the most solemn stage of the business is being enacted. To this exhibition of Papal pomp the whole country round has been flocking in for the last two or three days, and the constant arrivals from Naples and Florence have evinced no less interest on the part of foreign visitants. The Olympic games of Greece could scarcely present a fairer gathering in epitome of the various Hellenic tribes than Rome presented this week of all the surrounding towns in a circuit of one hundred miles, diversified in costume as distinctly, and as easily recognizable by a peculiar juxtaposition of primitive colours, as your highland clans. Down from the suburban hills came bands of music and troops of *pifferari*, to describe the general effect of which would require the classical bagpipe of Mr. Macaulay; ex. gr.

“ The horsemen and the footmen
Came pouring in amain!
From many a stately market town—
From many a fruitful plain—
From many a lonely hamlet,
Which, hid by beech and pine,
Like an eagle’s nest hangs on the crest
Of purple Apennine.

“ For aged folks on crutches,
And women large with child,
And mothers gloating o’er their babes,
That clung to them and smiled;
And sick men borne on litters,
High on the necks of slaves,
And troops of sunburnt husbandmen,
With reaping-hooks and staves;

“ And droves of mules and asses
Laden with skins of wine,” &c. &c.

literally “choked every roaring gate” of the city, principally on the side of Tivoli, Frascati, and Albano. For several evenings past the theatres have resounded with acclamations bestowed on a dull drama of Abbé Metastasio, dug out of oblivion for the purpose of political allusion, *La Clemenza di Tito*; and it was obvious that a popular demonstration, on a gigantic scale, was about to be given to his Holiness, expressive of the public resolve to sustain him against all reactionary efforts.

And most overwhelming was this day's exhibition of physical strength along the whole line of the Pope's progress from his Quirinal Palace to the Lateran, amid shouts of enthusiastic devotion, such as the unanimous heart of a whole people, long estranged from such feelings, could alone give forth. The richest tapestries lined the palaces on the line of procession; festoons, garlands, and silk hangings profusely ornamented the inferior dwellings, and every balcony was a focus of patriotic ebullition, as the Pontiff was borne onward in the midst of as picturesque a *cortège* as the imagination of this fanciful land could conjure into existence. An idea of the dresses worn by the Roman Court in this singular cavalcade, can be only conveyed by you, dear Dickens, to your friends in Cockneyshire by referring them to the gorgeous picture at Hampton Court, of the "Field of the Cloth of Gold;" almost all the costumes in that glowing representation being reproduced in the retinue which rode with the Pope in this splendid revival of a mediæval ceremony. All the judges were on horseback, as well as all the prelates, bishops, pages, the Governor of Rome, Captain of Swiss Halbardiers, the senators, and other indescribable functionaries of

a variegated and many-tesselated government, men in armour, the noble guard and the Pope's standard-bearer, on his *obligato* mule, leading the van.

Formerly the cavalcade mounted the steep ascent of the Capitol, but since Ganganelli fell off his horse on getting down towards the arch of Septimius, it now enters the forum by a circuit. An immense crowd of swarthy peasants from the Sabine, Volscian, and Latin districts, filled the Campo Vaccino, and rent the air with reiterated shouts on the Pope's entering the old Via Sacra, at which moment the great bell of the Capitol, which is only heard on such an occasion as the present, roaring above the voices of the multitude, uttered its diapason of singularly deep vibrations

“ Pealing solemnly.”

At the triumphal arch of Titus, some curiosity was excited, in the expectation of the Jews' representatives in Rome paying homage, as usual, to the new sovereign, and craving toleration ; but the Pope's good taste dispensed with a display which only keeps alive the sense of inferiority, and difference of caste—a prelude, I hope, to ulterior measures on behalf of Israel. All the rising ground on the Palatine hill was densely

covered with spectators, but the Colosseum, divided into boxes and hung with silks, seemed to be what your great stand is at Newmarket races.

Farther on, at the church of St. Clement's, celebrated on many accounts, and now tenanted by a few Irish friars, some curiosity was excited in the crowd, and expressed by the Papal cavalcade, as to the meaning of a huge *green* banner floating from the porch, and bearing a harp *uncrowned*, with other heraldic puzzles. The hereditary colours of the Ferretti family, as displayed in the Papal escutcheon, are white and orange, and such were the pervading tints of every other attempt at decoration on his passage. The cavalcade ultimately reached its destination no doubt; for me, the crowd prevented all approach to the Lateran church; and certainly no Roman triumph, nor mediæval pageant could have surpassed what I witnessed to-day. To realise *one* part of the old classic procession, there were only wanting the Rev. Dr. Newman, Ambrose St. John, and George Talbot, to walk in the character of war captives.

“Britannus ut descenderet
Sacra catenatus viâ.”

Turning from this topic to profane news, the indefatigable Lieut. Waghorn arrived here in the night of Friday and routed up the English consul, with whom, having been closeted some hours, he started post-haste to Naples on his way to the port of Brindisi, on the Adriatic. The Pope has offered this morning, by placards on the walls, a gold medal, value 1000 dollars, to him who will present the best plan for crossing the great Apennine barrier from Ancona to Rome. Should Waghorn and Pius IX. succeed in bringing the overland route from India to Europe into this channel, they will have done no small deed; and it will be curious to find that the earliest engineer who laid down the line of railway with its gradients and terminus, was the playful poet, "the end of whose journey and letter was Brundisium."

LETTER XIX.

Rome, November 11.

WE are in full progress here towards popular government. One of the most significant tokens of the new era was exhibited yesterday, when EIGHT HUNDRED Roman citizens assembled in a public banquet to greet the political exiles of the

provinces, under the magnificent roof of the Alberti Theatre, thousands of spectators crowding the boxes, and not a "policeman" to be seen of any sort.

This demonstration was got up at a few days' notice. The committee consisted of men of the middle class—an order of mankind never yet heard of in Roman affairs. Their names deserve record: they were, Orioli, son of the exiled professor (who has returned from Corfu to his native university of Bologna); Nattali, a bookseller; Delfrate, an artist; Thomasson, a "man of letters;" and De Andreis, a printer.

The guests were gathered on an elevated platform, the committee presiding; for this popular banquet presented the peculiarity of the president's chair being "put in commission;" when, after discussing the viands with Italian gravity and sobriety, the business of the evening began. Checchelli, a well-known and voluminous writer, appeared for the first time in the character of a speaker, and in a graceful oration bespoke the moderation of his hearers in the enjoyment of their newly-recovered liberty of thought and action; so would they best defeat any scheme for rolling backwards the now happy onward tide of

Roman freedom. Next rose Professor Sejani, an exile lately returned from Malta, the author of many tragedies, and implicated in not a few conspiracies ; on him devolved the task of proposing the health of Pius IX., a colossal bust of the monarch being forthwith borne forward and crowned with laurel, amid the loud vociferations of the whole theatre. Sejani's speech was energetic and clever, and drew down thunders of applause. After him a distinguished medical light of our university here, Dr. De Dominicis, whose brother lately died in prison for political causes, made a most affecting appeal to his fellow-citizens, and was listened to with intense interest ; he dwelt on the necessity of not thwarting the present Pope with an unreasonable eagerness for change, not one in that assembly being more anxious to accelerate beneficial measures than the pontiff, to whom alone were known the obstacles to be encountered, and the difficulties to be overcome. Sterbini, late exile from Marseilles, followed in prose for a while, till kindling with his subject, he burst forth into poetry, or a kind of measured recitative, in the chorus of which, the whole assembly, as if whirled into a vortex of ecstasy, soon joined.

The evening would have passed off with undisturbed regularity were it not for an incident which may leave the germ of much future ill-will and mistrust. I said before that the middle classes of Rome, hitherto a totally unrecognised body, were the originators of this festival. About a dozen tickets had been taken by members of the *Casino dei Nobili*, and their places kept until an advanced hour, when others were but too happy to fill up the vacancy their absence created. A buzz of inquiry ran through the theatre as to the cause of their non-appearance, when it transpired that Prince Borghese was entertaining, that night, a distinguished circle at the palace, and had pressed all his acquaintances into the service. This was, of course, deemed an aggravation of the offence, and construed into a premeditated slight on the popular feelings, and on the Pope himself; whereupon, at the close of the proceedings, several hundreds of the younger and more boisterous spirits proceeded in a body to the Palazzo Borghese, and, with determined shouts, called for an illumination of the *façade* in honour of Pio IX., “*Lumi fuori! lumi fuori! viva Pio nono!*” Instead of complying with which demand, and thus restoring good humour, the inmates of the palace

began to close the window-shutters, when a storm of popular execration assailed Borghese and his guests, hisses and groans of an unmistakeable character. The Prince was proceeding to address the mob from the balcony, when, luckily for himself, he was drawn back by Vincenzo Colonna; and some of the graver and more thoughtful citizens arriving from the banquet-hall, prevailed on the irritated crowd to withdraw for the present, convinced that the nobles of the casino and their host would offer every apology to-day.

Lieutenant Waghorn (*ecce iterum*) is just come back from his Neapolitan excursion, and by this hour is rapidly proceeding to England. According to his own statement, he has quite mesmerised the King of the Lazzaroni. He had a long interview with Cardinal Gizzi yesterday; but with what result I have not been able to ascertain.

LETTER XX.

Rome, November 18.

NOTHING of a political character has occurred here since I sent you an account of the grand ceremonial at the Lateran church, nor is anything

yet known of an intimated intention, which I hinted at last month, on the part of the Pontiff, to address the Roman people in a series of homilies in that ancient Basilica, after the old fashion of Leo and Gregory "the Great." The last Pope who made his appearance in a Christian pulpit was the Bolognese Lambertini, about a century ago, an undeniably great man, and the first canonist of his day. Since then the only harangues pronounced by Popes have been "allocutions" to the College of Cardinals, mostly distinguishable for bad Latin and premeditated obscurity. The late Gregory, on one of these occasions, took a fancy to denounce the freedom of the press as "*damnabilem imprimendi licentiam.*" The press throughout Europe is likely to return *him* the compliment. The common people of Rome have already adopted from Tuscany and the Legations the term "*frataccio*," as embodying their notion of his reign and character.

The utmost activity, meantime, is discernible in every department of administration, and every lawyer of any eminence is deeply engaged in assisting the labours of the Sovereign for the emendation of a most defective code, which has been retrograde while all Europe was progressing.

In the Legations the petty despotism of each successive local Satrap had never been controlled by any well-defined limits of authority; those limits are being fixed, and means of appeal facilitated, so as to render the functions of these Legates somewhat analogous to those of French Prefects of Departments. Each district and municipality is to be fairly represented in the persons of responsible landholders, whose voice is to be heard potentially in matters affecting the improvement of their respective territories.

The most sanguine partisans of progress appear satisfied at the pace which regulates the advance:—if not a galloping reform, 'tis a good smart trot—

“Putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.”

Visitors from your part of the world are thronging fast, and promise a crowded season. The Duke of Devonshire is hourly expected from Florence, with Lords Ward and Headfort. We number already, “*intra pomærium*,” Viscount Brackley, or Ellesmere, or Egerton, (for I am not a diligent reader of your Peerage, and its various mysteries); Lord and Lady Canning; Lords Clifford, Beverley, and Compton; Lord and Lady Walpole, with Lady Pellew; the Earl

of Shelburne and Lady; Lord Elliot; Earl and Countess Lichfield; Lord Bernard Howard; Lord Keane; Dowager Countess Grey; Le Comte d'Arundel*; Sir T. Hepburn, M.P.; Mr. and Mrs. Sartoris, and Mrs. Butler; Mrs. Lenox Cunningham; and finally, on a visit to their kinsfolk, the Dorias and Borghese, Colonel and Mrs. Bryan, of county Kilkenny. This latter is the only *Irish* landlord arrived or expected here this winter. It is creditable to that class of your fellow-subjects that they seem to understand fully the proper whereabouts for their presence just now.

LETTER XXI.

Rome, November 28.

To the denizens of Rome there is newly opened an abounding source of gentle merriment in the perusal of French and German journals, whenever the affairs of this metropolis are introduced—

* This personage, who was admitted generally into a certain kind of society at Rome, this winter, where yet his peculiarities were not quite unknown, has since figured before the London police office with unpleasant results.

which is now of constant occurrence, though it would seem that the matrimonial *imbroglio* of the Spanish peninsula and the subsidence of Cracow from the map of Europe ought fully to engage the energetic spirits engaged in editorial *rédaction*. Paragraphs of hazarded news are ventilated at "Nuremberg," or take wing from Frankfort and Cologne, birds of good, or, as it may be, of evil, augury, which were never seen from this Vatican hill, but belong rather to what in French newspaper dialect is called *canard*, Anglicè, a species of literary wild duck. Fabulous onslaughts on the Jesuits in various small towns throughout the Romagna are favourite game of this description with the press of Paris. No one in Rome is cognisant of aught—save a few vocal manifestations of dislike, never approaching personal violence—of the scenes such as are represented to have occurred in Fano and Perugia. The pamphlet of the witty Gioberti (severely prohibited in Naples, Modena, and Lombardy), attacking the society's line of Italian policy, under the title of "Prolegomena," is freely handed about, or, as the poet has it,

" Con spavento dei divoti galantuomini
Si vedono circolar gli ' Prolegomeni.' "

But any overt act of physical force against the mistaken fathers is universally reprobated.

A paragraph appears in the *Courrier Français*, announcing the Pope's wish to contract a fresh loan, and representing the Roman finances as irreparably embarrassed. No such loan is dreamt of. There is a present supply in the exchequer, and the future prospects of the treasurer are by no means discouraging. Such rumours were the constant mode of attack by which the irreligious party in Italy sought to damage the papal throne, while ineffectively filled by its late occupant; and many poetical squibs, with all the virulence, and some of the fancy of Béranger, held up the approaching bankruptcy of Rome to the world's scorn. From one, entitled "Il Fallimento del Papa," I recollect a few lines:

" Non basto il talento
Del gran Lambruschini,
A cento per cento
Non trova quattrini;
O caso inaudito,
Il Papa è fallito!

" Guai al Pontefice
Quel buon Gregorio
Che in brevi vendere
Dovrà il ciborio,

Perche il carnefice
Chiede il salario
Gli tocca à vendere
Sin' al breviario.

“ Che per servar' i titoli
Di Papa e di sovrano
A benedir' i despoti
Distese la sua mano....
Deh! al gran principe
Che ci governa
Gli presta Diogene
La sua laterna!”

Torlonia, who contracted for the last loan, would feel but too happy to get another chance upon the same terms (which he is not likely to have soon), and the more especially as the family are about to receive back in hard dollars the purchase money of the great Bracciano property, which, near thirty years ago, was bought from the Odeschalchi, and which that princely race are now determined to regain. In the purchase of land here, there is always reserved a right of redemption within a given number of years, and the allotted term being now at hand, notice has been served on the Duke of Bracciano that Prince Odeschalchi intends refunding the cash, and resuming the duchy. As in the case of the old Tagliacotian operation, when a fictitious nose

was cut out of a porter's *gluteus maximus*, and affixed to a visage where no nasal organ existed, the title of *Duke* is lapsed, with the loss of the property which conferred it, and the strawberry leaves fall away from the escutcheon of the banker. In the words of your *Hudibras*:—

“ Soon as the porter's life was out,
Off dropt the sympathetic snout ! ”

The Marquis de Custines, who has been here several months, had an interview with his Holiness last week, and some interesting remarks fell from the Pontiff, who professed to have read attentively the Russian revelations of the witty writer. These remarks are not free for publicity.

There died here, on Monday, aged 88, a venerable Scotch gentleman, the Abbé Macpherson, for many years rector of the Scotch College on the Quirinal hill. The most remarkable passage in his varied career was when he was selected by the British Government, in 1797, as their agent in one of the boldest moves on the European chessboard ever imagined, and yet scarcely known to the historian of the period. In that year the British Cabinet received a suggestion as to the practicability of rescuing from the gripe of France and placing under the protection of England the

person of Pope Pius VI., then a prisoner in the maritime town of Savona, on the Genoese coast. An English frigate was ordered to cruise off the land, and the Abbé was sent from London with ample funds to accomplish the object. It would have been successful in every arrangement had not a communication been made by parties in the pay of the Directory from the neighbourhood of Downing Street, disclosing the plan to our friends in Paris. The late Lewis Goldsmith, who knew many things in his time, knew something about this affair. Macpherson was arrested and plundered on the frontier, and Pius died in the interior of France, whither he was instantly removed. Up to his death, the Abbé had a liberal pension from the Papal treasury.

Letters from Florence in accounting for the Duke of Devonshire not arriving here, state the alarming condition of our ambassador, Sir George Hamilton, who was not expected to recover. I trust this is an exaggeration, or that, since that crisis, more favourable news has reached England.

LETTER XXII.

Rome, December 3.

I KNOW not whether the return of Count Rossi has given additional impulse to the progress of Roman reforms, but there is unmistakeable evidence of renewed activity in every department. The grand blow, as far as this capital is concerned, was struck at the beginning of this week, when the old "governor," Marini, got notice to quit. His successor is not yet appointed. This riddance is of paramount magnitude. Every amelioration found in Marini an implacable foe. He was for putting down everything new, from gas to fox-hunting, and keeping up everything old, including filth and beggary. Yet the man was no block-head; but, having started with the "wisdom of our ancestors" party, his sense of consistency suggested a spirit of no surrender, even in a sinking cause. The man of the exigency lately appointed secretary to the provisional cabinet is a gentleman named Rusconi, who, fifteen years ago, retired from Rome, disgusted with Gregory's proceedings, and has since lived in retirement at

Naples. Returning a few months ago, he had an interview with Pius, and his lucid views, as to what ought to be done, so forcibly impressed the Pontiff, that he was at once admitted to state councils, and will yet direct the Papal government. Several edicts have been issued on local matters this week.

The old-established bank of Brancadoro and Co. has just closed its doors, and rumour says, under circumstances not very creditable. The Portuguese minister is a sufferer, and also a celebrated character, Gaetanino, the late Pope's barber, whose sufferings amount to 8,000 dollars—in fact, a good portion of the legacy he derived under his defunct master's will. People laugh at his disaster.

By the death of Cardinal Gaysrück, Archbishop of Milan, a hat has fallen in; and as there are now more than half-a-dozen vacancies, a new creation is spoken of. Gaysrück was a true German of the old school, and a strong opponent of the Jesuits, whom he kept out of Lombardy to the last.

I took occasion, some few posts ago, to notice the apathy of Prince Borghese in the cause of national advancement or the improvement of his

country: a noble opportunity of throwing the weight of his immense territorial property into the scale of the progressive party has been let pass. I regret to find that, among other frivolities which occupy the leisure of the Palazzo Borghese, *homœopathy* is now paramount; and through female influence this nonsense has become positively mischievous. Last March the Duchess of Piombino was a victim, and this week a lovely daughter of Colonel Bryan, of Kilkenny, died under this treatment, none of the many English physicians resident here having been suffered to attend. She had arrived here but a few weeks before in perfect health.

LETTER XXIII.

Rome, December 5.

AT the close of my letter two days ago, I felt bound to notice the melancholy death of Colonel Bryan's daughter. The solemn dirge and requiem which was held yesterday in the church of Irish Franciscans, St. Isidoro, was attended by several hundred British visitors, besides the young lady's kinsfolk, of the princely houses of Doria, Pam-

phili, and Borghese. Towards the termination of the sorrowful ceremonial, at a pause in the liturgy, there arose in the body of the church a person in ecclesiastical costume, of pensive and careworn aspect, who, standing near the coffin, addressed himself to speak. His voice was low at first, so that few heard till it gradually filled the church, and it was understood to be a simple recital of the unostentatious virtues of the deceased; but soon came words of more impressive import, and a whisper went round that the unexpected speaker on the occasion was the Rev. Mr. Newman, late of Oxford. To the thousands who have perused his printed sermons delivered in Anglican pulpits it would be difficult to convey a notion of his manner on the present occasion, it being the first time that he delivered himself of an extemporaneous unpremeditated discourse. But as a letter to you is no proper vehicle for theological comments, I add no more.

I mentioned the dismissal of the Governor of Rome. The treasurer Antonelli got his *congé* yesterday, and rumour sends him as delegate to Ferrara. Marini, the ex-governor, goes as legate to Lisbon or Madrid: a polite sort of banishment. The next removal, it is devoutly to be hoped, will

be the Postmaster-General, Massimo; this functionary, not content with neglecting his proper duties in the amelioration of the posting system throughout the Roman States, which is a disgrace to Italy, has within the last fortnight shown his tender regard for Austria, by taking on himself the responsibility of stopping any journals, French or English, which reflect on that respectable Court in its late absorption of Cracow. The Pope is utterly unconscious of his pranks, and may, perhaps, first learn them from this letter when printed. Thus Postmaster Massimo has, of his own authority, confiscated *Galignani's Messenger* of the 20th, 21st, and 25th of November, as well as the *Morning Chronicle* of the 18th and 19th ditto. The British residents here are inclined to proceed in a body to the Quirinal, to lay their complaint at the feet of the Pontiff, who will doubtless find a speedy remedy for such insolent interference with his general policy.

The Duke of Devonshire has just arrived.

LETTER XXIV.

Rome, December 12.

A sad calamity has befallen our city. The Tiber, suddenly swollen by rain such as is only witnessed under the tropics, and impeded in its course towards Ostia by a south-east wind, has just flooded two-thirds of the inhabited streets, and destroyed property, both in town and country, to a melancholy extent. This century had not seen a similar inundation, that of 1805 being far less extensive or disastrous. As far as the eye could reach, from the Pincian hill to the foot of Monte Mario, from the Ponte Molle to the contrescarpe of Castle St. Angelo, became at once a vast lake, interspersed with tops of trees and farm roofs, cattle swimming, and floating waggons. Not only the accustomed low quarters of the piazza Navona and Pantheon, but the Corso and Condotti were submerged, and the well-known magnificent area of the Porta del Popolo became a deep pond impassable to carriages. It was a singular sight to look down from the Pincian on this extemporised basin, reflecting calmly the surrounding churches

and monuments, and receiving into its abundance the rather superfluous contributions of the four Egyptian Lions who kept up the farce of their quadruple *jet d'eau* throughout. The central obelisk of Rhamses, which rose in quiet grandeur over the waters, seemed, after many thousand years, to have got a glimpse of his native Nile at its work of fertilization. Unfortunately, mischief, unmixed with any compensating result, ensues from these visits of the Roman river.

The reports from the various quarters (or islands) of the city have as yet brought no tidings of drowned men; though horses, pigs, and kine have perished in numbers, and the misery of the poorer classes can hardly be estimated unless by the knowledge of their exclusive tenancy of all ground-floors, in Rome the upper stories being alone inhabited by the wealthy. But the unfortunate Jews are in the worst predicament of all other denominations, their disadvantageous quarter being not of their own selection; and hence it became only an act of common honesty in the government to behave as it has done by them—to-day supplying them at once, and in the first rank, with food and necessities. For this purpose domiciliary visits were made to all bakers

and fashionable hotels and every loaf carried off to the *Ghetto*. If any good could possibly be elicited from the present sad occurrence, it would be perhaps the forcing the Pope's attention to the folly and un-Christian policy of his predecessors in cooping up the remnant of Israel here into a space of the town so confined and so objectionable as to nearly resemble the hold of a Brazilian slave-ship on the middle passage. To condemn a people to perpetual dirt and disease, with the interlude of an occasional deluge like the present, is a sorry scheme for their conversion and a sad lesson of Christian love. These unlucky sojourners in the capital of the Church have just had all their property, cloths, silks, velvets, and every commodity in which they trade, destroyed at once by no act of theirs: and in any civilized country they would be clearly entitled to recover the amount from the legislature. The old houses are happily falling on each other's shoulders, and the whole rookery will be rendered soon uninhabitable, in which case they must perforce be allowed to select some other part of this wide metropolis to build in.

This is the moment for their brethren through Europe to memorialise the benevolent Pontiff on

their behalf, with every probability of success. The Pope would be but too happy to find outward support against the prejudices of the lower orders, and of the narrow-minded rich. 'Twas a touching sight to see these helpless sufferers, with the scanty wreck of their furniture, crowded under the roof of the synagogue, which was the only dry spot of their prison house. By the river of Babylon well might they sit and weep when they remembered Sion!

There live 3,600 of them in this black hole, of whom 1,900 are paupers, about 1,000 earn a livelihood by trade, and the remainder are comparatively rich. They raise among themselves 13,000 dollars yearly for the support of their own schools and other institutions. The State draws a large revenue from their commercial operations, and it is a remarkable circumstance in the case of the Roman Jews that by way of propitiating their Christian fellow-citizens they are in the habit of emphatically disclaiming any part or portion in the great misdeed visited upon them and their children. They maintain, and with considerable pretensions to truth, that they are descended from a colony of Hebrew men settled in Rome long before the period of the Crucifixion—and cer-

tainly we know that Pompey brought thousands of captive Jews to Rome ; and Josephus, I think, describes 8,000 of them going up to remonstrate with Augustus on some occasion or other.

I pray the assistance of your brethren of the press in London, in drawing the attention of the friends of Israel throughout Europe to these poor people and their cause: it is truly that of the captive and the bondsman.

The waters are rapidly subsiding, the wind having now fortunately veered round last night ; the Corso is disencumbered, save that several large boats aground still clog the carriage-way.

Some ludicrous descriptions of individual disaster fill the columns of the *Roman Advertiser* to-day, in which also flattering mention is made of Prince Borghese and his boat, going round the streets with a bread-basket. This sort of yatching was a source of new excitement, highly amusing, no doubt, to the Prince and his high-born associates ; but he has it in his power to do more substantial acts than such *ad captandum* exhibitions ; and whenever a disposition to work in earnest for the amelioration of the poor by procuring sterling reforms and permanent improve-

ments is shown by his Highness, I shall be eager to mark the euthanasia by special notice.

Among the spectators of the drowned city from the terrace of Monte Pincio, no small space of public observation was occupied by Signor Lablache, whose well-known features were wrought into unacted sympathy.

It is rumoured here that M. Fornari, the nuncio at Paris, is to be recalled, and to get a hat: his acknowledged ability has been justly appreciated, and doubtless Count Rossi has made a favourable report on his arrival here. Gizzi's health is not of the best, and he requires the assistance of an able Under-Secretary. The subject of an interchange of diplomatic representatives between England and Rome has been lately revived; and, though the utmost secrecy is preserved in the matter, considerable progress, it is understood, has been made. The British Cabinet insist on the Roman Envoy in London being a *layman* in all cases. Here the negotiation hitches.

His Grace the Duke of Devonshire had a long audience with his Holiness at the Quirinal Palace, on the 9th.

LETTER XXV.

Rome, December 15.

YOU have been in possession of the dismissal of the Governor of Rome, Monsignor Marini, of whose political tendencies and obstructive obstinacy some idea was given in a former despatch. His successor has since been announced in the person of a native of Palermo, Grazzelini, now acting legate at Ancona, where he was sent on the late outbreak, and won golden opinions: he had previously been at the head of the railway board here, and shewn business habits of the first order. As this office is of the utmost importance to the progress of internal improvement in the capital, much satisfaction is felt at so judicious a selection. Grazzelini has had the inestimable advantage of being early initiated into the theory and practical working of constitutional government. He was mixed up, in 1812, with the enlightened patriots of Sicily, who, under the guidance of Lord Bentinck, established a short-lived, but vigorous, representative system of administration in that island, which was upset by the return of old

Ferdinand under the accursed wing of the Holy Alliance.

The removal of Marini was a measure which evinced a bold determination on the part of Pius, but what follows, unless explained to you, would seem to be in contradiction to that display of energy. This very Marini is to be the *first*, and as yet the only Cardinal of *his* creation! He received the official communication yesterday; next week he gets his hat. Commentary of a very bitter sort will be made on this promotion throughout Italy; but the facts of the case will ultimately become known, and go far to exculpate his Holiness. It appears that Marini, who belongs to a respectable family, had a younger brother, who was seeking the hand of a daughter of the princely house of Chigi, and to enable him to make a suitable settlement on the occasion, the elder brother, who inherited all the entailed property, renounced his claims by a solemn deed, and contented himself with whatever provision he might earn in his profession as a churchman. Under the old *régime* he could not be displaced from the governorship without receiving a cardinalship on retirement, with its usual allowance of 4,000 dollars a-year from the treasury. Deprivation of office under

the new arrangement reduced him to actual beggary, having burnt his fleet, *à la* Scipio, as related above, on entering the church. Much sympathy was accordingly felt for him by the aristocracy of Rome, and many a fair suppliant has made exertions in his favour with the powers around the throne. The princely house of Sacripante, very influential with the Pope, has been indefatigable; and even Count Rossi has been induced, by some mysterious agency, to intercede on his behalf. The result is merely an indication of the good nature and kind feeling of Pius, and must be distinctly understood as such, not as a token of altered policy or subserviency to Austria, as it would seem to the uninitiated.

In reference to the above-mentioned pension of 4,000 dollars a year, which every Roman cardinal draws from the common exchequer, (foreign cardinals must contrive to keep their red hat in proper trim at their own expense,) it would appear to be and is in reality, a rather heavy item of expenditure in the pontifical budget. Yet you would be wrong in thinking that the resources of St. Peter's patrimony are not adequate to the full expenditure of the papal system, under proper management; and that management, I am happy

to know, is about to be witnessed without much external manifestation. It has been admitted to be a proper maxim, (one I believe of Rochefoucauld's,) *Qu'il faut laver son linge sale en famille*, and you will learn with satisfaction that a secret and confidential commission has lately been named by his Holiness to investigate every branch of ecclesiastical revenue, the rent-roll of every convent, hospital, confraternity, every canonry, chantry; in fact, to overhaul the whole financial resources of the Roman district. Other districts will come next. This secret committee is composed of Cardinals Micara, (General of the Capuchins,) Bianchi, (ditto of the Benedictine Camaldulense monks,) Ostini, (Prefect of the "Bishops and Regulars,") and finally, the late Prime Minister Lambruschini. The most searching powers have been given to this committee, and woe to any abuse, or dilapidation, or malversation which may come under their notice. A consolidation of various institutes, and a severe economy throughout, will, it is understood, produce an aggregate of surplus to the treasury sufficient to meet all pressure, so as to obviate the recurrence to loans for the future altogether.

And though what follows more properly be-

longs to the speculations of your Money-Market than to political correspondence, the attention of buyers and sellers in the public funds of European states would do well to consider the new aspect of things in Italy, and the relative stability of the various governments, whose prospects have of late been materially changed. The price of the Roman funds (five per cents.,) has, for the last ten years, remained unaltered at from 100 to 102, or thereabouts, even during the precarious rule of Gregory, whom the slightest breath of popular revenge would have dethroned in a twinkling, at any general outbreak on the Rhine, the Po, or the Bosphorus. Still, he managed by borrowing and patchwork to keep up the Papal credit, which never sunk below par. At the present juncture of pontifical prospects, and with the stability which a whole people's enthusiasm must necessarily add to "that divinity which doth hedge a king," I should not wonder to see the Roman five per cents. advance at least to the price of the French ditto, which are now quoted at 116-117, and which have been not long ago as high as 120. *Verb. sap.* The only markets for Romans is Milan or Paris, but any intelligent broker might bring them into Capel Court.

As a trifling indication of the Pope's anxiety to bring his states into better unison with the other civilized communities of Europe, the great clock of the Quirinal Palace marks the hours no longer in the old-fashioned and exploded system of twenty-four hours continuous, but in the double duodecimal used on your side of the Alps. It is an humble effort to teach his Romans the "time of day."

The house-roofs are all white with snow, an unusual sight here: a reminiscence of Christmas to our visitors of the North.

LETTER XXVI.

Rome, December 24.

THE grant of a cardinal's hat to the unpopular governor of Rome on his late removal from office, (an unexpected measure, of which the peculiar motives were communicated in my last,) has undoubtedly checked for a moment the enthusiasm of loyalty which had gone on *crescendo* since July. Numerous pasquinades have circulated this week of a very violent kind, and full of gross personality against Marini. Arrangements were said to have been in progress for greeting the new dignitary

with a storm of hisses and execration on the occasion of last Monday's ceremonial, but the boisterous state of the weather—unusually severe even for winter—cooled the indignation of the Romans, and by the blessing of the barometer, his eminence got off unscathed. His evening *levée* was even brilliantly attended; all the diplomatic body being present in compliment to the Pope, and female influence having worked assiduously among the native nobility in furtherance of this demonstration. The British uniforms were especially conspicuous in the halls of reception, and much hilarity, considering the bitter cold, was occasioned by the display of the Scottish kilt on the person of some child of—

“Caledonia stern and wild.”

The Princess Lancelotti and del Drago did the honours with inborn gracefulness, and all things passed off satisfactorily.—This being Christmas eve, will account for the brevity of my letter. The festival of this hallowed night is to be held with unwonted solemnity and liturgical magnificence in the basilica of St. Mary Major on the Esquiline. It is probable that the Pontiff, whose charitable donations have been this week on a scale of unusual *largesse*, and whose presence, during these

sacred rites, in the midst of his people must endear him to all classes, will regain any amount of popularity which the shadow of this unlucky hat may have lost him.

LETTER XXVII.

Rome, January 2.

I SEE advertised in the usual form, and noticed by the *Spectator*, a book entitled "Christmas in Rome," by some reverend American "stranger," whose views of men and things here seem rather jaundiced, to judge from the glimpse therein given. Rome cannot be understood by a Jonathan fresh from his conventicle. He cannot appreciate immemorial usages; no *carmen sæculare* brings to his ear the periodical mirth of centuries; for him in vain descends from Præneste and the Sabine hills the accustomed bagpiper picturesquely dight, *tibicen* of the festival; in vain the grim wild boar's head (on the shambles round the Pantheon) exhibits between his tusks the suggestive lemon; the milkwhite kid, bedecked with red berries, hangs alongside in unappreciated contrast; and the linen tunic in which the Roman butcher stands arrayed,

strikes not his eye as the exact costume of the old sacrificial functionary. The chesnut roaster at each street corner is in vain surrounded by merry customers; while beggary itself looks jocular. Such people should remain to mess at their huge boarding-houses in the Broadway, eschew the *via sacra*, and never know the taste of a fig-pecker, (so to Anglicise thy sweet name,) oh, rare bird! bonny "Byronian" *becca-fica*!

The religious celebrations of the hallowed time were held with unexampled pomp and solemnity, with pealing anthem, loud hosanna, wax lights, frankincense, and innumerable throng. Large alms were collected for the sufferers of the late inundation, and the worshippers at the British church, outside the gate, contributed munificently.

On Wednesday, 29th, Pius IX. mounted his horse and rode off towards Ostia to inspect, personally, the ravages of the river in the low grounds below Rome. A select group of Roman cavaliers formed the Sovereign's escort, and that day his Holiness explored a circuit of 30 miles, giving everywhere orders for employment, pointing out tracts for drainage, and raising the wages of the labouring peasantry along his ride. Some of his equestrian *cortège* were hard pushed to keep up

with the Pontiff, and, probably, remember their excursion yet. On that evening the students of the English college gave, after their annual dramatic performance, a grand supper in the library hall to their friends in Rome; Sir William Miller, Scott Murray, M.P., Rev. Cambell Smith, (Chamberlain to his Holiness,) Rev. H. Newman, Revs. G. Ryder and Talbot, Revs. F. Amherst and F. Mahony, MM. Langdale, Radcliffe, Chomley, Petre, &c., &c. The student painters, sculptors, and architects of the three kingdoms, to the number of forty, assembled at their Christmas dinner the next day, in the great hall of Bertini; Prout, pen and ink artist, in the chair.

The students of the university (*Sapienza*) having expressed a wish to that effect, the Pontiff has granted a new chair of political economy, and three other professorships are in contemplation. Several obnoxious and jobbing police functionaries were dismissed yesterday to begin the year; and nothing could exceed the numbers and enthusiasm of the host assembled before the Quirinal Palace windows on Monte Cavallo, to wish his Holiness the compliments of the season. When Pius appeared on the balcony, the shouts rent the welkin, and as a cloud seemed to approach, his

Holiness put on his hat, and motioned to the uncovered multitude to do likewise : the few drops of rain which had suggested this apparently trivial kindness, were sufficient to intimate deeper care for their welfare, and no "hatti-sherif" of eastern romance ever elicited such heartfelt applause.

LETTER XXVIII.

Rome, January 14.

YESTERDAY afternoon there was, as usual, an immense concourse assembled in the great church of St. Andrèa della Valle, to hear the Wednesday sermon of Padre Ventura, General of the Theatines, and by far the most eloquent of our Roman orators. Some delay ensued, when a taller and more majestic personage was observed to move through the crowd towards the pulpit : and soon the well-known and well-beloved figure of the Sovereign stood recognizable by the gladdened multitude, and Pius IX. it was who spoke. "His heart was so full with the varied emotions resulting from the position he had been placed in by Providence in their regard, that he must give public utterance to what he felt ; therefore had

he come to commune with his people after the manner of olden days; and first, he would thank them with the warmest effusion of heart for the transcendent manifestation of their loyalty and devotion upon the Quirinal Hill at the opening of the year, and at various times since the dawn of his pontificate; a revival of old Roman reverence for the chair of St. Peter, however now inadequately filled. The best return he could make would be by a renewal of his efforts for their welfare, political as well as religious; for the latter especially, as immeasurably the nearer and dearer to his breast." The Pope then went with the utmost simplicity and manly good sense into the details of practical improvements which he desired to see effected in the individual conduct of his hearers, touching on most of the popular vices, and urging with all the fervour of the ancient homilies a thorough moral reform in his auditory. His address, which lasted scarce half an hour, was of course listened to with breathless attention, and then the usual evening service was resumed. This occurrence was quite unlooked for, though my previous letters must have prepared you for something similar.

In the morning of yesterday a meeting was

held (in the circular Hall of Sculpture at Vescovalis,) of British residents in Rome, for the purpose of collecting funds for the destitute and starving Irish. The assembly was sufficiently numerous, and the proceedings unanimous and cordial. Mr. Halford, the Bristol banker, was in the chair, supported by Mr. S. Gurney, Jun., of London, Captain Packenham, R.N., Colonel Bryan, Mr. Herbert of Mucruss Abbey, Mr. Folliott, of Fermanagh, Sir Francis Hopkins, J. Reade, Esq., Mr. Bruen, of Carlow, and a respectable assemblage of your countrymen. Mr. Whiteside, of the Irish bar, opened the case, and made a powerful appeal; others followed, and the rector of the Irish College, P. Cullen, by his deputy, hinted at proceedings to be adopted by his brother churchmen in Rome for rendering the collection general through the city. Several hundreds were subscribed, and a creditable sum will no doubt be forthcoming.

LETTER XXIX.

Rome, January 21.

OUR new governor, Grazzolini, has addressed himself in earnest to the work of social reform. His first effort is arduous enough, no less than an attempt to extirpate the old cancer of mendicity which has long disfigured Rome. Florence had shown, early in this century, what could be effected by an intelligent government to discourage, and ultimately uproot, the mendicant system from the midst of an industrious and thrifty population; but the difficulties to encounter in this city are far more formidable; and therefore success will be, if achieved, a paramount triumph of administrative capacity. The process is deserving of attentive study, for obvious reasons just now. For some days the active agents of Roman police were constituted into an army of observation, and the various haunts of eleemosynary practitioners were accurately mapped out. No alarm was given; but at the close of the last week several simultaneous and well-directed *razzias* were made on the astonished natives of beggardom, and near

400 of the more prominent male and female characters carried off to the several depôts prepared for their reception. Church-door corners and favourite thoroughfares were suddenly bereft of their immemorial sentinels; and the vested interest of each ragged incumbent set at nought. Rigid inquiry at each depôt quickly brought out the long-suspected fact, that not one-twentieth of them were natives of the city, but had been attracted hither from all quarters by the almsgiving renown of this capital. In return for alms so given, an immense amount of vice was shown to be imported among the native poor, with inveterate habits of the vilest hypocrisy. Means of conveyance forthwith were found for these unbidden guests, and some hundreds of them are now on their road homewards, specially recommended to the village or municipal authorities, who are made responsible for their non-return. Accompanied with a land-tax on the great estates of the Roman nobles, for their support or employment, this measure will greatly relieve the city; though it may not be so palatable to the Piombinos, Rospigliosi, Ruspoli, Chigi, Borghese, and other leviathan landholders, who would much prefer the practice of ostentatious alms-giving in Rome

to the compulsory and inglorious payment of extra labourers on their farms.

To one accustomed here, a walk through the leading streets of this town yesterday, without having to "run the gauntlet" of the usual professionals, was a real novelty. New Rome might be described in the graphic words of Scott's "Andrew Fairservice," when eulogising Glasgow cathedral; which appeared to *him* "all the better for being cleansed of popish *eedols*," and made, by John Knox, "*as clowse as a cat when the fleas are kempt off her!*" Tastes differ as to picturesque effect, not merely with reference to the aforesaid *eedols*, but with regard to the fixt attendance of a goodly row of mendicants at the porch of Christian churches. Long ago Chrysostom boasted that *Pagan* palaces and temples might bedeck their porticoes with graceful statuary, but the maimed, the lame, and the blind, were the proper ornaments, metopes and triglyphs of an orthodox peristyle. This Byzantine standard of art may not be quite infallible, though Raphael, in his cartoon of the "beautiful gate," has introduced the lame beggar of Scripture with a skilful eye to contrast. But as the business of our governor is merely with social amelioration,

the picturesque and archæological part of this subject may be safely left to Mr. Pugin.

The annual ceremony of blessing the cattle at the porch of St. Antonio, on the Esquiline, which during the present week keeps all the ostlers and *vetturini* of Rome alive with excitement, as well as the blessing of two milk-white lambs at the church of St. Agnes, which interests all the young ladies from England, and took place this morning, are topics which the rude pen of a matter-of-fact writer had, perhaps, better eschew also. The former of these yearly transactions may, however, be looked at, not alone in a sentimental or æsthetic point of view, but as an exhibition of the native breed of horses, a kind of Roman Tattersall's. Very little has been done, and very much might be accomplished, for the improvement of what Frenchmen call *la race chevaline* in these parts. A few of the nobility attend to their studs, having nothing else to do; but the great mass of the working quadrupeds are miserably underbred, though the vast estates into which this territory is divided afford peculiar facilities for rearing a superior stock of cavalry. The introduction of the Chesterfield fox-hounds has given some impulse to the breeding of saddle-horses in the Cam-

pagna; and the new facility afforded by the Peninsular Company's steam communication direct between Civita-Vecchia and Southampton may bring more English blood into the breed. The good friars' blessing can do the beasts no harm, nay, may tend to humanise the ferocity of their masters, who can scarcely ill-treat the recipient of St. Antonio's benison; as such, this ceremony ought to be patronised by the "Animal's Friend Society," who might possibly get up a branch establishment for the benefit of London cabmen, or prevail on some benevolent rector (say your brilliant editorial fellow-labourer, George Croly) to give the metropolitan cattle a benefit at the Elephant and Castle.

A beggar on horseback is considered in England a rare combination: but a centaur of this kind was to be seen here on the Pincian hill, in the shape of a robust cripple, who rode in daily from his country seat, and, dismounting, took up his position on the great stairs of the Trinita, riding off *gravis ære domum* at eve. I see him now from my window, his donkey being tethered to the accustomed tree. His is a torso as finely developed as that in the Vatican, with a voice to match. I rejoice to find *he* has escaped the *razzia*, being a

fellow of infinite drollery: he is in sooth the mighty P(query D)an of our Roman beggars. He has given his daughter 1,000 crowns dowry.

I have nothing further to notice, save the arrival here of Mrs. Jameson, who, with Lady Charlotte Bury, and Mrs. Butler, adds to our collection this year of female literary celebrities. I notice the presence of the first of these ladies in Rome with particular pride, as I learn it is her purpose to apply her wondrous intellectual powers (combined with the most refined female instinct) to the investigation of the hidden soul of our early monuments of Christian art, in painting as well as sculpture. A volume from *her* on the true spirit of our Italian protoglyphic remains cannot fail to interest deeply and permanently the artistic world of Europe. The subscription for Irish famine goes on prosperously; the Pope and Cardinal Frasoni giving it a strong impulse. Ventura and the Bishop of Montreal preach in its favour this week.

LETTER XXX.

Rome, January 28.

OUR latest lion here is Richard Cobden, fresh from a banquet given him by the merchants of Genoa. I fear he will find little scope in these parts for the development of free-trade propagandism; unless, indeed, he apply his ingenious mind to the effecting of a free intercourse with Great Britain in the matter of diplomatic relations,—a topic of more vital consequence to the future prospects of the empire than seems to be generally understood among men of reputed foresight. The disaffected portion of your Irish fellow-subjects are fully alive to the importance of free trade between England and the Vatican; and hence the violent howl from that quarter at the very mention of this “delicate” question. As to mere commercial interchange until the Romans have something besides beads and cameos to barter with us, there must be a pause of some duration; a few statues of modern make, with some old “noseless blocks” of antique

produce, will scarce make up a return cargo. The little town of Massa di Carara, in the Modenese territory, exports more sculpture, as well as unwrought marble, than the whole Roman states; but as you received from me, last year a complete account of our domestic and foreign trade, showing (from authentic sources of no easy access) a large balance of imports over the exports, and a decisive proof of the non-productive condition of our native industry, I shall not recapitulate what is there fully set forth. In spite of our immense rural resources, and natural capabilities, we are in Rome, essentially a mere *consuming* population. One fact, which I somehow forgot to mention last March, tells our whole story: we send out annually to our Neapolitan neighbours about 100,000 skins of the kid who disports himself on our hills, and the calf who ruminates on our meadows, and we receive parchment back in return, with half a million pairs of kid gloves, which we might as well make at home. In truth, we have nothing to give in barter for colonial or manufacturing produce, of which we have nevertheless considerable *consumption*; and our case is exactly that of the Irish sea-

port described by one of your Irish poets, with more suggestive wisdom than he gets credit for:—

“ There are ships from Cadiz,
And from Barbadoes,
But the leading trade is
In whisky punch.”

As to *corn* (in which breadstuff we might pay for all our foreign wants,) until the system of *entail* is destroyed, and the *mortmain* of monasteries and hospitals broken up, and a redistribution of land takes place, no surplus will be grown for exportation.

You will be naturally curious to learn how the grand experiment of uprooting mendicity from Rome, described fully in my last, has been found to answer. Hitherto the attempt appears very successful, and street-begging has, if not disappeared, assumed a very different attitude. The genuine Roman beggar was proverbially the most insolent and importunate of the whole tribe; the *Irus* of Homeric days was but a faint prototype of the class. To receive your alms seemed his right, and he pursued you like a bailiff armed with a warrant for exaction. These marauders have been captured and impounded: the highway now is clear to all: but there remain a few stragglers in the byeways,

“ *Pauca tamen subeunt veteris vestigia fraudis,*”—

principally composed of cripples and blind men, whose demeanour is subdued, and who merely rattle a tin canister filled with a few seed *bajocchi*. The grand staircase of the *Trinità* exhibits a specimen or two, but not as it did of old, in such numbers as to rival the famous “*nix mangiare* steps” of Malta. The late Tom Hood described *his* blind man as “a figure in *alto rilievo* who sought further relief;” as an instance of the “*clair obscur*, being seldom blind to his own interest;” as a “human canister tied to a dog’s tail:” and as a “Venetian blind” being pulled up and down by a string. But it is very remarkable that no one ever saw a blind man in Rome led about by a dog. Such an expedient never seems to have occurred to the natives here, or if the idea struck them it seems to have been rejected with scorn. Possibly the dogs here are not endowed with the instinct necessary to be entrusted with the guidance of a “dark” man; but the fact is, that each sufferer from “gut serene,” or other “dim suffusion,” takes good care to secure the services of a strapping young woman, or a full grown lad, whose whole time is given to the patient, and, of course, lost to the community. This is decidedly a more

dignified style of thing than if dependent on a mere quadruped; or, as Virgil has it:

“Canibus data præda Latinis.”

And as we are on the subject of dogs, I may as well notice some particulars of the habits of this animal in connexion with the general subject. Louis Bonaparte (Prince of *Canino*), brother-in-law of Mr. Wyse, and rival of Charles Waterton in knowledge of brute instincts, has drawn the attention of naturalists to the system of life pursued by the dogs of Rome. You are aware that little sewerage exists here, except the *cloaca maxima*; and that having no regular dustmen or street-contractors, the inhabitants are accustomed to throw out the garbage and refuse of their houses, which is deposited generally in some blind corner appointed for that purpose by the police, and decorated with a large inscription on the wall, IMMON-DEZZAIO; *i. e.* “rubbish shot here.” It appears that though several hundreds of these established depôts exist in Rome, not one is unappropriated, but has become by usurpation or regular transfer, the fee-simple of some particular dog, who will not suffer his rights of *flotsam* and *jetsam* to be invaded by any squatter or new comer, but rules supreme master of the dung-heap he has acquired.

Some cases of copartnership in a dirt corner have been observed, but generally with brothers on the death of the parent ; and desperate battles occur occasionally about “ fixity of tenure,” as in Tipperary. The unsuccessful claimant, on ejectionment, has no resource but the general run of the streets :

“ Heu ! magnum alterius frustra spectabit acervum !”

I know not whether these details be considered sublime enough for your perusal ; but they may furnish you with an humble illustration of the famous con-acre system of Ireland, as patronised by the patriotic landlords of that model community.

Gibson has just received an intimation from her Majesty (through Lady Canning) that he may forward for public exhibition, next May, the truly graceful and classic statue of our Queen, which we here cannot sufficiently admire. The Duke of Devonshire has just come back from Naples. Our subscription here for the poor Irish amounts already to over 2,000*l*.

LETTER XXXI.

Rome, February 4.

IN addition to the sum of about 2000*l.*, contributed by natives and visitors of this metropolis, for the moribund population of Ireland, there is an announcement to-day of a grand subscription ball, to be given in the Senators' Halls, in the Roman Capitol. 'Tis many a century since this classic citadel was visited by *Brennus*, whom the "Nation" claims as one of its own Celtic chieftains; but it seems never too late to acknowledge an old obligation. The resident nobility, ably seconded by his Grace of Devonshire, are most active in promoting this kindly effort.

The new Governor pursues his career of town reforms, taking Florence still for his model. In that city, until some years ago, as in ours, in rainy weather the streets were, at stated intervals, enlivened by miniature cataracts from projecting spouts, which sometimes discharged a volume of water equal to "*la Pisse-vache*" in Switzerland, and washed an occasional footman bodily from behind a carriage. All these memorials of mediæval

architecture are to be forthwith removed at the sole expense of the house proprietors, who are not allowed to charge their tenants with a farthing cost; the eaves-droppings are to be conveyed in pipes within one foot of the ground.

Cases of suicide are proverbially rare in Rome; whether there be anything in the *genius loci* adverse to the commission of the "rash act," or whether the aspect of our mouldering ruins has something soothing to the mind diseased, I do not profess to say. It is certain that an old Roman General felt resigned to his defeat while seated amid the ruins of Carthage, who would, probably, have fallen on his own sword in a gayer locality; and as a French poet observes—

" Et ces deux grands débris se consolaient entr'eux."

It is matter of statistic truth that in this "city of the soul" to which "the orphans of the heart" have resorted long before the days of Byron, self-murder has ever been of rare occurrence. Two days ago, however, the Piazza di Spagna was the scene of a strange transaction. An author of several treatises on educational matters, who had lived some years in London and Paris, where his name is probably not forgotten, Angelo Cerutti, after spending the last few months in com-

posing his autobiography, which fills two octavo volumes, and having caused supplies of his work to be distributed for sale at the various booksellers' shops throughout the city, on the morning of the 2nd instant ordered a number of billstickers to placard all Rome with the title of the said autobiography, "*scritta lui vivente*;" and while they were executing his job in all directions, he quietly at noon blew his brains out.

For the information of some of your metropolitan rectors of parishes, whose pious wrath, in the refusal of sepulchral rites, is wreaked on the relatives of the departed, I hasten to acquaint you that in Rome, by a decree of Pope Benedict XIV., suicides are declared to be, by the very act, proven madmen; and, as such entitled, as well as dying lunatics, to the full benefit of Christian burial, and are here buried accordingly.

LETTER XXXII.

Rome, February 8.

I FEAR Austrian influence in Roman affairs is but "scotched, not killed." The old serpent seems yet lively enough, and twines itself round the high priest and his ministers after the Laocoon fashion. Last week afforded a case in point. At the instigation of the Kaiser's embassy here, a domiciliary visit was made at the shop of the liberal bookseller, Nattali, and all his stock in trade overhauled in the most unceremonious style. The murder at last was found out: and what d'ye think came uppermost? Six hundred copies of a pamphlet bearing the print mark of "Paris," and embodying the speech of Count Montalembert, in the French Peers, on the massacres of Galicia and Tarnow! Also a few copies of the eloquent Abbé Gioberti's political and religious essays, which do honour to Italian and Christian literature. The indignation of all honest men is aroused at this wanton inroad on the declared policy of Pius IX.; and it has neutralised to a great extent the effect of the late "sermon." In

every social meeting of every class the following "card" is circulated reflecting on this act of the new governor :

"LO STAMPATORE PERQUISITO A SUOI CONCITTADINI.

Fummo sotto il reo Marini

Minacciati e non feriti;

Sotto il probò Grassellini

Senza avizo siamo colpiti;

Spetta a voi Romani adesso

Guidicar qual sia il progresso!"

And, certainly, if the attention of Papal authority is directed towards rectifying the *press*, it might find other game besides the works and speeches of two most distinguished members of its own communion: men who combine, in *rare* conjunction, sincere faith with high intelligence and impressive logic. There is, for instance, a book which has a greater circulation in the Roman States than the New Testament, or Thomas à Kempis, called the "Book of Dreams," or the Oracle of the Government Lottery. Wheelbarrowfuls are sold to the populace at every fair, and it is often the only book in a whole village. The faith of credulous ignorance in this book is a most astounding fact; and no later than four days ago, at the drawing of the lottery, an instance of its infallibility was quoted in all the haunts of the

people. A labourer fell from the scaffolding of the new hospital in the Corso, and was killed on the spot; his fellow-workman left the corpse in the street, and ran to consult his "Book of Dreams." *Paura, sangue, cascata*, were the cabalistic words, whose corresponding *numbers* set forth therein he selected for his investment of fifteen bajocchi. On Saturday, his three numbers all came forth from the government urn, winning a prize of three hundred dollars.

Your noticing in print the absurd crusade against Montalembert's speeches and Gioberti's works, while such mischievous rubbish is allowed to poison the popular mind, will have proper effect here, as newspapers are diligently perused at head-quarters, the news-room copies being occasionally stopped, an evidence of over-sensitiveness. The subject of the infamous lottery system is, however, too vast for a casual notice, and deserves a separate letter: its degrading and immoral operation on every class of this pauper yet gambling community has been exposed by the best writers of Rome itself to no purpose hitherto. Sarcastic poetry has aimed its shaft of ridicule in vain; for the *pulpit*, alas! is not *allowed* to touch on the tabooed topic: at least so it was understood

under Marini's rule. You meet thousands in Rome who cannot read alphabetical characters, but I defy you to find a man, woman, or juvenile raggamuffin *for lottery purposes* ignorant of arabic numerals. Many were the squibs circulated during the pontificate of the late Gregory, under whom this mania had grown suicidal, for want of more wholesome excitement.

“ Evviva la legge
 Che il lotto mantiene!
 Il capo del gregge
 Ci vuole un gran bene:
 I mali, i bisogni
 Degli asini vede,
 E il fieno provvede
 Col libro dei sogni:”

which lines are happily capable of translation, though nothing is understood to gain by that process except a bishop:—

“ Bless the ‘book’ and the law of the lottery,
 And the ruler who regulates Rome;—
 As a proof that he has not forgot her, he
 Reprints for her people this ‘tome.’

O! ye donkeys of Tiber! how can ye all
 Join so, in dissatisfied bray,
 When ye’ve got to your minds in this manual
 Such a marvellous manger of hay.”

The carnival has begun brilliantly to-day.

LETTER XXXIII.

Rome, February 18.

THE Carnival, thank heaven, is over at last, and ten days of this uproarious tomfoolery, which with "manual wit" has superseded every rational sort of occupation, have come to a close. You will not expect me to describe the non-descript varieties of folly thus exhibited, though it would be easy to transcribe for that purpose several pages of Alexander Dumàs' "Count of Monte Christo," in which rhodomontizing romance the whole scene is graphically portrayed. To that work refer such of your friends as desire it; the frivolous to the flimsy.

Among all kinds of outlandish costumes reproducing the semblance of every foreign garb and gaberdine, people took no notice of something really striking and strange, viz., the entrance into Rome of the new Turkish ambassador and his suite of genuine Orientals. Most spectators took the solemn pageant for part of the general farce, and applauded the Sultan's envoy as a well got-up buffoonery, to the utter amazement of the grave

Ottoman. His Highness Shekib Effendi, amidst showers of confectionery and groups of dancing harlequins, proceeded with diplomatic gravity to his appointed residence, and there having spread his carpet and performed his ablutions, lit his pipe, and duly pondered on his reception in this holy city. What his musings were, may be left to the imagination.

The day after his arrival being Shrove Tuesday, was the culminating point of the previous day's fun; and rumour having acquainted the Romans with the real nature of the distinguished infidel's visit, crowds of masquers and gaily-filled chariots thronged under the windows of the turbaned plenipotentiary. There sat Shekib Effendi, playing his chibouk with imperturbable composure, having learnt from his attendants that the Christians were celebrating their "ramazan," and having sufficiently imbibed principles of toleration to look calmly on the devotional exercises of the Giaours. Reports were rife as to the costly presents which he was commissioned to offer the Pope on his reception, though different versions prevailed as to the precise nature of the gifts; some maintaining the value of a splendid jewelled pipe, others holding out for a priceless blade from

Damascus, while the learned advocated an illuminated MS. of the Kuran: shawls ruled highest with the fair Romans.

Meantime, in endless succession, carriage after carriage rolled under the balconies of the envoy; each brilliant equipage of gay masquers vying with the other in polite manifestations; flinging flowers and saccharine projectiles in token of recognition; to all which the Sublime Porte's representative "made no sign." It is related in Homer that, seated on the walls of Troy, old Priam got Helen to point out the distinguished Greeks as they fought in the distance round the beleaguered town. Had some "devil on two sticks" been at the Turk's elbow on the present occasion he might have performed a similar office in respect of some remarkable characters.

"Yonder respectable middle-aged gentleman, with a party of English ladies, O Shekib, is the Saib Robert el Gordon, brother of Aberdeen Efendi, both of which personages thou hast heard of in diplomacy. Saib Robert has been British Envoy in Germany, whither thou goest; but he now disports himself with the rest after the manner of the Romans. In the next chariot seest thou a young nobleman of flash appearance with a

black eye, got by a blow from an orange? That is one of the hereditary legislators of England, Ward Bey. Following him, driveth past in a dashing vehicle, the Prince of Syracuse, brother to the King of Naples, to Christina Munoz of Spain, to Caroline Lucchese Palli, and to Penelope Capua Smith. He appeareth to be, what I fear he is, a very snob of royalty. Next, in a hackney conveyance, sitteth a tall gaunt personage, alone, with a quid of tobacco inside his cheek; that, O Shekib, is Ben Polk of Naples, brother of 'Jeames,' the great sultaun of the Yan-kees. He always leaves his embassy and the lazzarone for Rome during Ramazan. Not very gifted is he in diplomatic accomplishments, but a true connoisseur in the famous transatlantic sherbet, sherry cobbler. Anon, cometh a striking figure, rather short, but manly, with a bushy beard and square forehead: 'tis the only clever remnant of the Buonaparte race, the intelligent Prince of Canino: profound as a sage, sportive as a boy. Dost thou notice the splendid equipage, with running footmen and tri-colour cockades? 'Tis Count Rossi, envoy of the Feringees, the only nation ably represented here. Yonder carriage, with the royal arms of Portugal, carries a masked personage. He would fain pass

for Don Miguel, formerly King of Lisbon: he is only the Don's valet, but very like his master. He can't impose on the public here, for we know that the real Miguel secretly left Rome on his way to Oporto, ten days ago."

Such would be the indications furnished to the inquiring Ottoman by a dispassionate eye-witness, who might also enter into details of many less known, but not less curiously interesting, private individuals; but as none but avowedly public characters—appearing as such in public—are legitimate subjects of comment, *non ragionam di loro, ma guarda e passa*.

The proceeds of the Irish relief ball, given on Monday last, amounted, after all expenses, to 300*l*. The attendance was most brilliant—and over 800.

The last news is the interview of the senior captain (Cacciari) of the Roman Civic Guard with the Pope, on the occasion of selecting a new colonel of that corps. After some discussion his Holiness asked, whether there would be any objection to his becoming a candidate for that office? Of course none; and consequently, to the great delight of the Romans, Pius IX. is gazetted to-day *Colonel of La Guardia Civica*.

LETTER XXXIV.

Rome, February 28.

THE Italians are gifted by nature with a high order of intelligence, and whenever the swathing bands by which their very infancy is enveloped are removed, their native energies are in immediate evidence. The growth of public spirit in Rome, within a few months, resembles the sudden exuberance of a Russian or Canadian summer. Among the clergy liberal opinions are professed with a marvellous enthusiasm, which, under the late Gregory, *di frattesca memoria*, would have not only barred all chance of promotion, but involved more serious consequences. The public journals teem with the effusions of clerical penmanship in favour of political reform. In yesterday's *Cotemporaneo*, so ably edited by the prelate Gazzola, the leading article is on the "liberty of the press;" and the same paper contains vigorous essays on the "right of petition," the necessity of a "penny postage," and the sacred duty of every citizen taking part in politics, "*il 'sveluppamento della vita publica.*" Gioberti's principles are

forcibly maintained in the teeth of Austria: the Jesuits—considered by public opinion here as the political tools of the retrograde faction, whose centre is Modena—are rather roughly handled, and it is clear that the secular priesthood leads the van in the march of political progress.

“Sir Ricardo Cobden,” as the Italian newspapers insist on calling him, was introduced this week to Pius IX. by Cardinal Fieschi, and had a prolonged interview with our Sovereign. The most distinguished of the Roman nobility vie with each other in doing honour to the English cotton-spinner. An edict went forth this week, opening the ports to foreign corn of every sort; which, though limited for the present, will no doubt be made a permanent measure. Gas-works are being organised; the railway board is actively engaged: the national guard is a favourite object of the Pope’s attention, and a splendid banner, sent them from the civic guard of Bologna in token of fraternisation, was this week solemnly acknowledged and hung up in the Capitol.

The birth-day of General Washington occurring last Monday, a grand banquet was held in the Hall of Bertini, at which nearly sixty citizens of the United States assembled, under the presidency

of their Neapolitan *chargé d'affaires*, Mr. Polk, junior, whose name is not unknown to your readers. Thirteen toasts were gone through with republican vigour and perseverance, not omitting "a successful termination to the Mexican War, with three cheers for General Taylor." Judge Welborn, of Georgia, was eloquent in showing how a visit to Europe only made his own countrymen all the prouder of their domestic institutions. "Hail, Columbia," and the "Star-spangled Banner," were performed on the pianoforte by Mr. Karsten; and the American gymnast, Signor Risley, (who has made a harvest in Rome,) volunteered an appropriate nigger dance, in honour of the father of freedom.

Such of your readers as have visited Rome, or have merely seen drawings of the porch of St. Peter's, with its ambidextrous semicircular colonnade, must recollect two statues of mediæval design, meant for Peter and Paul, standing on each side of the ascending steps before the portico. These two blocks of shapeless travertine might have harmonised with the Byzantine taste of the old basilica to which they belonged, but were a palpable eyesore in juxtaposition with the exquisite sculpture prevalent throughout the work of

Leo X. and his successors. Their limbs were stiff, their attitude awkward and clumsy, their antiquity undeniably venerable. Like many other of our time-honoured respectabilities, they have received notice to quit, and will be replaced before Easter by two marble statues of somewhat different taste, from the chisels of Fabris and Tadolini, the one director of the Belle Arti, the other a scholar of Canova. These modern productions are on a colossal scale; each figure is nearly twenty feet in height, though formed each of a single block from Carrara. Each cost 12,000 dollars, and both are now ready to be transported from the workshop on the Tiber, near St. Paul's, on the Ostian road. I have already alluded to the ill-judged expenditure of the late Pontificate in this pestilent swamp.

It was the intention of the late Pope to have added these two giant works to the other costly materials entombed in that remote spot, where a casual visitor might possibly admire and appreciate them; but the eminently practical and common-sense intellect of Pius took a different view of the matter; and thought them, if worth paying for, worth seeing by rich and poor without the trouble of a special pilgrimage. In Lucan's "*Pharsalia*," a Roman general is intro-

duced as indignant at the idea of Ammon's oracle being located in an African desert—an arrangement which did not accord with his notions of a provident Deity.

. . . . "Steriles neque legit arenas

Ut caneret paucis, mersitque hoc pulvere verum (pulchrum?)"

So thinks Pius. * * In placing these new statues, the Pope seems to have had an eye to avoiding the blunder of your famous Wellington arch-abomination. Previous to deciding, he ordered colossal drawings to be executed with proportionate pedestals, and had the whole erected *pro tem.* on the spot to be occupied. He would not depend on any eye but his own,—and his glance is unerring. The new Peter will wield his "keys" and the new Paul brandish his "sword of the Spirit" after a truly dignified fashion. Their dimensions will not be of the stunted character of their predecessors, but in full accordance with the dome before which they are to stand sentinel.

Talking of St. Peter reminds me of our Governor's answer to the remonstrances of M. Guizot and the Portuguese ambassador, on the late escape of Don Miguel: "*Our* keys are not those of a jailor."

At a late sitting of the Roman Archæological Society, Cavalier Campana—whose collection of Etruscan antiquities is the first in the world—gave some interesting details respecting a newly-discovered sepulchre of the Roman republican period, not far from the family vault of the Scipios at the Capena gate. The inscriptions record the entombment of several freedmen of Paulus Emilius and Julius Cæsar. Subsequently, there is record of the interment of Messalina's tiring-woman, among whose bones in the cinerary urn were found several gold hair-pins and broken jewellery; and also of a serving-maid of Cecilia Metella, with similar remnants of toilette. The "court physician" of Augustus, one Pindarus, is also recognizable for the first time; as is the unknown colleague of the consul, Sergius Lentulus, anno urbis 762, the marble on the *fasti consulares* of the Capitol being broken after his name. This colleague is now *ascertained* to have been one Junius Blesus, as was happily *conjectured* by some old scholiast. It also appears, from these inscriptions, for the first time, that there existed a Philharmonic Society in republican Rome, one of the interred being described as belonging to "*collegium symphoniacorum*." "We know so little

of classic music or its performers," says a correspondent, "that any hint is of value: be it therefore known that this amateur was a 'clasher of cymbals,' which may suggest the *strepitoso* character of these ancient concerts."

Since last night a snow storm of the most unusual description has suddenly come down on this capital and the whole Campagna, which is covered with an abundant fall. To me, looking out on this Pincian mount, there is but one tint visible from the Latin hills to the sea. The cupola of St. Peter's looks as if it were indebted to "Sir Ricardo Cobden" for a bran-new cotton night-cap.

LETTER XXXV.

Rome, March 8.

THE organisation of municipal institutions, and of a magistracy selected among the enlightened laity, has occupied the Sovereign's attention this week. Prince Corsini, Marquis del Bufalo, Vincenzo Colonna, and Camillo Borghese, have been named commissioners for the furtherance of these desirable reforms. But a far more vital measure

has been taken by his Holiness, and one likely to be far more practically useful in its effects on the social condition of his people. He has called together, at the Quirinal Palace, a numerous assembly of the principal landowners of the Roman territory, and, in a vigorous allocution, plainly told them that he would no longer tolerate individual neglect, in allowing so many broad acres to remain unproductive, and so many of his faithful peasantry to remain unemployed. He gave them notice that a vigilant eye would be kept on the management of the gigantic territorial districts confided to their care; denied that they might do as they liked with their own, while there existed hands unemployed and mouths unfed within the boundary of their estates; told them that if he found labourers in want of work on their properties, he would himself find occupation for them at the proprietors' expense; and finally dismissed the astonished feudal lords with a new, but firm, impression that duties as well as rights formed part of their landed inheritance. What he said, he is the man to *do*.

To understand the full value of this bold step on the part of Pius IX., besides exhibiting him as seeking the support of the people alone, without

reference to the suffrages of an effete aristocracy, it is necessary to know that five-sevenths of the whole population depend on agriculture, which forms the real resources of the kingdom. There are here three millions of inhabitants; and if the produce of the soil were equally distributed, each native of these dominions would be entitled to exactly 750lbs. weight of good available food; that is to say. our annual

Pastural and grazing produce amounts to.... 350,000,000lbs.

Grain of all sorts, rice, vegetables 1,900,000,000lbs.

Total lbs.....2,250,000,000

Now the surface of the country, hill and plain, has been ascertained to present, in the form of cultivated ground, an area of 16,071 square miles; while there remains in a state of neglect, though susceptible of culture, an extent of 1,315 square miles, in addition to only 731 quite incapable of improvement; presenting a total of 18,117 square miles. Your Irish “reproductive board” have here the means of comparison between the extent of their waste lands and ours; and, if a master’s grasp is put forth here to compel a lazy proprietary to exertion, ought not an iron grip to be laudably laid on the spendthrift squirearchy who have been for ages the curse of Ireland?

We have been amused here with accounts of a conspiracy among some friars at Ancona, to upset his Holiness; but the attempt would seem as hopeless as that alluded to in the Georgics:

“Et conjuratos cœlum rescindere fratres!”

Our newspapers give constant evidence of the bold and enlightened views held by political writers in Rome; and the wonder is, how so many accurate thinkers and vigorous penmen have contrived to bottle up their indignation during the last sixteen years. The *Cotemporaneo* of the 7th has a splendid “letter to the Pope,” signed by Gioberti, from Brussels, remarkable for freedom of speech and depth of philosophy. The *Italico* appears to be written by our first professors in law, medicine, and divinity. The *Pallade* is an artistic and utilitarian sheet. The old *Diario* crawls on as of old with imperturbable imbecility—a goose waddling among swans—and so fully is the mind of Rome satisfied with the new organs of recognised publicity, that an attempt to circulate a clandestinely printed journal, *La Sentinella del Campidoglio*, was put down by us all out of respect to the liberal Pontiff, who has set opinion free for the first time within papal memory. The *soi-disant* patriotism of irreligionists

and anti-socialists is at a discount in this peninsula, and all revolutionary abortions of the Carbonari school are at an end for ever. Every honest mind rallies, for hope, round Pius IX., and eschews the false oracles of demagoguism and its delusions. Our great lyric poet, Monti, can no longer give utterance to that bitter sentiment, which the spectacle of so many self-seeking and declamatory politicians extorted from him some years since :

“ Della patria l'amor santo e perfetto
Empie a mille la *bocca*—a dieci il *petto* !”

The rumoured demise of Mr. O'Connell raised a slight ripple on the surface of society here, and the principal effect was to attract visitors to Hogan's studio for a glance at the colossal model of the statue now placed in the Dublin Exchange. The *locale* which forms this sculptor's workshop, (once tenanted by Canova,) presents just now what may be termed a sort of Hibernian Walhalla. There stands the sainted effigy of the late Bishop Doyle, imploring divine mercy on a suppliant figure of ill-treated Erin, the right of whose impoverished children to legalised relief he argued in vain; the voice of hollow turbulence, alas!

prevailed over the honest accents of him whose crozier whilom swayed

“ Kildare’s holy shrine.”

There stands the statue of Drummond, who first directed the energies of Dublin Castle to the amelioration of the neglected peasantry. There beams the mild and kindly countenance of Archbishop Murray, ever averse to ecclesiastical strife and the unseemly exhibitions of political churchmen. Again, the allegoric figure of Erin clasps in fond embrace the bust of her aged patriot, Cloncurry. Close at hand, in a spacious monumental bas relief, Bishop Brinkley, of Cloyne, rests one hand on the celestial globe; while with the other, he turns over the pages of holy writ. From another quarter, the bust of Father Mathew looks forth redolent of Christian philanthropy: on the same shelf is seen the mirthful brow of Father Prout. Tom Steele himself has a niche in this Irish temple of celebrity, and truly somehow the cranium of the “head pacificator,” seems identified with the reading of the riot act. The late venerable Mr. Beamish, of Cork, as well as his meritorious partner, William Crawford, both models to any mercantile community, have their representations here, with several Murphies from that city, worthy

men and knowledgeable in their generation. The bust of the late Thomas Davis, who first turned the youthful intelligence of Ireland into pathways of manly independence and self-respect, was ordered last year by a vote of his grateful fellow-countrymen; but the funds have somehow or other been diverted to purposes more pleasing to "Old Ireland." Just at present the sculptor is engaged on a vast design, a sepulchral alto relievo, to the memory of the late Peter Purcell, the lamented founder of the Irish agricultural societies, who gave, for the first time, a practical direction to the spirit of association, long applied in Ireland to mere moonshine purposes, or the selfish aggrandisement of individual ambitions. The form of the deceased worthy is accurately, yet ideally, pourtrayed: he has fallen in the midst of his favourite pursuits. The plough is alongside the body of the departed husbandmen, a shepherd's dog guarding his feet, while the genius of agriculture, crowned with ears of corn, presents a palm-branch from above to the votary of food-creating industry. Alas!

*"Quid labor aut benefacta juvant? Quid vomere terras
Invertisse graves? . . . it tristis (Hibernus) arator,
Mærentem abjungens PURCELLI mortējuvenum
Atque opere in medio defixa relinquit aratra."*

LETTER XXXVI.

Rome, March 13.

FOR the last few days rumours of all kinds have been afloat respecting a serious misunderstanding between the Austrian ambassador and our government. It appears that positively the envoy of Austria has gone so far as to demand his passports, which the Pope has ordered to be placed at his disposal at his earliest convenience. Much joy is expressed in every circle of society at this rupture, and an incubus seems to have been taken off the whole social body. It is added that the recent conspiracy at Ancona had something to do with the affair, and also that a formal demand had been made by our government to the effect that the foreign garrison which now occupies Ferrara should be forthwith withdrawn, no necessity existing for its continuance, but, quite the contrary: a regular quarrel is inevitable, and the [sooner matters come to a crisis the better.

We have nothing of a more striking character to report. Our Sovereign has brought back the days of the great and good Haroon el Reschid,

and goes about incognito investigating abuses and relieving distress. A paragraph in the *Roman Advertiser* gives an account of a visit paid to the "Ragged Schools" of Rome, originally founded by some pious *laymen*, and which the clergy have since taken in hand. Would that all the unoccupied friars of Rome, (amounting to 800,) had the grace to employ their leisure in imparting instruction to the ignorant multitudes of children by whom they are surrounded.

There was found yesterday (what is an exceedingly rare occurrence here,) the dead body of a poor drunkard in the classic basin of the *Fontana di Trevi*, which is the water used by the select classes of Roman citizens. Much horror is felt by delicate persons at the unheard-of circumstance. Possibly it may have been a victim of revenge or jealousy, but as we have no Wakley here to coronise the corpse, the mystery must remain unrevealed*.

* The *actual* in life warrants, more than is generally thought, the fanciful fictions of the best "imaginative writers:" allow me to quote you.—*Ex. Gr.*

"And her father?" inquired the poetic Snodgrass. "Remorse and misery," replied the Stranger. "Sudden disappearance—talk of the whole city—search made—fountain in the great square suddenly ceased playing—weeks elapsed; still a stoppage—workmen to clean it—water drawn off—father-in-law discovered stick-

Not a little disgust has been felt in ecclesiastical circles on receipt of the last Lenten pastoral of Dr. M'Hale, dated February 15, contrasted, as it necessarily is, with the mild and considerate tone of similar official documents here. It appears that he inveighs amid Irish famine against the "soup establishments with which this country is about to be inundated;" talks about "breaking down the fences of discipline!" and sapiently adds that "this soup, without affording sufficient nutriment, has just as much of the juice of meat as would fill the poor with REMORSE!" An Indian fakir on the banks of the Ganges might be supposed to howl forth such ravings, not a Christian teacher. Last year, it is well remembered here, that the same individual ascribed, in his Lenten address, the potato rot to the Bill for endowing provincial academies for the middle classes.

A new journal has appeared this week, dedicated to medical science; it is called, somewhat quaintly, *L'Esculapio del Tevere*. You will probably see copied from the *Presse* an account of Don Miguel's

ing head first in the main pipe, with a full confession in his right boot—took him out, and the fountain played away again, as well as ever."—*Pickwick Papers*, chap. ii.

escape, *aided by an English Colonel B***!* There has been no English colonel here to answer that indefinite description. Colonel Bunbury is innocent of the soft impeachment, and the French, apparently, must needs have John Bull's finger in every dirty pie. Our English steamer, the Peninsular Company's Tiger, was run foul of the other day on the Tuscan coast by one of the French government ships. No person injured however.

LETTER XXXVII.

Rome, March 18.

THE Austrian Ambassador appears to have reconsidered the matter of his threatened departure, and, much to the chagrin of the public here, has chosen to remain. Some compromise was immediately suspected to have taken place, and some retrograde movement on the part of the Papal Cabinet was anticipated; nor was the alarm without foundation, as the events of the last few days have given evidence. On Tuesday an edict came out suddenly, and took every one by surprise: a heavy stamp tax is thereby laid on our NEWSPAPERS! and a rigid censorship is

announced, under terms of apparent liberality. There is some laudatory phraseology about the press in general, of which popes and bishops are stated to be, if not the inventors, at least the principal promoters; the edict goes on to talk of, even "*la honesta libertà della stampa*," but it only crowns the victim with a few flowers of speech previous to immolation. There can be no mistake about it. Austria has obtained the suppression of public opinion in the journals of Rome, the only free utterances in the whole Peninsula: and Cardinal Gizzi has sold his country, and the fair prospects of Italy, for a grim smile from the idiot Vandal at Schönbrunn.

That the Secretary of State alone is to blame in this foul concession, is the opinion of all Rome. The Pope is supposed to have been kept in ignorance of the intended blow, and hence the firm determination on the part of the public *not* to submit to this return of old tyranny. A public meeting of the proprietors, editors, and printers of the sixteen journals published in this city, was held yesterday at the office of the *Contemporaneo*, and it was unanimously resolved, that "*not a single newspaper should be published in Rome until the revocation of the offensive edict.*"

The Marquis of Azelio attended, and spoke in indignant terms of the servile act of the government, as did Monsignor Gazzola, with Professors Mazi and Gigli, editors of the *Cotemporaneo*; Professor Generali, editor of the *Saggiatore* (Essayist); Doctor Pompili, of the *Fanfulla*; Pinto, of the *Italico*; Cerotti, of the *Giurisprudenza*; and Professor Morelli, of the *Roman Advertiser*. An energetic address to the Pontiff was resolved on, and received thirty signatures of editorial representatives on the spot. To-day an adjourned meeting takes place, and is going on while I write; a crowd of upwards of three hundred printers, with their wives and children, are about to march up to the Quirinal Palace; and such an "agitation" prevails as no one could have foreseen, in a country so newly initiated in the blessings of freedom.

I send you the original of this precious edict. I feel such a loathing at the sight of the disgraceful document, that I cannot bring myself to translate it. The copies affixed as usual about Rome have been all torn down during last night; and some supposed emissaries of Austria have torn off the Papal escutcheon from the Post-office, in order to mix up, if possible, the

fair fame of Pius with that of the offending Gizzi.

I have confidence that our Sovereign will instantly revoke this blundering act of his minister. The press of Europe is, after all, the main support of Pius and of his reforms. Of this I have reason to know, that his Holiness is fully aware, and that no churchman has so keenly appreciated that mighty modern revolution through which the pulpit itself has been so effectually superseded by the printing machine. The only result of the edict of yesterday (which may, if not annulled, prove as disastrous as the Jesuit Letellier's revocation of the Edict of Nantes) would be the circulation of clandestine publications like the *Sentinella del Campidoglio*, of which I spoke in a previous despatch, besides a host of irreligious broad-sheets printed in Switzerland, and smuggled, during Gregory's sway, in thousands among the people.

My mind is so full of this vexatious matter, that I can scarce think of any news for you. I may mention, however, that since the *public* holding of criminal courts (a gracious reform of our new monarch), the able Irish barrister, Mr. Whiteside, Q.C., has been a constant attendant

on the sessions, and, I trust, on his return, he will give you the benefit of his experience in Roman law, as laid down by Bartoli, *our* "Coke upon Littleton." Prince Borghese has shut up his splendid gallery, and discharged all the custodes thereof, because some unscrupulous amateur of the stiff school of art has helped himself to a valuable specimen of Pietro Perugino. Accounts from Florence represent the Grand Duke as affrighted beyond measure at the freedom of public opinion in the Roman press, and he, doubtless, aided Austria in getting the new edict from Gizzi. Every southern and northern despot feels that the battle of human progress is to be fought at Rome, and *we* all feel the truth of that notion. *Here* the banner of reform must be unfurled to rally the millions of hereditary bondsmen. *Sig-nifer hic statue signum! hic optimé manebimus.* (*Vide Livy.*)

LETTER XXXVIII.

Rome, March 27.

THE struggle between the Roman newspapers and Austrian interference, of which we had reached the crisis when I wrote last, has just terminated in the total discomfiture of Metternich and the triumph of the press. The "edict," forced on the pusillanimous Gizzi, has, thanks to the firm attitude of our local editors, become a dead letter; and yesterday all our journals came out fresh and vigorous as ever, without the ghost of a "government stamp," and evincing no trace of meddling censorship. The *Cotemporaneo*, at the head of the public instructors, shows redoubled energy from its short repose, and contains articles of an eloquence and ability which the Parisian *Débats* has seldom exhibited. I transmit you yesterday's number. It is understood that no change will be attempted in matters of public journalism "for the present year," and such a concession to the late out-burst of opinion is quite tantamount to a final settlement. It is a point of etiquette tacitly understood in Rome, that no

edict once promulgated can be formally repealed, however it may be suffered to lie dormant: for instance, the late Governor Marini issued an ukase against fox-hunting in the Campagna, according to which the horse and his rider are still liable to fine and confiscation; yet the hounds meet twice a week, and the whipper-in is reckless; *habemus contra te Catalinam senatus consultum vehemens et grave; verùm tanquam gladium in vaginâ reconditum!*

Last night, another kindly effort was made to aid the life struggle in Ireland, and produced a thousand dollars. Adelaide Kemble (Sartoris), in unison with a number of amateurs, German, Russian, and Italian, got up an extemporaneous concert; and the Spanish Envoy at this court flung open the long deserted halls of the once gorgeous palace of his national embassy for their reception. Lord Ward paid for the lights, and Earl Compton sang, as did Countess Calergi, De Rougemont, Prince Wolkonsky, Count Castlebarco, and Miss Brown, of Mayo. Nearly three hundred years ago, in these identical saloons, Olivarez and the general (of the Jesuits) Aquaviva organised the rebellion of Hugh O'Neil, in Ulster; and here the "blessing" of the Spanish Armada

was concocted. The same roof looked down last night on somewhat more creditable proceedings.

Pius IX., whose popularity flags not among the lower and middle classes, does not meet with the same enthusiasm among the selfish and worthless "nobles," who have for ages preyed on the vitals of this land without exhibiting a particle of the qualities by which their forefathers bought their honours and distinctions; it is true that some of these Roman Patrician families *at no period* produced any great men, but merely gained wealth and an hereditary position from the accidental elevation of a Pope, whose stupid nepotism became a mine of inexhaustible revenues to his lucky relatives. Some very prominent and very frivolous leaders of fashionable life here will recognise themselves in this description. Not of this origin, however, is the family whose mansion the Pope honoured last week with a visit, being the first time he has paid such a compliment to any of his private subjects. Prince Massimo, though an indifferent postmaster, is unquestionably one of the best born and truest gentlemen in Rome, being an undoubted descendant of the sole surviving Fabius out of the 300 who marched to Cremera; and through Fabius Maximus and a line of

known consuls and subsequent magistrates of this city, traceable in every link to the present day. Mabillon, Litta, and Cardinal Mai, have each in turn elucidated this unrivalled genealogy, so as to defy cavil. But if anything were wanting to corroborate the testimony of parchments and marble inscriptions, the experience of every traveller from Civita Vecchia, or Florence, might be appealed to as to the slow-coach system prevalent under the present functionary, whose kinsmanship to the great *Cunctator* is thereby invincibly proven.

Lieutenant-General Sir Dugald Gilmour died here on the 25th. He had fought at Quiberon, Copenhagen, Corunna, Talavera, Busaco, Nivelles, and Toulouse, and was Colonel of the 2nd Rifles. He lies with Keats and Shelley. To their grave the finger of glory points steadily, as it may to his now.

Gibson's statue of the Queen sails in the *Tiger* from Civita Vecchia for Southampton, on the 9th of April. The rules of your Academy are not so stringent in point of time as to preclude her Majesty's entrance through the portals after they are closed by regulation. If you are over scrupulous on the point, so much the worse for yourselves.

The Prince of Canino talks of visiting England by the same conveyance, and the convenience of this new line of the Peninsular and Oriental boats is beginning to be generally appreciated throughout Italy.

LETTER XXXIX.

Rome, April 3.

THIS solemn week has "given pause" to all sublunary things, and the public of Rome, as well as the floating population of pilgrims from every clime, have devoted themselves exclusively to the observances of the ritual and the immemorial pomps of the Catholic rubric, carried on not without due admixture of exquisite music and soul-stirring anthems. Many whose sympathies could hitherto never be awakened by these outward ceremonies, looked on by them as only tending to exalt a domineering priesthood in the eyes of an ignorant crowd, have this year mingled in the throng, out of pure regard for our truly enlightened and benevolent pontiff, and, entering into the true spirit of the mystic liturgy, have ceased to scoff; in more than one instance, the

"*Parcus deorum cultor et infrequens*"

has remained to pray.

Cobden's visit to Naples, though unattended by any public display (the lazzaroni government being afraid of liberal speeches, such as were delivered in Rome and Genoa after the banquet), elicited, nevertheless, the true feeling of public opinion in that capital. No less than 119 cards of important personages from every class in society were left at his residence.

The vacant mitre of Milan (involving also a red hat) has not been yet conferred, and occasions much conjecture here, as well as throughout Lombardy. People are curious to know whether Austria will have the impudence again to present a German for the Pope's sanction, as the successor of Ambrose, and head of the Ambrosian rite in northern Italy. Old Gaysrûch, the late cardinal, was almost forgiven his barbaric origin for the hearty good will he bore his adopted country during so many years. But another transalpine prelate will not be on a bed of roses in Milan.

I forward you the Roman papers of to-day: you will find the vigour and eloquence of the *Cotemporaneo* unabated: the leading article on "The invincible power of public opinion" is up to the mark of your best public instructors. You will also find an account of the old peasant who, 40

years ago, saved the life of Pius IX., about to perish in an Italian river (the Metaurus of old fame), and how it fared with him in Rome, where he had been taken up in the late *razzia* which swept away all the beggars.

I see in a leading article of the *Times* of to-day, that a British embassy in Rome is become a desideratum with the thunderer. It was high time to find out that diplomatic want, and never too late to urge a remedy. Sir Robert Gordon was presented last week to his Holiness by the *Hanoverian* envoy! Our late ambassador at the court of Vienna must have felt rather awkward at such a solecism in European public manners.

The same journal informs its readers that France, through Count Rossi, has taken the Pope under its surveillance, and won't allow him to go on too fast in his career of reform. Happily, he does not depend on the Tuilleries for support, but on his own strong heart and vigorous understanding—with the blessing of God. The *Presse* newspaper of Paris, which used to encourage the Papal reforms, has, it is true, ceased to fan the holy fire, and the Abbé de Bonnechose, Roman correspondent of that journal, no longer makes it the depository of his enlightened aspirations.

But things go on bravely nevertheless, and promise a great future:—

Nusquam libertas gratior exstat
Quam sub rege Pio!

LETTER XL.

Rome, April 5.

YESTERDAY, while the Pontiff was in the act of blessing "*urbem et orbem*" from the porch of St. Peter's, before a concourse of over 200,000 Christians of every creed, a slight disturbance arose, which might have had bad results. The civic guard (of which he is colonel) had petitioned to be allowed to put their hats up on the points of their bayonets, and to cheer, which had been allowed, but the troops of the line made a similar application, which had not been successful, and, in consequence, Zamboni, the commandant, had countermanded the order of the day as regarded the national troop. The people did not know of this, and when the Pope arose amid a deep silence, and his silvery voice was distinctly heard over the crowd, a sudden burst from the whole multitude greeted him, and all eyes were turned on the

national guard for their expected manifestation; their attitude of simple "attention" did not please the Romans, and a row would have ensued but for the timely explanation of some officers, who were on the *qui vive*. The Pope was escorted, amid wild enthusiasm, back to the Quirinal.

Clubs are getting quite into vogue here. The nobles have not any longer the monopoly of *casinos*. The merchants have got up a club—the artists have got one. The Germans had taken the lead in clubbing, and were soon imitated by the French. The English have a well-appointed one in the Piazza di Spagna. A kind of semi-political club (called *Il Circolo Romano*) numbers already 300 members, and most of the journals of Europe are taken.

A funeral took place last week of some importance, as showing how the *middle classes* are emerging from non-entity into importance and self-respect. A coffee-house keeper, called Ricci, who had been distinguished as the first Roman who brewed gas for the lighting of his splendid saloons in the Palazzo Ruspoli (the putting out of which gas-pipe I enumerated last year on the 4th of April, among the doings of the late Governor Marini), having died, was convoyed to his last

resting-place by several thousands of his fellow-citizens; the Corso was resplendent with torches, and the National Guard, of which he was a soldier, turned out in force to honour their worthy comrade; he was the great support of the poor exiles, and a stout reformer. You will find the speech pronounced over his grave in the pages of the *Cotemporaneo*. None but a noble or a "saint" ever had honours of this sort in Rome. The *mezzo ceto* have begun to understand their own worth.

Rocca, the President of the Equator (Quito and Guyaquil), has sent as ambassador to our court the Marquis Lorenzana.

The first merchant-vessel (built at Ancona) called Pio Nono, entered Civita Vecchia last week, and received a royal salute from the batteries. You would do well to hint this matter to the Peninsular and Oriental Company, when they next destine a steamer for our Italian and Southampton line, and are puzzled at the christening. May they have more luck than with the Tiber!

Last night the dome and colonnade of St. Peter's blazed out with a million lamps, and the spectacle from the Pincian Hill was, on account of the dusk of the sky, brilliant beyond custom.

'Twas as if a fragment of the "New Jerusalem" had been let down from the empyreum by a golden chain.

Among the odd regulations which from time immemorial have obtained in Rome is the law by which goats are not allowed to enter the city until after Easter Sunday. In consequence the town was thronged at an early hour this morning with herds of horned visitors from the Sabine Hills, their udders full of milk and their odour recognizable through every thoroughfare. Carriages could hardly go at any pace for the obstruction. Why they are excluded during the Lent's holy fast, I do not pretend to discover; possibly it may have some mysterious connexion with a passage in the beautiful old dithyramb, "Dies iræ," sung on mournful occasions of the church service:—

" Inter oves locum præsta!
Et ab *hædis* me sequestra
Statuens in parte dextra!"

LETTER XLI.

Rome, April 8.

YOU may look out for a speedy adjustment of the question of Rome and England interchange of diplomatic relations. Her Majesty's ambassador at Naples has just arrived here; and, if his visit to Rome had merely a recreative object, he would scarcely have chosen to come *after* the Easter attractions had ceased to render our city interesting, and just when the season of Neapolitan festivity opens. The Hon. Mr. Temple and our late English minister at Vienna, Sir Robert Gordon, do not appear idle; and though this business belongs properly to the department of our Florentine envoy, Mr. Hamilton's continued illness has rendered the services of another official personage indispensable. To lay the foundation of an embassy at Rome (*tanta molis erat!*) would seem a work of surpassing gravity; and the brother of the late as well as the brother of the present occupant of the Foreign-office are

not too many for the task. May the mother of the graces smile on the undertaking :

“ Sic te diva potens Cypri
Sic fratres Helenæ, lucida sidera ! ”

for, in a case like this, one may be allowed to draw upon both Horace and Virgil for illustrations.

Lady Susan Percy, while at her toilet yesterday, dropped dead on the carpet ; ossification of the heart is supposed to have brought on this sudden calamity. You will convey the first news of this additional bereavement to the wide circle already placed in mourning by the demise of the chief of the house of Northumberland. She was kind and charitable.

Letters from Paris to the Irish College here prepare the members of the clergy and other admirers of Mr. O'Connell for his immediate arrival by sea at Civita Vecchia, from which he will have, owing to the horrid state of that road, a most tedious drive to Rome. The town is fast getting empty, as usual about this time of the year, and next month the heat will begin to be intolerable, so that the baths of Lucca, or some other cheerful retreat would be a more sensible move. He will find here, in a state of bodily and mental

debility equal to his own, in an advanced age, the only living daughter of Curran, the sister of her of whom it is written, in pages that will never die:—

“She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,” &c.

If he is enabled to climb the Janiculum hill, he will trace on the marble floor of the church of Montorio the newly-repaired and refreshed epitaphs of two Irish chieftains who did not confine their aspirations against the Saxon to mere talk, but wasted both life and fortune in the hopeless endeavour to create an independent Ireland, to

“Right her wrongs in battle line.”

HEIC JACENT
O'NEALIVS BARO DE DVNGANNON
MAGNI HUGONIS FILIVS, ET
O'DONNEL COMES DE TYRCONNEL
QVI
contra hæreticos in hyberniâ multos annos
CERTARVNT.
— MDCVIII —

This memorable inscription had long remained unknown and neglected, when an Irish artist in his rambles brought it to light, and piously restored the nearly defaced characters and the “red hand of Ulster,” which is of porphyry. That artist was John Hogan of Cork, a worthy disciple of your Scott’s “Old Mortality.”

All the disponible part of the Roman population is, while I write, flocking out towards the Ponte Molle, there being held a grand steeple-chase along the old Flaminian Way, and the jocky mania being as prevalent here as it has become within a few years at Paris. Prince Odescalchi is in the van of these manly pursuits, and they are something better than effeminate fiddling buffoonery and debauchery which were the only previous resources of patrician life in these dominions. I may as well mention, for the enlightenment of such dull dogs as imagine field sports to be an abomination in the eyes of the Church, that at one of the last meetings of the fox-hounds, Cardinal Piccolomini rode out to witness the throwing off of the pack, and the common sense of the Romans saw nothing to wonder at in the presence of an additional red uniform where all wore the obligato scarlet. It is but fair to add that Piccolomini's mother was an English lady of the old Yorkshire family Scrope, and thus akin to the fiery archbishop "of that ilk" in Shakspeare. There is not, allow me to add, in the whole college of cardinals a more sound and sensible divine, and he has the best collection of chibouks and the most delicate Latakia tobacco in the Eternal City.

The Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer Tiger, which is to bring Gibson's Queen, is cramful of pictures and sculpture. The Royal Academy will be great prigs indeed if they object their "time regulations" to the reception of the statue. *Nullum tempus occurrit Reginæ! eh?*

LETTER XLII.

Rome, April 15.

THE HON. Mr. Temple had a long private interview with Pius IX. on Monday, and apparently having transacted business to his satisfaction, returned yesterday to his post at Naples. Whether he incurred the penalties of *præmunire* I know not, but his brother, Lord Palmerston, has, no doubt, a bill of indemnity cut and dry in his portfolio. He was introduced by old Kessner, the Hanoverian envoy. What a farce! that King Cumberland, of Orange-lodge renown, should be the channel through which the Pope is to be put in communication with the representatives of a Queen who reigns, at home and abroad, over millions of Roman Catholic subjects*.

* This winter, when the British Committee for Irish Relief

If our intercourse with Rome is in favourable progress, a recent step on the part of your British "vicars apostolic" is nevertheless likely to create an awkward impediment. You are aware that these functionaries, originally four, were doubled during the last years of Gregory, and England is now divided into *eight* quasi-episcopal districts, viz., metropolitan, York, Lancaster, northern, western, eastern, midland, and Wales. Not satisfied with this augmentation of their numbers, the vicarial body is just now in the attitude of Oliver Twist "asking for more." Their new demand is, to have their *locus standi* in England no longer *vicarial*—*i. e.*, removeable at the simple will of the Vatican—but **DIOCESAN**, with permanent, "ordinary," and irresponsible jurisdiction. If this were a mere matter of honorific title, and an approximation on the part of the English Roman Catholic prelates to the plenitude of hierarchy existing for the brotherhood in Ireland, it would be offensive only in the nostrils of jealous bigotry. The keen olfactories of Dr. Philpotts might snuff the latent brimstone, and the steadier

had an audience with Pius, "Your queen," said he, "reigns over many distant realms, the theatres of missionary enterprise. I count eighty-six bishops of my communion subject to her sway."

Blomfield might object, according to his never-to-be-forgotten axiom, that "wax candles might be placed on the altar provided they were not lit up!" but the proceeding is deemed objectionable on other grounds; as seriously affecting the Roman Catholic body, clergy as well as laity, in England.

The "vicars" have not had the grace, in seeking to better their own condition, to raise up, by one common effort, their "beloved clergy," who are at present dismissible at caprice like themselves*. They seek not the salutary control of a *diocesan* dean and chapter, according to the canonical arrangements of Catholic Christendom: they do not relish the assistance of *irremovable* rural deans, appointed for length of service, learning, and piety: no claims of *parochial* authority, as in Ireland, enter into their project for the "good of the church."

So far in spirituals; but here's the rub! in temporalities they want to "carry the bag," and

* This selfish indisposition to share with their inferiors can only be illustrated by a phrase of the late O'Connell, cross-examining a tipsy witness. "Pat, what did you take this morning?" "Only share of a pint of Kinahan, your honour." "Now, on your oath, was not *your* share *all* but the pewter?" This occurred of course before the Irish melted down their pewter pots into Mathewmatical medals.

to get transferred to their single separate names the pure and simple proprietorship of all the landed and funded property now vested in lay or clerical trustees, for Roman Catholic purposes throughout Great Britain. These accumulated funds, the legacy of by-gone piety, have long been coveted; and as the law of England will not sweep away these solemn trusts at the bidding of the vicars, it is sought to carry the object into effect by the spiritual weapon of excommunication and ghostly terror, should Propaganda give powers to wield such questionable thunder for such still more questionable purposes.

Considerable funds and rents are held by laymen in various counties, in trust for Benedictine and Jesuit missions, but as these corporations are powerful at Rome, no attempt is made just now at usurpation in that quarter. The other lay patrons of Roman Catholic livings, holding such patronage according to the canonical usage of all Catholic countries (in right of original grants from the pockets of their ancestors) are all about to be despoiled of their immemorial rights, unless, being made aware of what is brewing in Rome, they instruct Roman lawyers and agents to resist the palpable spoliation, or, what would be more

effectual, bring the matter under the notice of Pius himself.

The system by which the vicars themselves are created is an anomaly unknown to Catholic Christendom. There is no election by a parochial synod, as in Ireland: no principle of *detur digniori*. Caprice and cabal influence the result, and men of mediocrity and cunning will be sure to rise over the heads of such men as LINGARD, under the present arrangement. In fact, understrappers at Propaganda settle the spiritual affairs of Great Britain and her colonies just as they like: nor is it understood that these subaltern functionaries (who have the power of suppressing or distorting correspondence) are inaccessible to persuasions of an arithmetical character.

Brunelli, long secretary for British and colonial affairs, has been at last noticed to quit, and goes to some foreign post. Monsig. Corboli, whose uprightness and integrity are unimpeachable, is spoken of as his successor in Propaganda.

I regret to announce that Gibson's statue of the Queen, which left our quay, in a *barchetta*, for Civita-Vecchia, to meet the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer for Southampton, missed arriving. The small barge, owing to the low

water in the Tiber, and to the great weight of the marble, with its treble oak casing, stuck in the mud at Ostia, and lies there still. Such are the inconveniences of greatness, as Boileau curiously observes, speaking of Louis XIV., on the Rhine banks, while his army was forcing the passage.

“ . . . Le grand roi, admirant leur courage,
Se plaint de *sa grandeur qui l'attache au rivage!*”

LETTER XLIV.

Milan, April 24,

THE vacant archiepiscopal mitre, with contingent or rather concomitant red hat, has been placed on the brow, not of a German, as of late, but of Count Romilli, a Bergamasque, who has been just translated to Milan from the suffragan see of Cremona, henceforth to play first-fiddle in the church affairs of Lombardy. The Milanese are in high glee at this forced concession of Kolowrath, and in every shop window exhibit a print of the new primate; a faint reminiscence is their joy of the days when the civic governor Ambrose was, by sudden acclamation of the people, made bishop; and from being a mere layman, and it is

supposed only a "catechumen," in three days baptised and priested and all. The new prelate had only ruled Cremona one year, but had shown unexampled zeal for the social and moral bettering of the inhabitants: proved efficiency has been his sole recommendation. He was neither tutor of some booby lord, nor editor of a crabbed Greek play, nor calculating pamphleteer, nor sycophant "master" of a college. To the poor of Christ (the original grantees) he handed over, on principle, far more than two-thirds of his church revenues. Such a man ought to succeed to the great Frederick, and the still greater Charles, Borromeo.

The prospects of agriculture in Italy must be a topic of interest to your readers; and as I have just traversed the whole of the central and upper districts of the peninsula, I can affirm that for the last twenty years, never was the aspect of the country, or the operations of the farmer, in a state so promising. There can be no doubt of an immense surplus of grain for export next autumn, nearly double the usual breadth of land being laid down with that view, consequent on the removal of your corn laws, of which the presence here of Cobden had been an active memento. The rice fields about Milan and Mantua are in high order:

the numerous floodings of the various streams throughout the winter have had in Tuscany and the Romagna rather a favourable and fertilising effect; and the second or after-crop of Indian corn is sure to be provided for in due time (after the present harvest) to an immense extent. The weather, which had been bright and bracing, is now genial and warm,—indeed, in the plains inconveniently hot for the period of the year, and just such as Tasso described it in his time—

“ Cessa al fin la pioggia, e torna il sole
Ma dulce spiega e temperato il raggio,
Pien di maschio valor ; *siccome suole*
Tra il fin d'Aprile e il comminciar di Maggio.”

(Gerusalemme, XXI.)

The duchies of Parma and Piacenza, of which I reported unfavourably last year, are still an eyesore to the well-wisher of Italy. Incredible apathy and indifference seem to have descended from the ruling power down to the lowest gradations of the social system. The leaden dulness of despair is discernible in every face; and *cretinism*—not metaphorical, but literal and physical—is prevalent to a singular extent, showing the *goître* not to be a mere mountain malady, but the natural growth of a sluggish circulation and a

stagnant existence. The sooner Bonaparte's widow gives place to the young Duke of Lucca (to whom this Castle Rackrent property reverts by the treaty of Vienna) the better for humanity in this dreary land. She wants him to purchase her out, but he has not the cash. Is there no good Samaritan, or even Israelite, in London with a spare million ducats?

The mere material interests of the population in Austrian Lombardy are looked after carefully, and, if men were mere animals, no government more laudably active in providing for the lower instincts and comforts of the people; but though is severely proscribed, and the exercise of the mental faculties strictly interdicted; not a single "reading-room" is to be found in all Milan, and the splendid library of the Brera has but a very scant attendance of book students; but woe to the possessor of a copy of any Roman newspaper. If the plague or cholera were in the Pope's capital, there could not be such alarm or precaution against what emanates now from Rome.

LETTER XLV.

LETTER FROM THE DUKE OF MANTUA.

SIR,

MY attention has been directed to your correspondent's letter from Milan, containing some very interesting details on Italy. After referring to the deplorable state of degradation to which the inhabitants of Parma and Plaisance are reduced, under the actual form of government, allusion is made "to the ex-Empress Maria Louisa's wish to dispose of the duchies at the present moment to the Duke of Lucca for a million of ducats, provided any good Samaritan or Israelite in London will advance the money to purchase her out, in consequence of these possessions reverting to the Duke of Lucca by the last treaty of Vienna."

The impossibility of obtaining access to enlightened works on historical or political subjects in all parts of the Austrian dominions sufficiently explains any inaccuracy into which your correspondent may have been led, for this clause of reservation does not exist in the treaty signed at Vienna. I am therefore desirous to state that, neither by the life-grant of these possessions, with Guastalla, to the Duchess of Parma, or in virtue of any treaty during my minority, in 1815 at Vienna, or 1817 at Paris, could such a result be tolerated, in accordance with my hereditary rights as a sovereign prince, and the laws of nations; and I feel convinced that more just and satisfactory compensations might be awarded to the Duke of Lucca, without prejudice to his interests, or encroachment upon prior claims. It will suffice to observe that Guastalla was purchased of Torelli, in the year 1539, by Prince Ferrante Gonzaga, son of our ancestor, in a direct line, John François Gonzaga, Duke of Mantua, and Isabella d'Este; and this possession was erected into a sovereign duchy in 1621, by the Emperor of Germany, Ferdinand II., in favour of Ferrante II. of Gonzaga, and his descendants. Guastalla was incorporated by Austria, without the shadow of a right, with the duchies of Parma and Plaisance, during the minority of my grandfather Prince Philippe Louis de Gonzaga, only six years of age, on the death of Gonzaga, Duke of Guastalla, in 1746.

My protestations against this act are addressed to the sovereigns of Europe, on the 26th of April, 1843, the 21st of June, 1846, and also an important article on this subject may be referred to in the *Gazette de France* of February 3, 1842. With regard to the duchies of Parma and Plaisance, various revolutions have taken place in these states. The Emperor, Otho III., by a diploma dated at Rome, the 11th of June, 996, confirmed Bernard I.,

Prince of Gonzaga, in his rights, as Count Sovereign of Parma, for him and his descendants. Prince Henry of Gonzaga (son of Adalbert I., of Gonzaga, by the grace of God Count Sovereign of Milan, of Tessino, and of Valais, Prince of Lombardy, and Marquis of Gonzaga,) married, in 1071, Imelda of Parma, great grand-daughter of Bernard I., Count of Parma. On this marriage the Emperor Henry IV. of Germany erected Parma into a Marquisat, by diploma dated the 24th of June, 1075, in favour of the abovementioned Henry of Gonzaga and his descendants, in all the branches of the family. The Marquisat of Parma belonged to the house of Gonzaga until the revolution in Italy during the 14th century, when Parma became a republic. In 1545, the Holy See being in tranquil possession of this state, the Pope, Paul III., formerly known as Alexander di Farnèze, disposed of it in favour of his relation Peter Louis Farnèze, first Duke of Parma, Plaisance, and Castro, who being unpopular, was assassinated on the 10th September, 1547, and (after some opposition on the part of the Emperor Charles V., who had announced his resolution to Ferrante di Gonzaga, Duke of Guastalla, in 1546, to favour the restoration of the Gonzagas) his son, Octavio Farnèze, was confirmed in the same rights and titles on his marriage with Margaret d'Autriche, a natural daughter of the Emperor's. Parma and its dependencies were assured to the house of Farnèze nearly two centuries, until the death of Antonio Farnèze, the last Duke of Parma, on the 20th February, 1731.

The treaty of the Quadruple Alliance, Art. 5th, says, "The duchies of Parma, Plaisance, and Tuscany, are held as masculine fiefs of the empire." When the succession of these states shall be open, (which they could only be on the death of the Duke Gonzaga, of Guastalla, and the Princes of Gonzaga-Castiglione authentically acknowledged as rightful heirs by the treaties,) they will be given to the eldest son of Elizabeth Farnèze, second wife of Philip V. of Spain. Art. 3rd of the treaty of Vienna, (16th March, 1731,) says, "The Emperor accords the succession of Parma to Don Carlos, Infanta of Spain, and promises to dispose the other states of the empire to assent to this arrangement, on condition that no prince bearing the crown of Spain should possess these states." But the Pope Clement XII. not only formally opposed this treaty, but also the entry of the Spaniards into these duchies; declaring that Parma and Plaisance were fiefs immediately emanating from the Holy See, and that in default of the above-mentioned male heirs, he alone had the right to dispose of these duchies.

The Pope's protestation against the right of investiture is dated the 30th of December, 1731. The *prise de possession* in the name of the Infanta of Spain was on the 29th of October, 1731. Don Carlos and his brother Philippe, Infantes of Spain, abdicated successively, the Duchies of Parma and Plaisance for the crowns of Spain and Naples, consequently our rights to these possessions

as male fiefs are proved, and by succession in the female line established by the following marriages: 1. Margaret Farnèse, daughter of Alexander Duke of Parma and Plaisance, married, in 1581, Vincent Gonzaga, Duke of Mantua. 2. Marcella di Malespina, grand-daughter of Francis Farnèse, Duke of Latera, married, in 1615, Prince Christian Gonzaga Castiglione Solferino, my ancestor in direct line. 3. Isabella di Martinengo, grand-daughter of Ranuse I., Farnèse Duke of Parma and Plaisance, married, in 1647, Prince Charles V., Gonzaga Prince of Castiglione, Solferino, and Medole, my great-great-great grandfather. 4. The Princess Clitteria Caracuolo St. Buono, grand-daughter of Lavinia Farnèse and the Marquis d'Avalos, married, in 1772, Prince François Gonzaga-Mantua-Castiglione, my great-great-grandfather.

In presence of these facts, it will be perceived that the treaties which bind all interests, and which are the political code of nations, have been forgotten on my minority in 1815, and during the minorities of my father and grandfather; or retarded whenever the princes of this royal house reclaimed that justice so solemnly promised, to reinstate them in their sovereign rights.

Guastalla, Parma, and Plaisance, during the last century, belonged to no person definitely; at one time the emperor pretends to dispose of them to Spain, and Spain disposes of them to the emperor. And in virtue of what right do these princes act? The treaties do not mention this; on the contrary, they established as a principle that there exist princes of the house of Gonzaga, of Mantua, and Castiglione, who have incontestable rights to these sovereignties. The order of succession, says Montesquieu, is ordained in monarchies for the good of the state, which demands that this order should be fixed to avoid the misfortunes which arise from despotism, where all is uncertain, because all is arbitrary. In Italy the fatal policy of Louis XIV. still bears its fruits. Lawful sovereigns have been hurled from their thrones, and princes in their minority supplanted, to pave the way to his ambitious views, and their places filled by strangers to the land; for it is a remarkable fact, that with the exception of our well-beloved Pope Pius IX. and the King of Sardinia, no prince of Italian origin is on any throne in Italy. The actual sovereigns of Tuscany, Modena, Parma, and even Austria, are all princes of the house of Lorraine.

Accept, sir, the assurance of my high consideration.

ALEXANDRE,

Prince de Gonzaga-Mantua-Castiglione,
Duc de Mantua.

Charles Dickens, Esq.

LETTER XLVI.

Rome, April 28.

CONCERNING the anniversary festival of the foundation of Rome, held in the baths of Titus, amid a concourse of 20,000 spectators, 800 sitting down to the banquet, you will have, ere this, heard much; but the speech of the evening, that of Marquis Azeglio, which eloquently denounced the presence and pride of "Goths, Huns, and other Vandals" in Italy, elicited thunders of applause, and has been printed by authorisation of the new board of censorship, in a supplement to the *Cotemporaneo*. The only other allusion was to England, which the speaker designated our elder sister in "manufactures, commerce, and freedom." For obvious reasons no reference was made to France; the recent instructions and conduct of Count Rossi having taken the gold off his gingerbread completely. The liberality of the new censors is the topic of general praise; and, indeed, it is considered that the palpable truths uttered in the presence of so many applauding auditors, and ratified by the common sense of the

whole peninsula, would amount to a *suppressio veri*, equivalent to a *suggestio falsi*. Altogether, this awakening exhibition will not fail to tell throughout Italy; and if the founder of the baths, "the beloved of mankind," were permitted to hover in spirit over the scene, he could not repeat that "he had lost a day!"

I am sorry to record the sequel of what took place on the publication of the speeches hailed with such enthusiasm. Four hours elapsed from the moment of their issuing from the press: they were greedily devoured in every coffee-house, club, and private family in Rome: blessings were invoked on the orators, and on the whole proceeding: when, lo! the agents of the police, "blushing as they entered," made their appearance in every hole and corner of Rome where the *Cotemporaneo* was supposed to be taken, and begged and menaced until they got back the "supplement of speeches." Not in all cases were they successful; but at the post-office they succeeded but too well; and such was the rigour of the search, that I have been unable to transmit a smuggled copy of what was spoken. This I have ascertained on inquiry to-day among officials in my confidence.

This is simply another quasi concession to Lut-

zow, the Austrian minister, whose "demand for his passports" recorded by me, produced some weeks ago the attempt at suppressing the Roman journals—an attempt which, as I then chronicled, was defeated by the firm attitude of the press. To "ask for his passports" appears to be the only diplomacy of which he is capable, and in this instance he has only rendered his position at Rome really, what he recently described it in a letter to Metternich, as "*pas tenable.*" For God's sake, since evidently go he eventually must, why does he wriggle and hesitate about the precise moment of his *hegira*—why imitate the unfortunate Ovid, when about to go into banishment:

" Sæpe valedicens sum multa deinde locutus,
Et quasi discedens oscula multa dedi,
Indulgens animo pes mihi tardus erat !"

That he must vanish is evident after the recent convocation of the Roman States General (for it amounts to that), contained in the late circular of Gizzi. This circular has ignited an electric combustion in every Italian heart; and every dreamer of constitutional freedom, every enthusiast for the revival of Florentine and Venetian commonwealths, is in ecstasies at the unexpected initiative

taken by the Pope of Rome in a matter so vital to the cause of civilization :

“ Vià prima salutis
(Quod minimè rêris), Papæ pandetur ab URBE !”

and Lutzow learned yesterday from the loud execrations of the people their determination not to be haulted of their franchises by any menace of Austria. You must know that a mock fire was got up yesterday at the Vatican palace (Pius resides at the Quirinal), in order to exercise the “*pompieri*” fireman’s brigade. Mock incendiarism might have appeared a capital joke to Gizzi, but the Austrian minister did not see the point. People were seen screaming at the windows, mock flames were visible, ladders were uplifted, fire-engines worked assiduously, and a mob of 8000 people had gathered to witness the uproar. Unluckily the carriage of Lutzow was descried by the populace, when howling and yelling began in earnest; the blinds of the vehicle were instantly let down, but they knew their man, and, amid shouts of execration, accompanied him to the seat of embassy. He thought himself lucky to have got clear home.

LETTER XLVII.

Rome, May 8.

ON Wednesday, the 5th, being the feast of St. Pius, whose best achievement (his bringing about the battle of Lepanto,) once rescued the south of Europe, great doings were planned to honour the name in the person of its present possessor, who bids fair to effect a similar European rescue. Hearing of these projects (for strict orders are issued to inform him of *every* matter) our monarch at once intimated his wish that the waste of blue lights and Roman candles should be superseded by a general distribution of bread. To wish is to be obeyed. Sixty gentlemen met immediately at the Doria Palace, organized themselves for a combined effort among the affluent, and, though Dante has left on record,—

“ Quanto e duro calle,

Il scendere e salire per altrui scale :”

each member cheerfully climbed the stairs of the palaces allotted him in quest of donations. Seven thousand dollars were quickly forthcoming, and sixty thousand bread tickets put in circulation.

The remnant is kept to establish an infant school.

Measures are in progress to reduce the price of salt to one-third of its present cost. The great salt seller, Torlonia, must, of course, be compensated for his monopoly. The poor have long felt the hardship of being taxed for this article; of course the cattle have never aspired to such a luxury. On the 29th of April, Prince Livio Odeschalchi paid down the ransom of the Duchy of Bracciano, which had been in pawn since 1803, and reassumed the title, which had gone into trade for over forty years. Do you recollect Sterne's description of the French nobleman rasuming his sword on his return from commerce in the Antilles?

Lord Ward, whose eccentricities are accompanied by many graceful acts, has just come out in the character of a *cognoscente*, and paid over to the Prince of Canino 7000*l.* for four pictures of acknowledged merit. One is by Fra Angelico, and represents the "Last Judgment;" another is a sketch from the hand of Rembrandt, "St. John Preaching in the Wilderness." I have not seen the others.

Prince Massimo, our Post-master, is furious at

my comments which somehow or other have found their way into the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, and other organs on the Continent, describing him as a "slow coach." His best course would be to accelerate the means of public conveyance, and thus shame the rogues. His sensitiveness was aroused in rather a comical manner by an English lady this season, who, knowing the antiquity of his family (traceable, as you are aware the *gens Massima* is to the earliest times of the republic,) thought she was paying a delicate compliment by telling him that she had been that morning to see *his* "CLOACA!"

The annual artistic festival of the "Cervera," occurring on the 1st of May, was this year quite a failure. The cause of this is attributable to the matter having fallen into German management; and the utter repulsion of the Roman population to any emanation from Austria, has found vent in this comparatively trivial celebration. The Prussian artists kept aloof as if to show that all Germans were not inimical to social progress. The English scorned the whole affair, and the result was a melancholy but significant tom-foolery.

On Thursday night a seizure was made of eighty pounds weight of printed satires against the

Pope, entitled "*La festa delle Spighe in un giardino in Pistoia*;" also another called "*Articolo del suolo 47 sopra la cose Italiane*." These, it appears, were written by the notorious monk Domenico Ambrosiani, and the package containing them was addressed to the Abbate Don G. Tamburini. Both these gentlemen have absconded. The treasonable trash was printed at Viterbo, and the carrier was instructed to drop it at the little pot-house at the Milvian bridge. But that spot, ever since the days of Catiline, has been unlucky for conspiracies; the landlord, Toffanelli, smelt a rat, and the carrier has been put into jail until he gives evidence respecting the whole transaction.

The first number of a fresh newspaper was issued to-day: it is called *La Bilancia*, and professes to hold the balance even between the Moderates and the Progressive party. It publishes a list of its collaborators, which includes Orioli and several very distinguished native writers. Clever and graceful is the present specimen.

The French Government have just adopted a significant measure in the teeth of Austria. A French vice-consul has been established (and

received the Pope's *exequatur*) in the frontier town of Ferrara; of course, to watch every motion of the Kaiser's garrison. There is more in this step than apparent on the surface.

That Pius IX. is a great and good man is pretty well known by this time of day; but the man of human sympathies, the man of feeling, is predominant even above the statesman and the legislator. At the farewell audience of Bishop Wilson, previous to his return to the antipodes, (where there are half-a-dozen R. C. bishoprics,) the Pope said, presenting him with a splendid golden chalice, "Be kind, my son, to all your flock at Hobart Town, but be kindest to the *condemned!*"

LETTER XLVIII.

Rome, May 18.

TO-MORROW Pius IX. leaves Rome for a prolonged visit to the Benedictine Abbey of Subiaco, in the Apennines, forty-four miles inland. This important move had been determined on previous to the receipt of to-day's news describing as desperate the hopes of Mr. O'Connell's attendants of

dragging him alive to this capital. No change in our sovereign's projects can be ascribed to the advent or non-arrival of the father of repeal; indeed, when it was known here that they had decided upon a *land* journey from Genoa to the Tuscan frontier, involving the "Pass of the *Magra*," of which any of your friends can form an idea from Stanfield's picture exhibited, as I read, in this year's gallery, the hopelessness of his coming alive was demonstrated; their selecting the route to Lyons by Mount Tarrare having previously shown how little conversant they were in practical geography. But as for our pontiff, his mind is essentially practical; and in labouring for the substantial welfare of his people he has an utter disregard for clap-trap and mere popularity. The object of his visit to that glorious wilderness is understood to be twofold. First, he intends to reform the monastery, root and branch, and restore it to what it was in 1465, when it gave hospitality to the first printing press that was set up in Italy; two fugitive Germans having claimed its shelter for the printing of the *editio princeps* of Lactantius, a copy of which is carefully preserved in its once splendid library, *typis Sweynheim et Pannartz*, MCCCCLXV. The

lately defunct Cardinal Polidori was titular abbot of Subiaco, a snug sinecure of 6000 dollars a year. He is to have *no* successor in that fat berth, which lapses into the national treasury, to pay the national debt. The late Gregory, who granted the sinecure to the late Polidori, was very partial to a sojourn in these romantic regions, and from the adjacent village he brought to Rome his favourite, the famous barber *Gaetanino*, who trafficked in all commodities, sacred and profane, for sixteen years.

The second object of our monarch is to keep aloof from the turbulent manifestations of popular applause which he anticipates from a series of new reforms fixed and decided on, of a most sweeping character. Financial, administrative, and municipal decrees will issue from his retreat at Subiaco, calculated to astonish the red-tape politicians of Europe, and smacking of the old Roman energy of Sixtus Quintus. How different his position, in this austere abode, from that of him who wrote verbose epistles from the island of Capræa to the ghost of a Roman senate!

Poor Acton is gone to Naples to die; his life is not worth a fortnight's purchase, and he was a real saint. His removal was the signal for the

break-up of a very curious establishment kept on for centuries here—a Government school for young aspirants to diplomatic and prelatie office, a kind of ecclesiastical Sandhurst, where “church cadetships” were the sure reward of successful intrigue and a display of clerical hypocrisy. Learning was at a low ebb in this snugery, to which none could be admitted but of rich and noble Roman families; but in lieu of erudition, all the arts of cajolery, duplicity, and *finesse* were practically and theoretically cultivated. Pius has swept away the nuisance without pity, and seized the funds for public use. The institution was a well-meant thing in its original conception; but, like vegetables which have been planted in too fat a soil, it had “run to seed.”

English litigation is very rife just now in Rome. There is the case of an old and respected incumbent, Rev. F. Trappes *versus* Dr. Browne, of Liverpool; Rev. D. Hearne, for twenty years incumbent of Manchester, *versus* the said Dr. Browne, of Liverpool; Rev. Dr. McCan, also, an old incumbent, *versus* the new vicar, Dr. Ullathorne; with an Irish case, that of the Vicar-General of Dromore *versus* Dr. Blake, of Newry. These cases, both English and Irish, are very

discreditable to the prudence and forbearance supposed to form part of the episcopal character.

Your manly and sensible opposition to the capricious depotism vested in these "Vicars" has been duly appreciated here, and has worked well for the public as well as for the oppressed plaintiffs. It is too bad that these functionaries should misspend the moneys of deceased benefactors of their church, and claim to do so by papal rescript, *pour encourager les autres* (vide case of *Johnson's fund* in midland district.) Mr. Romilly's Bill *, which was introduced too late in the session, would go far to remedy these flagrant and crying abuses.

The savings bank here was robbed not long ago of 40,000 dollars, by one Tamberlick, a creature of Gregory's barber. This official is safe in Castle St. Angelo.

The greatest financial reform which Pius IX. has yet effected is in the matter of the hospital of Santo Spirito, the great Hotel Dieu of Rome: its revenues surpass, in land and houses, 100,000*l.* a year, and, of course, the official plunder is proportionate. The "master of the Spittal" had so

* An abstract of this Bill is added at the close.

good a berth of it, that what with fines (bribes), and other *douceurs*, in letting out the property, he scorned a cardinal's hat, which was his on resigning his office. He has been cashiered, and the management put into the care of efficient and honest laymen.

The Princess Barberini, just dead, lies in state.

I have to record another investment of Lord Ward: this time he has bought, from a set of old monks who live close by the *Fontana di Trevi*, a gallery of thirty pictures—some good and some bad—for the *round* sum of 27,000 dollars.

LETTER XLIX.

Rome, May 28.

THE leading event of the week here is the death of the great tribune of the Roman people, Cardinal Micara, who expired on the 24th. In him were centered the hopes of the *transteverini*, should any evil befall our enlightened monarch: for though Dean of the Sacred College, and born in 1775, he was a vigorous septuagenarian. Fanny

Kemble, who, like old Boetius, has written a book, "De Consolatione Philosophicâ," in brisk demand here, records a conversation between Micara and Lambruschini, on their way to the conclave in one carriage: "If the powers of darkness preside over the election, you'll be pope," said the defunct: "if the people had a voice, I'm the man; but if heaven has a finger in the business, 'twill be Feretti." Micara was the terror of the retrograde faction: he was known to advocate most sweeping reforms, including an agrarian law for breaking up entails, and reconstructing the tenure of land in the Roman territory. Hence the great leviathans of the desolate Campagna tried to ridicule and depreciate him; being a *Capuchin*, he wore a flowing bifurcated grey beard, and was nicknamed by them the "Pacha of two tails." The utter simplicity of his establishment rebuked the pomp and expenditure of his brother dignitaries; but he recked not what they said, and was himself a frank outspoker. I had a long conversation with him last month, of which Father Mathew, his brother Capuchin, was the subject. "Why doesn't he come to Rome?" "Your Eminence is not, perhaps, aware that the lives of some

thousand poor people depend on his untiring personal exertions in Ireland." *Bene, capisco, bravo padre!* But, said he, about his advocacy of temperance, "we wanted him here a little under the late pontificate!" Whether this was an epigram or not I do not presume to judge. I merely give his words.

The consequences of the great banquet in the baths of Titus, and the (confiscated) report of the speeches, are still perceptible. The King of Naples has sent his compliments to Marquis Dragonetti (a Neapolitan,) who spoke the opening oration, requesting his presence at court; the orator declined; whereupon Ferdinand II. called on the Pope to expel him to the frontier, where relays of gens d'armes were ready to escort him from Terracina to the Castel Nuovo: Pius flatly refused to commit such a breach of hospitality. Here the matter rests.

The organization of the national guard exhibits the policy of Pius as resting for support *not* on the mob, but on the middle classes emphatically. All artists, shopkeepers, members of liberal or learned professions, with householders and proprietors, are to be enrolled under arms. The nobility have begun to see their mistake, and,

convinced that opposition is useless, they are now about to show by a signal demonstration, that they are more determined admirers of the Pope than the people themselves. The 17th of June will be the first anniversary of the grand decree of amnesty, and on that day they are preparing, at their exclusive expense, not allowing any other class to contribute a farthing, a most splendid testimonial of their adhesion. On the spot in the square *del Popolo*, where last year the people erected a triumphal arch of lath and plaster, they are about to erect the model *in gesso* of a colossal group in sculpture, with gigantic accessories, from the design of a Milanese sculptor. Yesterday they mustered in force on horseback as early as four o'clock in the morning to escort Pius on his journey to Subiaco.

The "pilgrims of the heart," to use their own phraseology, arrived on Monday, and proceeded at once to the Irish seminary with the contents of the silver urn, which I saw to-day deposited in the vestry-room of the church adjacent, called St. Agatha dei Goti (of the Goths). The associations and reminiscences connected with this spot are by no means Irish, it having been, since the time of the gothic Arians, a den of heterodoxy; indeed,

Gregory the Great calls it "*Spelunca pravitatis hæreticæ*," (lib. iii. epist. 19). The seminary itself is far from realising the character of a national institution; it was got up a few years back by a Dr. Blake, whose impracticable temper it had to contend with till his removal and the appointment of the present mild and considerate president, Dr. Cullen, but it is by no means an improvement on Maynooth. Far from fostering a race of young clergymen, able to overawe and cope with the intelligent laity, of new growth in Ireland, it can at best only produce a set of half-witted ascetics. There *is* here an Irish convent and church better entitled to this national relic: I mean St. Isidoro, founded several hundred years, and always tenanted by distinguished Irishmen, the earliest being Luke Wadding, the great historian of the Franciscans. There was some whisper of a vault in St. Peter's, but up to this moment, those who gave that hint have been told that none but crowned heads were admissible, such as the Stuart race, the Sobieskis, the ex-queen Christina of Sweden, and (should she die here just now) the ex-queen Christina of Spain, *her* great rival in combining gallantry with devotion. If I were consulted on the matter, I would at once carry the

silver urn away from the obscure and ill-famed locality of the Suburra (vide Persii Satyr. v. 32), ascend the Janiculum-hill, and in the church of Montorio, seek out the spot where moulder the bones of O'Neil of Tyrone, and O'Donnell of Tyrconnell (1608. See page 253).

“I'd not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem;
Where the PATRIOTS are sleeping—
Go! sleep thou with THEM!”

The Italians find some difficulty in understanding why and wherefore this Irish champion was not disposed to allow his heart a resting-place in his own beloved land. The notion altogether is suspected here to be of posthumous origin, yet numbers resort to this small church to pay their respects to the assertor of his country's freedom, and feel flattered at the thought of possessing the relic within their walls, by whatever agency brought here. The deceased had certainly no reason to cry out with Scipio Africanus, “*Ingrata patria ne ossa quidem habebis.*” As to ingratitude on the part of his co-religionists and other admirers, the thing is preposterous. He was most munificently remunerated, and never were the words of the Greek orator, in reference to his

great antagonist more applicable? *Αχαριστος ο δημος; ουχ! αλλα μεγαλαϊοτροφης**. It is on record that the common disturber of Europe, Pope Hildebrand, dying somewhere near Naples, exclaimed, no doubt in perfect sincerity, "*Dilexi justitiam et odivi iniquitatem ergo morior in exilio;*" but as for Mr. O'Connell, his exile itself was voluntary, not like the banishment of an illustrious writer of antiquity, whose dying moments are sung by Lamartine:

" Au rivage des morts avant que de descendre
OVIDE lève au ciel de suppliantes mains,
Aux Sarmates barbares il a légué sa cendre,
Mais sa gloire aux Romains !

" Then with both hands uplifted the bard ere he breathed
His last sigh far away from his kindred and home,
To the Scythians his ashes hath left—but bequeathed
All his glory to Rome !"

The mention of uplifted hands may well introduce an anecdote of Dan's dying chamber. It seems that the pressure on the brain had caused, naturally enough, partial paralysis of the limbs. On the 14th of May he was observed by his chaplain to draw his right arm from the bedclothes, and making a feeble effort to raise it, "Doctor, he faintly murmured, "this arm is EMANCIPATED." It soon fell.

* Qu? μεγαλοφνης.

We "Romans" are exceedingly fastidious in the matter of Latin inscriptions, and, perhaps from habit and frequency, are familiar with the elegancies which enter into what is here called the "lapidary" style. Hence sundry comments have been made on the cacophony of what we read on the urn—"Natus *Kerry*, obiit *Genoæ*." It is mentioned in the authorized, but somewhat ponderous and bigotted biography compiled by John, that Dan's first schoolmaster (who, besides the hornbook, initiated his pupil into the mystery of a horn comb) was one of the Mahonys. That worthy pedagogue, if alive, would have suggested to Dr. Miley something less dull and less unclassical than the above. Perhaps he would have furnished a couplet, justifiable by Virgilian precedent; *ex. gr.*;

*Kerria me genuit: Ligures rapuere; tenet nunc
Roma cor at reliquum Celtica rura decem.*

POSTSCRIPT.—I have just returned from another visit to the vestry-room, where the heart is kept, I now have found some reason for justifying the selection of St. Agatha's Church as the final receptacle of Dan's heart, for here at least there is one other distinguished man entombed. On examining the edifice I find at the right hand

between two columns, the following inscription on a Greek worthy, who, it appears, is interred beneath, John Lascaris, one of the refugees from Constantinople (when taken by the Turks) and an efficient promoter of the revival of letters in western Europe:—compiler of the “*Anthologia*.”

Λασκαρίς αλλοπαγή γαίῃ ενικαθετο. Γαιαν
 Ουτὲ λιν ξηνην ω ξενε μεμφομενος
 Ευρετο μειλιχιην· ἀλλ’ αχθεται ειπερ Αχαιος
 Ουχ επι χουν χενει πατρὶς ελευθεριον—

which I have not time to versify, but the plain prose of it is this:

“Lascaris lies here in a foreign grave; but O! stranger, he does not feel uncomfortable on that account—he rather rejoices yet is not without a pang, as a Grecian, that his fatherland cannot afford him an emancipated sod of earth.”

LETTER L.

Rome, June 8.

THE heat has been quite intolerable until this week, when a few teeming clouds floated hither and took pity on the parched-up patrimony of St. Peter. These refreshing showers happened to coincide with the Pope's return to town from the Apennine wilderness of Subiaco; and long may

he reign over us. Nothing can exceed the dismay which his conduct in abolishing the fat sinecure of that "abbot" has spread among the whole tribe of clerical aspirants after loaves and fishes: of such our city has been cram-full from time immemorial. There is now an end to all their bright visions *à la* Friar Tuck:

"After supper of heaven I dream,
But *that* is fat pullets and clouted cream*!"

Every church living that falls vacant is sure to be stripped of any superfluous wealth, and reduced to its most frugal limits before it will be conferred

* During the late reign sad laxity prevailed in church appointments. This will be best understood by a sample, and I therefore (like Sterne,) "take a single captive," though, alas! the party is not in gaol as he ought to be, but at large, to recommence his career elsewhere. *Paulo Durio*, a native of Piedmont, and a fashionable preacher at Turin, where he published a handsome volume of *Sermons*, hearing of the luck which Genoese aspirants met at Rome from the patronage of Lambruschini and Frasoni, (see page 102,) came to town, and got appointed Delegate (Civil Governor) at Orvieto. The citizens mobbed him out for offences *contra mores*. He was nevertheless promoted to be a *judge* in Rome, (*Ponente della sacra consulta*,) was made a canon of St. Peter's church, and *Prelato domestico* of Gregory XVI. This very Lent he levanted from Rome, after defrauding several jewellers, a clerk of Torlonia's, a waiter of a trattoria, (*Antonio Garofalo*, whose savings, 400 dollars, he *borrowed* under promise of promotion) and the Shrine of the Virgin at St. Carlos' church, from which he purloined and melted down a golden coronet *ex voto* of Civita Castellana. The detail of his rogueries would form a chapter in Gil Blas. Such persons got church preferment!

on *any* successor, and *that* successor must show some claim besides the petty accomplishments, and often unworthy influences which hitherto misdirected church promotion. Jobbers and Pharisees bewail in accents of sadly attuned Gregorian cant, this, to them, premonitory symptom of their utter downfall.

I have more than once in the course of this correspondence, taken occasion to describe the policy of Pius IX. as far from being dependent on the mob, or inclined to pander to mere popular whims ; and last week affords an instance corroboratory of that assertion. On the day of his expected return, an immense concourse left Rome to welcome their sovereign, and took up various positions along the road. Not far from the *Mons Sacer*, ever memorable for old Agrippa's speech about the "belly and the members," a lot of the great unwashed had by a premeditated scheme mustered in force, determined to have their wishes conveyed to the Pope in the most imperative fashion. For this purpose they had engaged a noted character from the *trastevere* quarter of the town, known for his gift of the gab by the surname of Ciceroacchio (which must be pronounced according to Walker, Chichero-whackio) to be

their spokesman on the occasion. On the approach of the Papal escort, these plebeians blocked up the passage, and their champion, from the top of a barrel, began his oration, modestly begging that he would oblige them by turning off the present governor of Rome (Grasselini). *Ma perche?* said Pius. *Perche non lo vogliamo!* replied the "Ciceronian" spokesman. The Pontiff, disgusted with the impudence of the whole proceeding, motioned to the motley crowd to kneel down, as he would give them his blessing. When he saw them all fairly on their marrow-bones, he signalled his escort to move on a double quick trot, briefly bestowing his benison on the deluded "aggregate," and was soon lost in a cloud of dust (*nube cava*), out of the reach of impertinence.

In the "Lutrin" of Boileau there is a scene described at the close of the fifth canto, which has a few points of resemblance to the foregoing actuality: a church dignitary, beset by some insurgent underlings, gets rid of them and their ringleader thus:—

"Mais le prélat vers lui fait une marche adroite,
Tout à coup tourne à gauche et d'un bras fortuné,
Bénit tout à coup le guerrier consterné;
Sur ses genoux tremblans il tombe à cet aspect,
Et donne à la frayeur ce qu'il doit au respect:
Et de leur vain projet les chanoines punis,
S'en retournent chez eux éperdus et BENIS!"

My budget of anecdotes about this journey to Subiaco is not exhausted. When Pius resolved on going, he summoned the major domo, and bade him present his estimate of the expenses of such a trip. That official re-appeared with a detailed programme involving a *tottle* of 2,000 dollars. "Send me the postmaster!" said Pius. Prince Massimo (our old friend, see page 272,) was summoned, and a bargain struck to do the business for 400, and no mistake. Thus does our Monarch respect the feelings of the tax-payers.

The grand annual procession of Corpus Christi has just taken place with a splendour and devotional enthusiasm never witnessed in by-gone years. The most novel feature, however, was the brilliant appearance of the Noble Guard in their new steel helmets. This new head-gear is after the fancy of Pius himself, who is a connoisseur in military points, and has produced something superior to your "Albert hat." It is of the old Roman model, and garnished behind with an abundant cataract of horse-hair. The previous cocked hat and feathers gave these young nobles a mere effeminate and holiday semblance. Their present accoutrement is to them an admonition to prepare, if necessary, for hard

knocks on the head, if they really mean to prove an efficient body-guard to the champion of human progress in the teeth of the old despots of Europe.

Lord Ward had an interview with our sovereign a few days ago. Pius, willing to be affable, but at a loss how to compliment his eccentric visitor, felicitated his lordship on "his easy circumstances!"

In the *Cotemporaneo* of this week there is honourable mention of the death and obsequies of Father Borghi, a Capuchin, translator of PINDAR! Several thousand literati assembled to bury the votary of the cowl and of the muse. There occurs in that paper no allusion to the funeral ceremony performed at St. Agatha, but there is a pastoral letter from some Italian bishop, in Lombardy, imploring alms for the country that has produced *un Usserio* (Archbishop Usher), *un Moore* (Tom), *et un O'Connell* (Dan.): a droll *tria juncta in uno*.

It is but fair to add, that something similar in the way of odd juxta-position occurs in a poem once popular in Ireland, from the juvenile pen of Charley Phillipps, now a sober Bankrupt commissioner on the Western Circuit. That brilliant

boy in his "Emerald Isle," 4to, 1810, indulges in the following apostrophe :

" Usher, Swift, and *Farquhar!* come
From your star encircled home!"

LETTER LI.

Rome, June 18.

WHILE you are celebrating the victory of Waterloo, we have been engaged here in commemorating the anniversary of last year's amnesty, the first act of our new sovereign, who then struck the key-note of his glorious reign. One would think that we ought to be, by this time, tired of *festas*, ovations, and public rejoicings; but we have no sooner hailed one great achievement of Pius, than we are impelled to celebrate another and another: "the cry is, still they come," and we must again "hang out the banner on the castle walls." One thousand crowns prize was offered for the best ode on the great exploits of the Grand Condé, in his youthful dalliance with victory. It was awarded to a poet from Gascony, for the following lines :—

Pour célébrer tant de vertus,
Tant de hauts faits et tant de gloire,
Mille écus!—parbleu! mille écus!
Ce n'est pas un son par victoire!

Such is our case. We are exhausted in our means of testifying fit appreciation—bankrupts in gratitude. We made an effort yesterday: fifteen hundred musical amateurs,—and it is easy to get together that number here, all more or less vocalists,—put themselves in training beforehand, and executed under the balcony of the Quirinal a monster anthem in honour of the great deliverer. The standard brought hither from Bologna was plucked from the Capitol, and placed in the van of a gorgeous processional march*; thence to the Baths of Diocletian, and in those gigantic halls which the genius of Buonarotti has restored to more than Roman grandeur, the anthem was resumed, [and shook the vaulted roofs of the imperial structure. Vespers were sung by a whole population in a way that would have astonished the old Pagan persecutor. In the even-

* Something similar is to be found in a poem of Robert Browning, where he describes a party of Cavaliers

“ Marching along,
Three hundred strong,
Stout-hearted gentlemen, *singing one song!*”

Browning and his newly-married wife, the gifted Elizabeth Barrett, have been wintering in Italy. May we look on the poetic couple as *par poetarum* “*mox daturos*,” (if possible)

“*Progeniem meliùs canentem?*”

ing the illumination was a truly wonderful affair: not a lane or alley that was not radiant, but the Jews outshone us all. Their *Ghetto* being an obscure hole, embosomed in desolation, and almost under the bed of the Tiber, afforded a grand opportunity for a scientific exhibition of chiaroscuro. Rembrandt and *Gherardo delle notti* were cast into the shade by Hebrew ingenuity on this occasion. The effect of a lanthorn on a pole, draped in an old blanket, and stuck up in a lone churchyard, is known to most country gentlemen. Equally sublime and terrific was the glare in the *Ghetto*. A fish hung against the wall of a dark room sometimes grows awfully phosphorescent, and the race of Abraham could well afford to shine out on this occasion, immense sums having found their way into Israel's pockets for the purchase of old tapestry to line the exterior of palaces, and hang from balconies, on the passage of the procession. This trade has been enormous for the last year, and there is not an old rag of embroidered silk or arras to be had now in that once celebrated emporium.

I told you lately how Pius refused to deliver up Marquis Dragonetti to the tender mercies of his most lazzaronic Majesty; but I am sorry to be

obliged to add that this Neapolitan nobleman has been going on a little too fast here for our less southern latitude, and the consequence has been a message from the Pope a few days ago, giving him a caution, and conveying to him the query, whether it was good taste in him, a stranger, to attempt so prominent a part in the management of public matters at Rome? The hint has operated like magic, and Dragonetti has given up the torch of incendiary politics for the calm cigar of contemplative repose.

It will be news for your Roman Catholic readers in Scotland that Bishop Murdock of Glasgow has got for coadjutor bishop, yesterday, Rev. Mr. Smith, of Airdrie—his *bulls* are on the road.

Overbech has just executed one of those graceful and touching little outline drawings in which his real genius is conspicuous, and his present effort will be shortly known extensively in Edinburgh. Bishop Gillies, who is personally a most amiable and kindly man, full of zeal for bettering the operative classes, has founded, it appears, a sort of holy guild in modern Athens, and prizes are given to those of the brotherhood who excel in “thrift and cleanliness.” Overbech was asked

by the patriotic prelate to furnish the design for a medal to be distributed on these occasions, and I have seen the result. It is the holy dwelling at Nazareth displaying a modest but neat interior; Mary is at her distaff on the right, Joseph plying his axe on the left, and the mysterious young indweller among men is humbly engaged sweeping the chips of wood from the earthen floor with simple dignity. The general effect is harmonious and beautiful.

Young Dan and his reverend companion have had their audience at the Quirinal, but, as I apprehend Dr. Miley will wish to figure as the exclusive Xenophon of this modern Anabasis, (the Cyrus of the expedition in both cases dying in his attempt to reach the "great city,") I leave it to him altogether.

News for free traders! There has been a grand customs union, or zollverein, established in Italy, between the dominions of Lucca and Tuscany. The Grand-duke and the Little One have knocked down mutually their tax-gathering sentry-boxes, and a millennium of unrestricted commerce is at hand. What the previous trade was I can't tell. But this step is a really important one, as preparatory to the abolition of the

lottery, a point on which Tuscany could not act without the concurrence of Lucca, for obvious reasons. Once the lottery stigmatised in Central Italy, it must go down through the whole peninsula—a blessing devoutly to be prayed for. This paltry penny gambling has done more harm among us than plague, famine, or the sword elsewhere.

The new Cardinal Baluffi is an instance of literary merit meeting due appreciation. Besides numerous pamphlets on political subjects, he has written two volumes of the history of the Spaniards in America, and is engaged on a third.

The weather has become cool and pleasant. The corn is all cut and garnered up round Rome. Wine and oil are likely to be abundant.

And now, dear Dickens, fare thee well. I have now, during two successive winters, kept you *au courant* of Roman events: a period which will be ever memorable in the annals of Italy and Europe: comprising the fag end of an exploded system, and the first acts of the “man sent from God, whose name was John.”

But before I conclude, permit me, *Carlo mio*, to remind you of those lines I sent you *ten years ago*, and to congratulate you on all you have written since then for the improvement of mankind.

POETICAL EPISTLE

FROM

SAVONAROLA TO BOZ.

Genoa, December 14, 1837.

I.

A RHYME! a rhyme!
From a distant clime—
From the Gulph of the Genoese:
O'er the rugged scalps
Of the Julian Alps,
Dear Boz, I send you these,
To light the "*Wick*"
Your candlestick
Holds up, or, should you list,
To usher in
The yarn you spin
Concerning Oliver Twist.

II.

Immense applause
You've gained, oh, Boz!
Through continental Europe;
You've made Pickwick
Œcumenick*;
Of fame you have a sure hope:

* Ειδωλον της γης οικουμενης.

For here your books
Are thought, gadzooks!
A greater *luxé* than any
That have issued yet,
Hotpress'd or wet,
From the types of GALIGNANI.

III.

But neither when
You sport your pen,
Oh, potent mirth compeller!
Winning our hearts
“In monthly parts,”
Can Pickwick or Sam Weller
Cause us to weep
With pathos deep,
Or shake with laugh spasmodical,
As when you drain
Your copious vein
For Bentley's periodical.

IV.

Folks all enjoy
“Your Parish Boy,”—
So truly you depict him;
But I, alack!
While thus you track
Your English poor-law's victim,
Think of the poor
On t'other shore,—
Poor who, unheeded, perish,
By squires despoiled,
By “patriots” gulled,
I mean the starving Irish.

V.

Yet there's no dearth
Of Irish mirth,
Which, to a mind of feeling,
Seemeth to be
The Helot's glee
Before the Spartan reeling:
Such gloomy thought
O'ercometh not
The glow of England's humour,
Thrice happy isle!
Long may the smile
Of genuine joy illumine her!

VI.

Write on, young sage!
Still o'er the page
Pour forth the flood of fancy;
Divinely droll!
Wave o'er the soul
Wit's wand of necromancy.
Behold! e'en now
Around your brow
Th' undying laurel thickens;
For SWIFT or STERNE
Might live—and learn
A thing or two from DICKENS.

Genoa, 14th December, 1837.

(Mr. Anstey has favoured us with a copy of this Bill, for which, and his other efforts to benefit his co-religionists, he has received the honour of knighthood from Pius IX.)

A BILL

*For the better Administration of Charitable Trusts
for the Benefit of Her Majesty's Roman Catholic
Subjects.*

PREPARED AND BROUGHT IN BY MR. ROMILLY
AND MR. EWART.

Ordered by the House of Commons to be Printed, 23 March, 1847.

“WHEREAS by sundry Acts made and passed by the Parliament of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, certain Penal Enactments made and passed by the Parliament of England, the Parliament of Scotland, the Parliament of Ireland, and the Parliament of Great Britain respectively, against the Roman Catholic religion and worship, and the teaching, profession and practice thereof, and the disposition of property for Charitable Purposes connected therewith within this realm and the dominions thereunto appertaining, have been for ever repealed :

“And whereas notwithstanding the said Acts, certain doubts are entertained as to how far the same respectively have operated to make lawful such Uses, Trusts, or Dispositions of Real or Personal Property for the benefit of Roman Catholics within Great Britain and Ireland, and the other dominions of Her said

Majesty, as, before and at the respective times of the passing of the said Acts respectively, were, or were accounted to be superstitious or unlawful :

“And whereas from divers periods, for the most part anterior to the passing of the said repealing Acts respectively, or some of them, real and personal property, of considerable amount in the whole, hath been in numerous cases given or disposed, or holden to, upon or subject to certain Charitable Uses, Trusts, or Purposes, for the benefit of Roman Catholics within England and Wales, but which Uses, Trusts, or Purposes, before and at the respective times of the passing of such Acts or some of them, were, or were accounted to be superstitious or unlawful: and in order to prevent the discovery of such Uses, Trusts, or Purposes, and the forfeiture of such property respectively, the *administration of the same hath been exercised without any express provision being made, or order taken for securing the due administration of the said property respectively, in conformity with the Uses, Trusts, or Purposes to, upon or for which such property was so given, or disposed or holden of the same*, whereby it hath in sundry cases happened that the said trust premises have been and are *diverted from the several Uses, Trusts or Dispositions, to, upon or subject to which the same ought to have been administered.*

“And whereas it is expedient to provide for the better and public administration in time coming, as well of the said property as of any other property now or hereafter to be holden, to, upon or subject to any Charitable Uses, Trusts, or Dispositions, for the benefit

of such Roman Catholics as aforesaid; and in order to make such provision the more effectual, it is necessary that all such doubts as aforesaid touching the operation of the said repealing Acts, to make lawful such Uses, Trusts, or Dispositions as aforesaid, shall be for ever taken away :

“ Be it therefore Enacted, by The Queen’s most Excellent Majesty, by and with the Advice and Consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by the Authority of the same, That from and after the *passing of this Act* all such repealing Acts, as aforesaid, and all wills, deeds, writings and documents whatsoever relating to such property as aforesaid, or to such the Charitable Uses, Trusts, or Dispositions whereto, or whereon, or subject whereto the same was, is, or shall hereafter be holden as aforesaid, or to the persons or person by whom the same was originally given or disposed, or to the persons or person holding the same or enjoying the benefit thereof respectively for the time being, shall be in all respects construed as if the said Acts had been in force respectively at the respective times when the said property respectively was given or disposed to, upon or subject to such uses, trusts, or dispositions; and that the said Acts and this Act shall be construed together as one Act, so far as the same are consistent and compatible with each other, and as if the clauses and provisions in this Act contained had been inserted in or incorporated with the said Acts respectively, or any or either of them.

And be it Enacted, That no use, trust, or disposition

of real or personal property now limited or made, or hereafter to be limited or made, to or for any charitable purpose for the benefit of Roman Catholics within Great Britain or Ireland, or any other part of her Majesty's dominions, and in conformity with the doctrines, discipline, canons, laws, and usages of the Church of Rome, shall, merely for or by reason of such purpose, be or be deemed to be superstitious, unlawful, or void; and that any such use, trust, or disposition as aforesaid, or the title of any persons or person to enjoy the benefit thereof, or to hold or enjoy the property in respect whereof such use, trust, or disposition is or shall be so limited or made, shall be in no wise defeated, avoided, or otherwise affected merely because such persons or person as last aforesaid, or any persons or person limiting or making such use, trust, or disposition, or any persons or person administering or managing the same or the said property, shall heretofore have been or are or is now or shall hereafter become members or a member of the Society of Jesuits, or of any other male or female religious order, community, establishment, or society of the Church of Rome, bound by religious or monastic vows; any enactment or enactments, judgment or decree, or judgments or decrees of any court or courts of law or equity, to the contrary thereof in anywise notwithstanding.

“And be it Enacted, That where the particular nature of the charitable uses, trusts, or purposes contemplated by any persons or person giving or disposing any property as aforesaid for the benefit of Roman Catholics in

England or Wales, shall not manifestly and clearly appear on the face of any will, deed, or other document under the hands or hand of such persons or person, declaring such uses, trusts, or purposes, or otherwise relating to such property, or to such the uses, trusts, or purposes thereof as aforesaid, either in express terms or by reference to some other writing or document, as containing a declaration of such uses, trusts, or purposes, or any or either of them, then and in every such case the usage or method of administration of the said property for the benefit of such Roman Catholics as aforesaid, for the period of twenty years immediately preceding the institution of any suit, or the presentation of any petition relating to such property or the administration thereof shall, so far as the same shall be found to be in accordance with the doctrines, discipline, canons, laws, customs, or usages of the Church of Rome, and not further or otherwise, be taken as conclusive evidence that such usage or method of administration is strictly conformable with the uses, trusts, and purposes upon and for which such property was or may be given or disposed as aforesaid, and that the same may properly and beneficially continue to be followed and observed, and that *neither the title of the persons or person holding or administering the said property, nor the title of the said persons or person enjoying the same, or for whose benefit the same is or shall be so holden or administered, shall ever thenceforward be disturbed or called in question*, or otherwise affected on account of such usage or method of administration: Provided, nevertheless, that

where any persons or person so giving or disposing as aforesaid, shall, by any will, deed, or writing, or document under their, his, or her hands or hand, have clearly declared, either in express terms or by such reference as aforesaid, the particular nature of the uses, trusts, or purposes to or for which any such property hath been or shall or may be so given or disposed as aforesaid, then, and in every such case such property *shall be administered and applied in strict conformity with such declaration*, any usage or method of administration to the contrary thereof notwithstanding.

“And be it Enacted, That for ever henceforward all real and personal property whatsoever, now being or hereafter to be given or disposed by any persons or person whomsoever to, upon or for any charitable uses, trusts, or purposes, for the benefit of Roman Catholics within Great Britain or Ireland, or any other part of Her Majesty’s dominions, and in conformity with the doctrines, discipline, canons, laws, and usages of the Church of Rome, shall, with the accruing produce, and all other the appurtenances thereof, be and continue to be wholly and solely dedicated to and holden, administered and applied to, upon and for the uses, trusts, or purposes to, upon or for which such property was or may be so given or disposed as aforesaid, and with due regard to all subsisting rights or right, interests or interest in the premises, and to the said doctrines and discipline, *canons, laws and usages of the said Church, and in particular that where by the discipline, canons, laws and usages of the said Church, any such rights or*

right, interests or interest, are or shall be of a conditional or contingent nature, and dependent or defeasible upon or with the title to hold or exercise any ecclesiastical or spiritual function or authority of the said Church, then and in every such case, the said rights or right, interests or interest shall, both at law and in equity, be and shall be deemed and taken to be conditional or contingent, and dependent or defeasible accordingly, and of no other nature, but shall be in all respects expounded and determined by and according to such discipline, canons, laws and usages as aforesaid, and shall not vest or continue, nor be deemed or taken to vest or continue in any persons or person not having obtained such ecclesiastical or spiritual title as aforesaid, or in any person or persons who having obtained such title and having been afterwards tried and found guilty by the competent ecclesiastical authorities or authority in that behalf, according to the said discipline, canons, laws and usages of the said Church of Rome, of some specific instance or instances of such misconduct or culpable neglect of duty, as by the same discipline, canons, laws and usages, shall be found to justify the deprivation of such title, shall have been lawfully and by the competent ecclesiastical authorities or authority in that behalf deprived of the same accordingly."

[Other *technical* clauses follow.]

FINIS.

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1855

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